

THE
WORKS of HORACE,
In ENGLISH VERSE,

BY

Mr. DUNCOMBE, Sen. J. DUNCOMBE, M. A.
And OTHER HANDS.

With NOTES HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.
THE SECOND EDITION.

To which are added,

Many IMITATIONS, now first published.

Vol. III.

B. I. Sat. 9



J. D. sculpsit.

A. Walker del.

VOLUME III.

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WORKS OF HORACE

IN TWO VOLUMES

BY DR. J. D. DUNN, M.A.

AND OTHER HANDS

WITH NOTES BY THE SAME

AND A GLOSSARY

IN TWO VOLUMES



LONDON
T. DUNN
AND
W. DUNN

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ERRATA.

- P. 13. Line 28. after *ingrataque dele* the ;
113. Line 11. for Name read Fame.

TO
The HONOURABLE
CHARLES YORKE, Esq;
His MAJESTY'S
ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
This FIRST BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES of HORACE

Is Inscribed,

BY

His most obedient

bumble Servant,

J. DUNCOMBE.

Vol. III.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be proper to acquaint the *English* Reader, that the Words *Sermo* and *Satira* (which we translate *Satire*) have a more extensive Sense in *Latin* than in *English*. This cannot be better explained than in the words of Mr. *Dryden*:

‘ Among the *Romans* (says he) not only those Discourses went by the Name of *Satire*, which decried Vice, or exposed Folly, but others also where Virtue was recommended. But, in *English*, we apply it only to invective Poems, where the very Name of *Satire* is formidable to those Persons who would appear to the World what they are not in themselves. With us, to say *Satire*, is to mean Reflection, as we use that Word in the worst Sense; or, as the *French* call it more properly, *Medisance*. In the Criticism of Spelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*; to distinguish its true Derivation from *Satura*, not from *Satyrus*.’ *Preface to Juvenal*, p. 74.

The following Passage also from the same Preface deserves a Place here: ‘ *Horace* is always on the Amble, *Juvenal* on the Gallop. He goes with more Impetuosity than *Horace*, but as securely; and the Swiftneſs adds a lively Agitation to the Spirits. The low Style of *Horace* is agreeable to his Subject. I question not but he could have raised it: For the First Epistle of the Second Book, addressed to *Augustus*, (a most instructive *Satire* concerning Poetry,) is of so much Dignity in the Words, and of so much Elegance in the Numbers, that the Author plainly shows, *sermo pedestris* [Prosaic Style] in his other Satires was rather Choice than Necessity.’

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES
OF
HORACE.

VOL. III.

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THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES of HORACE.

SATIRE I.

Modernized by ISAAC PACATUS SHARD, Esq.

*That all Men, and especially the Covetous, are
discontented with their Lot.*

TO THE
Right Hon. JOHN Earl of CORKE and ORRERY.

WHAT is the Reason, none enjoy the State
In which they here are plac'd by
Choice or Fate?

All their Condition, ORRERY, bemoan,
And think another's happier than their own.

The Soldier, worn with Toil, with Years oppress'd,
Laments his Lot, and calls the Merchant blest'd.

6 SATIRES of HORACE,

When Billows roar, and stormy Winds arise,
 'The Soldier's Life is best,' the Merchant cries;
 'He soon a speedy Death in Battle finds,
 'Or with fresh Laurels his glad Temples binds.'
 Wak'd by his Client ere the Dawn appears,
 A Peasant's Life the Barrister prefers.
 When by a Summons hurry'd up to Town,
 Whate'er he sees delights the gaping Clown.
 Fully to prove how all Mankind admire
 Lots differing from their own, would *Whitefield* tire.
 But to the Point, my Lord; you now shall hear,
 From these Examples what I would infer.
 Should some celestial Delegate be sent,
 And say, 'I come to give you all Content;
 'Soldier, enjoy your Wish, no more repine;
 'Lawyer, the Peasant's envied Life be thine:
 'Let each assume the Lot, that best will please,
 'And quit his own: Retire---depart in Peace---
 'Why stand you thus? whence springs this strange
 'None will be blest, yet every Mortal may.' [Delay?
 Sure, Heaven, incens'd, no more will condescend
 To their next Suit a gracious Ear to lend.

But to be grave, all jesting I decline,
 Though ¹ Pleasantry with Truth one sure may join;
² With Sweetmeats thus kind Parents strive to win
 Children, when first their Horn-book they begin.
 The subtle ³ Lawyer, wrangling at the Bar,
 Soldiers inur'd to the Fatigues of War,

The

BOOK I. 7

The Hind, that ploughs the Land with so much Pain,
Sailors, who boldly venture o'er the Main;
All toil, with this Pretence, to heap up Gold,
That from their Labours they may rest, when old;
All cite th' Example of the + busy Ant,
Who lays up Stores against a Day of Want
But she, more wise, when Clouds are big with Rain,
Ne'er stirs from home, but eats her hoarded Grain;
Whilst you defy the Cold, the scorching Sun,
Thro' Fire and Sword, thro' various Dangers run,
And sordid Lucre greedily pursue,
Lest any boast, they richer are than you.
What Joy can those vast Heaps of Gold afford,
Which under Ground, by stealth, you trembling
hoard?

If touch'd, they soon will melt away, you fear;
But in an untouch'd Mass what Charms appear?
What if you thresh ten thousand Sacks of Grain,
Your Stomach will no more than *mine* contain.
Beneath his Basket though the Baker sweat,
He no more Bread, than you or I, can eat.
To those, whose Want exceed not Nature's Bounds,
Ten are as good as twenty thousand Pounds.
You think it sweeter, though you take no more,
To take it from a great, than little Store.
Amplly my little Barn my Wants supplies;
What can you more from your large Granaries?

8 SATIRES of HORACE,

You might as justly say, when you were dry,
And a transparent Fountain rose hard by,
'From such a Spring I scorn my Thirst to slake,
'No, let me quench it from yon spacious Lake.'
Who eager more than what is needful craves,
If his Feet slip, is bury'd in the Waves;
Whilst the contented never fear the Flood,
But drink their Water pure, and free from Mud.

Led by false Notions, many we behold,
Who think their Merit's to be weigh'd by Gold.
What Answer shall we make to such as these?
Why let them be unhappy, if they please.
Thus the rich Miser, though the People hiss,
Applauds himself, and hugs his fancy'd Bliss;
Cries out, 'Laugh on; contented, I'm your Jest,
'So I my Bags contemplate in my Chest.'

When ⁶ *Tantalus*, immers'd in Water, stood,
And with parch'd Lips catch'd at the flying Flood---
You smile, and stop me as I just began;
Change but the Name, you'll find yourself the Man:
Brooding you sit, and view with fond Delight
Your Bags, as Pictures only made for Sight;
But with religious Scruple you decline
To touch them, as you would a sacred Shrine.
No Worth intrinsic I in Gold perceive;
Value to Money Use alone can give:
With it plain Cloaths, and simple Food we buy,
And Nature's reasonable Wants supply.

For

BOOK I.

For Dread of Fire, to lie whole Nights awake,
And, trembling, every Noile for Thieves to take;
With prying Jealously to watch all Day,
Lest Servants plunder you, and run away;
If Riches Cares increase, in Mercy grant
That I such Blessings, Heaven, may ever want!

‘But, when attack’d by some severe Disease,
‘Gold will pay *Watson’s* Bill and *Wilmot’s* Fees;
‘All proper Means procure to save a Life,
‘Dear to my Friends, my Children, and my Wife’—
Nor Wife, nor Children, at your Death would grieve;
Not one, that knows you, wishes you to live:
When, to all other Things, you Gold prefer,
How can you think your Death deserves a Tear?
Without some kind Returns, we hope in vain
The Love of Friends and Kindred to retain;
This will our Skill and Pains as much surpass,
As, to the Bit, to break the stubborn Ass.
Since you have treasur’d up so vast a Store,
Banish the Dread of e’er becoming poor.
Of Wealth superfluous quit the vain Pursuit,
Of your past Labours now enjoy the Fruit.

Short is the Story, which I here relate,
And learn to shun from thence * *Corbaccio’s* Fate.
Immensely rich, he went so meanly elad,
He wore no better Cloaths than † *Justice L---*d;

* A Character in *Ben Jonson’s* Comedy of *Volpone*.

† A rich Miser, known after twenty Years Absence
by his old Cloak.

10 SATIRES of HORACE,

What Nature call'd for, would himself deny,
And liv'd in Want, lest he for Want should die,
An Axe his Whore, a bold Virago, took,
And clove him to the Middle at one Stroke.
'What! to turn Spendthrift then you me advise.'
Between the two Extremes a Medium lies;
And, though against the Miser I exclaim,
I likewise think the Prodigal to blame;
Strive not to blend Things, which by Nature clash;
* *E-----s*; *P-----s* differs from Beau Nash.
In every thing observe the golden Mean;
Virtue within fix'd Bounds is only seen.

Well, to resume the Thread of my Discourse,
Let none their Station think than others worse;
Just like the Miser, who, repining, views
The swelling Udders of his Neighbour's Ewes.
The greater Part, the poorer of the Train,
He overlooks in his Pursuit of Gain;
But if he sees a richer Man before,
& 'Till he outstrips him, never will give o'er.
The Charioteer thus in the rapid Race
Lashes his Steeds to gain the foremost Place;
Presses on those before with eager Haste,
But disregards them, when he once is past.

* A noted Misanthrope, from whom the Character of Crab in Mr. Foote's Farce of *The ENGLISHMAN returned from PARIS*, is supposed to be taken.

This

This is the Reason, why so few are seen;
Who think their Station here has happy been;
Or, when the Feast of Life is o'er, retreat,
And quit, & like a contented Guest, their Seat.

Enough for once; 'tis time I should desist,
Lest you suspect, that I'm turn'd METHODIST.

NOTES.

The Satires and Epistles of *Horace* may be considered as Lectures of Morality, in this Respect singular, that though he attacks the Vices of the Age, and lays down the most rational Principles of Philosophy, yet he never loses Sight of the delicate Manners of the Court. He is a Philosopher, who, without assuming the Habit, or giving himself the forbidding Airs, of that Profession, so far embellishes every thing he borrows from it, and gives it such a Grace, that he seems not so much to have studied Philosophy as himself, and to draw every thing from his own Fund. DACIER.

1 *Ridentem dicere verum*
Quid vetat?] The Poet here excuses the employing Fables, which are commonly the Veil of Truth. No one ever made use of them more happily than *Horace*. *Perfius* therefore had Reason to say of him,

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, & admissus circum prœcordia ludis.

Facetious *Flaccus* rallies the Foibles of his Friends, without putting them out of Humour.

2 *Ut pueris olim.*] He here imitates a Simile of *Lucretius*, at the Beginning of his fourth Book:

Nam veluti pueris absinthia lepra medentes
Cum dare conantur, &c.

For thus Physicians use,
In giving Children Draughts of bitter Juice;
To tempt the Lip, they tinge the Cup with Sweet, &c.

CREECH.

This

This *Simile* was proper for *Lucretius*, who there considers himself as a Physician employed to purge the Mind of Superstition. But *Horace* had Reason to alter it, because he here assumes the Character of a Philosopher, who teaches and reforms.

3 *Perfidus hic Caupo.* —] Mr. Markland has hit the Blot in this Passage, (where *Caupo* is palmed upon us for *Juris-consultus*;) but has not been so happy in his Correction of it. The true Reading, in all Probability, is *Cautior*. The Word is of the best Authority: '*Cautorem alieni periculi.*' Cicero. As likewise the Propriety of its Use for *Juris-consultus* is manifest, whose proper Business it was, '*in jure cavere.*' '*Melius ei cavere volo, quam ipsa aliis solet.*' Cicero de Valerio *Juris-consulto*. '*Quique aliis cavet (i. e. Juris consultus) non cavet ipse sibi.*' Ovid. The Epithet *perfidus* added to it makes a very humorous *Oxymoron*, as they call it, a pleasant Contradiction in Terms. This Conjecture is, I believe, an Anecdote. I heard it many Years ago; but cannot certainly say who was the Author of it; but think it was the late Dr. Cockman. DR. LOWTH.

Parvula—formica.] The Diligence of the Ant was long ago proposed as an Example. *Salomon* refers the Sluggard to it, in the sixth Chapter of *Proverbs*, Verse 6. Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard; consider her Ways, and be wise. And it has furnished *Virgil* with a fine *Simile*, in the fourth Book of his *Aeneid*:

Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum.

Cum populanti, ver. 402, & seq.

Thus in Battalia march embody'd Ants,
(Fearful of Winter, and of future Wants)

T' invade the Corn

The sable Troop, along the narrow Track,
Scarce bear the weighty Burden on their Back.
Some guard the Spoil; some lash the lagging Train;
All ply their several Tasks, and equal Toil sustain.

DRYDEN.

5. *Magno de flumine mallem.*] There is a Passage like this in the Prophet *Isaiab*: *Forasmuch as this People refuseth the Waters of Shiloath, that flow softly; behold! the LORD bringeth*

bringeth upon them the Waters of the River, strong and many.
Ch. viii. 6 & 7.

6 See the Story of *Tantalus* in *Homer's Odyssey*. Book xi. The Use of these Fables is very ancient. The Prophet *Nathan* addresses an admirable one to *David*, in the twelfth Chapter of the second Book of *Samuel*, relating to the poor Man's Ewe-lamb; and when it had produced the intended Effect, he applies it directly to the King, saying, *Thou art the Man!*

7 *Illuc, unde abii, redeo.*] He returns to his Subject, from which he had digressed at the 23d Verse, and shows that *Mens Avarice* is the Source of their Inconstancy.

8 *Ut cum carceribus missos rapit ungula currus.*] This Comparison is beautiful, and in the Heroic Style. It was suggested to him by the Word *sustinanti* (outstrips him) in the foregoing Verse. *Virgil* has a noble *Simile* of the same kind, at the End of the first *Georgic*, to which this, perhaps, is not inferior:

So four fierce Coursers, starting to the Race,
Scour o'er the Plain, and lengthen every Pace:

Nor Reins, nor Curbs, nor threatening Cries they hear,
But force along the trembling Charioteer. DRYDEN.

9 *Cedat uti convivia satur.*] *Horace* here had his Eye on this Line of *Lucretius*:

Cur non, ut plenus vitæ convivia, recedis?

And those which follow:

*Sed quia semper arces quod abest, presentia temnis,
Imperfecta tibi elapsa est ingrataque; vita,
Et nec opinanti mors ad caput adstitit, ante
Quam satur ac plenus possis discendere rerum.*

Why rise we not, as at a plenteous Feast,

Cramm'd to the full with Food, the sated Guest?—

Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;

Loathing the present, fond of absent things:

From hence it comes, our vain Desires at Strife

Within themselves have tantaliz'd our Life;

And ghastly Death appears before our Sight,

Ere we have gorg'd our Senses with Delight.

DRYDEN.

14 SATIRES of HORACE,

SATIRE II. Omitted.

SATIRE III.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

That we ought to be indulgent to the Imperfections of our Friends, and not look on small Faults as Crimes.

WHEN ask'd to sing, no Songster will comply;
But all your Patience, when unask'd, will try.
Such was ¹ Tigellius; *Cæsar*, whose Commands
Are Laws, in vain has urg'd him by the Bands
Of his ² Great Father's Friendship, and his own:
But, when the Whim prevail'd, in jocund Tone,
Now high, now low, he roar'd, all Supper long,
Treble or Base, a *Bacchanalian* Song.

No Man was less consistent: Now he flew
So swift, you'd think an Enemy in View;
And now, majestic as the ³ Maids who stalk
With *Juno's* Vessels, he would slowly walk.
Sometimes two hundred Slaves compos'd his Train,
And sometimes ten. Now in a pompous Strain,
Of Kings and Tetrarchs he would brag; and now
Would humbly pray, 'Indulgent Heaven, bestow
'A three-legg'd Table, and of Salt one Shell,
'And a coarse Gown, the Weather to repell!'

Yet

Yet in five Days, so frugally content,
 Had he a Million, it would all be spent.
 All Night he drank, and then all Day would snore:
 No Mortal from himself could differ more.
 Should it be said, 'Are you from Vices free?'
 No; Faults I have, but less, I hope, than He.

When 4 *Manius* Taunts on absent *Novius* threw,
 'Hold, hold,' says one; 'I wish yourself you knew,
 'Or knew our just Opinion.' 'Well I know,'
 He cry'd, 'but to myself Indulgence show.'
 This blind Self-Love, the Bane of Human-kind,
 Ever denotes a mad or foolish Mind.
 Why your own Errors do you spare, but spy
 Those of your Friends with more than Eagle's Eye?
 Th' Effect is this; your Friends, in just Return,
 With like Minuteness will *your* Faults discern.
 You say, 5 'He's peevish and ill-bred, nor fit
 'To hold Discourse with Men of Parts and Wit;
 'And all must sure that awkward Garb deride,
 'His Beard ill-shaven, and his Shoe too wide.'
 Suppose we this, his Merit is approv'd;
 No Worthier breathes; by him you're truly lov'd;
 And in th' unpolish'd Case which you despise,
 A matchless Gem, 6 a noble Genius, lies. [Care,
 Search your own Heart; those Vices claim your
 By 7 Nature or by Habit planted there;
 For Brambles, fit alone the Flames to feed,
 Will soon o'er-run th' uncultivated Mead.

The

16 SATIRES of HORACE,

The Lover in his Fair no Faults can find,
Or Faults seem Beauties to his partial Mind.
The Wen, that darkens his lov'd *Hagne's* Face,
Balbinus praises and esteems a Grace.
Oh! were such kind Mistakes in Friendship known,
Virtue might well the generous Error own.

Let us, to every friendly Failing mild,
As gently treat it as a Sire his Child.

He calls a *Leer* what you a *Squint* would deem;
Does he, like *Sisyphus*, a Pigmy seem?

'T would glad your Heart to hear the *Puppet* prate!
Splay are his Feet? He *shuffles* in his Gait.

Thus, should your Friend be avaricious, say,
'He lives, I grant it, in a *frugal* Way.'

Is he impertinent, and too verbose?
Say, 'he's a *boon* Companion, and *jocose*.'

If proud, affirm, that he is *free, sincere*;

If passionate, that he's no Slave to *Fear*.

These Arts, believe me, many a Friend will gain;
These Arts those Friends for ever will retain.

But we misconstrue every generous Aim,
And brand each Virtue with an odious Name.

He, who for Diffidence deserves our Praise,

We cry, 'A strange *Stupidity* displays.'

And should another, with industrious Care,

Of every knavish Artifice beware,

Fearing with Envy or Reproach to meet,

We style his Prudence *Cunning* and *Deceit*.

If

If one, to every polish'd Grace unknown,
(Such as to you, *Mæcenas*, I must own,
Oft I appear) with Nonfense, in a Train
Of Thought or Reading, should his Friend detain,
We strait pronounce him an egregious Fool;
Ourselves condemning by the self-same Rule.
'The Seeds of Vice spring up in every Breast,
And he, who is least faulty, is the best.

In equal Scales a Friend well-natur'd weighs
(As fit) each Deed that merits Blame or Praise,
And is to these, if these prevail, inclin'd,
If he, belov'd, would like Indulgence find.
9 Be sure to spare the Freckles of your Friend,
And, in Return, your Hump will ne'er offend.
Justice and Equity both loudly plead,
That all should Pardon give, who Pardon need.

Since Rage, and other Vices, in the Soul
Deep-fix'd, we never wholly can controul,
Let Reason then, proportion'd to th' Offence,
Impartially due Punishment dispense.
Suppose your Slave, as he removes a Dish,
Should sip the Soup, or taste a broken Fish;
If you for this pronounce the Cross his Due,
The wise will 10 *Labeo* think less mad than You.

But will not You more criminal be thought?
If, when your Friend commits some venial Fault,
A gentle Treatment he should fail to find,
You cruel will appear to all Mankind:

Instead

18 SATIRES *of* HORACE,

Instead of that, you shun him, and despise :
Thus the poor Debtor from stern *Ruso* flies,
And if, perchance, he should neglect to pay
The Loan with Interest on th' appointed Day,
Arrested at the Plaintiff's Suit severe,
The tedious Scroll with Patience he must hear.

‘ He stain’d my Couch, when Wine had banish’d
Thought,

‘ Or ¹² broke a Beaker, by *Evander* wrought,
‘ Or, ¹³ hungry, snatch’d a Chicken from my Plate:
Does this deserve Resentment’s utmost Weight?
If he should rob you, ¹⁴ cheat you, nor restore
Th’ entrusted Pledge, could you resent it more?

They, who th' Equality of Crimes support,
Faulter, when try'd in Truth's impartial Court:
Doctrines like this nor ¹⁵ Sense nor Law allow,
Nor public Good, ¹⁶ whence Right and Justice flow.

When first from Earth ¹⁷ crawl'd forth each Man,
and Brute,

Mankind, like them as ¹⁸ wretched and as mute,
 With ¹⁹ Nails and Fists for Dens and Acorns fought,
 And then with Clubs and ²⁰ Arms, by Custom taught:
²¹ Till Names to Things were by Degrees assign'd,
 And Language form'd, that Index of the Mind.
 Then soon they learn'd from Rapine to refrain, }
²² Cities to fortify, and Laws ordain, }
 Adulterers, Thieves, and Robbers to restrain. }

For think not, *Helen's Beauty* was the first
That with dire Wars contending Nations curs'd ;
But

But they have died, unnotic'd and unknown,
Like savage Beasts, by stronger Beasts o'erthrown :
Thus all the inferior Herd, submissive, yield,
And the stern Bull reigns Monarch of the Field.

Survey the World's old Records, and you'll find
²³ That Fear of Wrong first civiliz'd Mankind ;
Though, taught by Nature, *Good* and *Ill* we learn,
Just and *Unjust* we cannot so discern.

Your Sophistry no Reason can assign
Why ²⁴ he who robs by Night a sacred Shrine,
No greater Crime commits, than he who breaks
His Neighbour's Fences, and a Cabbage takes.

Then let the Law our partial Rage restrain,
And punish Crimes with due proportion'd Pain ;
And for the Slave, whose less atrocious Fault
Deserves the Switch, let not the Scourge be brought,
For on the Side of Mercy that you'll err
Can ne'er be fear'd ; since boldly you aver
That Theft and Sacrilege are equal Crimes ;
And were you King, and could reform the Times,
Your equal Hook, as menacing you say,
Both great and smaller Faults would prune away.

²⁵ If your Wise Man is handsome, rich, a King,
A Cobler too, in short, is every thing,
Why of your Wish are these the Objects made ?

S T O I C.

You understand not what ²⁶ *Cbrysippus* said,

HORACE.

HORACE.

Inform me, then, what was his genuine Thought.

STOIC.

This is the Doctrine by our Father taught;
Though the Wise Man nor Shoe nor Sandal frame,
Yet him a skilful Shoemaker we name.

HORACE.

Explain.

STOIC.

Though he nor sings nor plays, we say
Hermogenes can sweetly sing and play,
²⁷ *Alfenus* too we still a Barber hold,
His Shop though shut, and all his Razors sold.
So every Art the Wise Man knows alone,
Skilful in all, and yet professing none;
²⁸ And thus he is a King.

HORACE.

Beware, beware!
Should you this Doctrine in the Streets declare,
Great King of Kings, your Beard a hooting Train
Of Boys will pluck: Your Clamours will be vain,
Unless these noisy Scoffers to chastise,
Your knotty Club its powerful Influence tries.

In short, while You, Great Monarch, for the Cost
Of Four-pence bathe, and no Attendants boast,

But

But vain *Crispinus*,²⁹ in my Friends I find
No Faults, and they are to my Follies blind.
Thus greater Bliss my private State shall know,
Than what on You your Kingship can bestow.

N O T E S.

1 *M. Tigellius* was a Native of *Sardinia*, and though his Character was infamous, yet on account of his Wit and Humour, but particularly for the Excellence of his Voice, he was highly favoured by *Julius Caesar*, *Augustus*, and *Cleopatra*. His Death was mentioned by our Poet in the preceding Satire, which, though here omitted on account of its Obscenity, Mr. *Pope* scrupled not to imitate, (as he did *Chaucer's* Prologue to the *Wife of Bath's Tale*, which even *Dryden* modestly declined) in his *Sober Advice to the Young Gentlemen about Town*, substituting for *Tigellius*, Mrs. *Oldfield*. This Imitation, however, is not inserted in the last Edition of his Works. *Tigellius* is also twice mentioned with Contempt in the last Satire of this Book. It is said that he incurred *Horace's* Resentment by criticising his Verses as rough and inharmonious. Musical as he was himself, he could not bear the least Discord.

2 *Julius Caesar*; *Augustus's* Father by Adoption.

3 — *Velut qui Junonis sacra ferret.*] *Juno* herself was peculiarly distinguished by the Slowness and Majesty of her Gait. As she says in *Virgil*, *Æn.* i. 50. *Divum incedo regina.* And hence the Virgins, who assisted at her Ceremonies, always walked in the same slow and stately Manner.

4 *Manius.*] For the Character of this Buffoon and Spendthrift see *Ep.* 15. Book 1. *Novius* is again mentioned as a Profligate in *Sat.* 6. of this Book.

5 *Iracundior est paulo.*] The old Scholiast communicates to us here a remarkable Tradition. He tells us, that this

22 SATIRES of HORACE,

this and the five following Lines describe *Virgil*, whom *Horace* defends against the Railleries of *Augustus's* Court. What makes this Tradition very probable is, that the Picture he here draws of *Virgil* is extremely like him; for he was homely, and had an awkward Air. The Author of his Life says of him, *Corpore et staturâ fuit grandis, aquilo colore, facie rusticanâ*. He adds, that he was so bashful, that, as he walked the Street, if he saw any one follow to look at him, he would turn into the next House to conceal himself. DACIER.

6 ——— *at ingenium ingens.*] This Character also agrees perfectly well with *Virgil*, who was called by *Cicero*, *Magne spes altera Romæ*, on the bare hearing one of his *Eclogues*; and of whom *Propertius* says, speaking of the *Æneid*,

Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

Bentley imagines that *Horace* has given us his own Picture here; but it is highly improbable that he would have applied *ingenium ingens* to himself. The late Mr. *Miller's* Application of this Character to *Horace's* Namesake, the late Lord *Walpole*, of *Woolterton*, deserves to be inserted here:

What though sage *Horace* is not quite a Beau,
What though his Shoes no Diamond Buckles show,
Though coated in a Taste uncouth, and breech'd
With Trowsers often calling to be hitch'd,
Shall he for this on Satire's Wheel be broke,
Or made the Courtier's Gibe, and Coxcomb's Joke?
No; one, who wants the polish'd Trim and Grace,
The supple Knee, and promissory Face,
May yet be Master of a noble Heart,
Prepar'd to act the friendly, generous Part:
For many an outward Case, though rough or droll,
Contains an honest, brave, and upright Soul.

[7 *Natura aut etiam consuetudo mala.*] Our Vices, as well as our Virtues, spring from these two Sources, viz. *Nature*, or *Habit*. In fact, the Vices of *Habit* are almost incorrigible, as *Seneca* rightly observes in his 39th Epistle, *Definit esse remedio locus, ubi quæ fuerant vitia, mores sunt.*

8 ——— *ut abortivus fuit olim*

Sisyphus.] The Dwarf of *Mark Antony*. He was but two Feet high, and so witty and acute, that he was called *Sisyphus*—for *Sisyphus* was the most ingenious Man of his Time; whence arose the Proverb, *Sisyphi artes*.

9 *Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum,*

Postulat, ignoscet verrucis illius.] This is a divine Precept, since our Saviour has adopted and sanctified it, though in other Words, in the 7th Chapter of *St. Matthew*, ver. 3 and 4. *Why beholdest thou the Mote that is in thy Brother's Eye, but considerest not the Beam that is in thine own Eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy Brother, Let me pull the Mote out of thine Eye; and behold, a Beam is in thine own Eye?*

10 *M. Antistius Labeo*, a Lawyer, was so abusive and insolent, that he frequently railed at *Augustus*, and rashly arraigned the Justice of his Government. *SUETONIUS*.

11 *Ruso*, says the old Scholiast, being not only a notorious Usurer, but also a dull Historian, used to oblige his Debtors, if they did not pay him, to hear him read his Works; but it seems more probable, that *Historias* means the Writ, or Bill of Indictment.

12 ——— *mensāve catillum,*

Evandri manibus tritum, dejecit.] The *Stoics*, who pardoned no Faults, would not have pardoned a Slave who had broken so valuable a Dish. *Epicætus*, who well knew that this Sentiment was unworthy a Philosopher, afterwards corrected it. *Evander* was a celebrated Potter, whom *Mark Antony* brought from *Athens* to *Rome*.

13 *Aut positum ante meā quia pullum in parte catini*

Sustulit esuriens.] According to the Doctrine of the *Stoics* it was an unpardonable Fault to take any thing at a Feast belonging to another, or to help one's-self to the largest or best Part of any thing; because this subverts that Equality which is the Foundation of Society. *Epicætus*, who corrected in many Things the Harshness of that Sect, softens also these convivial Precepts.

14 *Commisso*

24 SATIRES of HORACE,

14 *Commissa fide.*] *Fide* for *fidei*; as *Virgil* says, *die* for *diei*.

Libra die somnique pares ubi fecerit horas.

And *Sallust*, *Vix decima parte die.*

15 ——— *Sensus moresque repugnant,*

Atque ipsa utilitas.] This Opinion of the *Stoics* is contrary to *Common Sense*; for no Man can believe, that he, who only steals a Cabbage, is guilty of as great a Crime, as he who has robbed a Temple. *Manners* also oppose it, as we see by the Practice of all People; nor will *public Utility* allow it; for, if this were true, all Men being, in some Degree, Offenders, they would all deserve to be capitally punished; the Consequence of which would be, that they would be plunged in Despair, and give themselves up to all manner of Crimes. DACIER.

16 ——— *justi prope mater & equi.*]

And public Good, which is the Parent of Justice and Equity.

This Doctrine of the *Epicureans* inverts the natural Order of Things. Public Good neither is, nor can possibly be, the Source of Justice and Equity; but, on the contrary, the general Practice of Virtue (which includes Justice and Equity) would certainly produce the Happiness of Society, or public Good.

But if he only means, that Laws were first enacted to promote social Happiness; in that Sense the Proposition will, indeed, be true, but is inaccurately expressed. D.

17 *Prorepserunt.*] This Word is very proper to express the Origin of Men according to the Notion of the *Epicureans*; for they imagined that they sprung from the Bowels of the Earth. This also was the Opinion of the *Phœnicians* and *Egyptians*.

18 *Mutum & turpe pecus.*] According to the *Epicureans*, Men, at the Beginning of the World, were no better than Beasts. They had not yet learned to express their Thoughts: Nature had only taught them to utter vague and harsh Sounds; their Language was nothing but obscure Cries, till Necessity had given them Words, as *Lucretius* says,

Utilitas

Utilitas expressit nomina rerum.

DACIER

‘There was a Time, says Cicero, when Men wandered about in the Fields like Beasts, and subsisted on the same Food.’

19 *Unguibus & pugnīs, dein fustibus.*] Thus Lucretius, in his fifth Book, ver. 1282, & seq.

*Arma antiqua, manus, unguēs, dentesque fuerunt,
Et lapides, & item sylvarum fragmina rami;
Et flammæ, atque ignes postquam sunt cognita; —
Posterius ferri vis est ærisque reperta,
Et ferro cæpere solum proscindere terræ;
Exæquataque sunt creperi certamina belli.*

Ere Cruelty was yet improv'd by Art,
And Rage unfurnish'd with the Sword or Dart,
With Hands, Nails, Teeth, or Clubs, our Fathers fought,
Or Stones, the only Weapons Nature taught. —
Then Fire was struck: By Fire the Iron Share
Was forg'd for Peace; the Sword for doubtful War. —

D.

20 *Armīs, quæ post fabricaverat usus.*] The Antiquity of Iron Work appears from Holy Writ: ‘Tubal Cain was an Instructor of every Artificer in Brass and Iron.’ Gen. iv. 22.

21 *Donec verba quibus voces, &c.*] This Brutality continued till they had found Words to make themselves understood, and had given fixed Names to things, which removed Confusion, and established Order.

22 *Oppida cæperunt munire, & ponere leges.*] Nicocles follows the same Order in *Isocrates*; for he says, ‘When we had found out the Secret of making ourselves understood, and of persuading one another, we not only quitted this brutal Life, but, assembling in Societies, we built Cities, made Laws, &c.’

23 *Jura inventa metu injusti.*] Horace says in brief, that if we trace History from the earliest Times, we shall be obliged to own, that the Fear of Oppression and Injustice gave Rise to Laws, Taking it in this Light,

Vol. III.

C

Justice

26 SATIRES of HORACE,

Justice is manifestly the *Daughter of Utility*; for it is *Utility*, and our own Interest, that inspire this Fear. *Thrasea* says in *Tacitus*, that evil Actions are the Parents of Laws: *Nam culpa quam poena tempore prior; emendari quam peccare posterius est.* 'Crimes precede Penalties; and we must be wicked before we can be reformed.' What therefore *Horace* says here is true of *written Laws*; but the *Laws of Nature*, which is the primitive Justice, are quite another thing. Thus *Cicero* excellently observes, in his second Book *De Legibus*: 'There was a Reason which sprung from the Bosom of Nature herself. This prompts to Good, and deters from Evil. This Reason did not then begin to be a Law, when it began to be written, but was such from its first Existence; and it was coæval with the Divine Understanding. On which Account, the true and original Law, which ought to be enforced by human Laws, is no other than the Reason of the Great God himself.' So that, according to this Doctrine, which is agreeable to Truth and Reason, when *Cain* killed his Brother *Abel*, though long before the *written Law*, which says, *Thou shalt not kill*, this Murder was nevertheless a Sin; because it was committed against the *Law of Nature*. DACIER.

24 —idemque

Qui teneros caules, &c.] This Instance is taken from the Laws of *Draco*, which expressly ordain, that the Man who steals a few Coleworts shall be as severely punished as if he had committed Sacrilege.

25 ——— *si dives, qui sapiens est.*] The End of this Satire is a cutting Raillery. *Horace* breaks off the Dispute, and, on the *Stoic's* saying, that if they were Kings they would punish the smallest Faults as severely as the greatest, he takes Occasion to railly them on their pretended Royalty. For one of their principal Opinions was, that their *wise Man* is every thing; that he alone is a good Shoemaker, a good Cook; that he alone is rich, beautiful, and in short a KING. *Horace*, therefore, says to them, 'Why are you so inconsistent with yourselves? Why do you wish for what you have already? For you are even now Kings according to your own Principles.'

But

But we must not forget, that the Railleries which *Horace* here uses did not hinder him from drawing, in other Places, excellent Truths from this very Opinion. In fact, if we reduce this Notion to its first Principle, we shall find, that the Founder of this Sect, *Zeno*, meant no more than that the Wise and the Virtuous are superior to Kings; and that Virtue bestows on her Votaries Sceptres and Crowns, more valuable than those which are derived from the Suffrage of the People. See Book ii. Ode 2. and Book iv. Ode 9.

But the same thing has happened to *Zeno*, which commonly happens to the Founders of *new Sects*. Those who succeed them often interpret their Rules in so gross and foolish a Manner, that it gives Occasion for turning into Ridicule both them and their Opinions. DACIER.

26 *Pater Chrysippus.*] *Chrysippus* was the Disciple of *Zeno*. The Stoic here calls him the Father of the Sect, because he was the first who put that absurd Construction on the Words of *Zeno*, which is here adopted.

27 *Alfenus vaser.*] *Alfenus*, surnamed *Varus*, after following, at *Cremona*, the Trade of a Barber, or (as some say) a Shoemaker, came to *Rome*, where he studied the Law under *Servius Sulpicius*, and at length was chosen Consul in the Year of *Rome* 755.

28 *Sic rex solus.*] The wise Man may be more truly styled a King than *Tarquin*, who could govern neither himself nor his Subjects; he is more truly the Master of the People (for such is a Dictator) than *Sylla*, who was Master of three destructive Vices, Luxury, Avarice, and Cruelty; he is more truly rich than *Crassus*, who would never have passed the *Euphrates* without any Pretence for War, if he had not been indigent. He may truly be said to possess all things, who alone knows how to use all things. He may also truly be styled beautiful, as the Features of the Mind are more beautiful than those of the Body; he is truly free, being no Slave to his Passions; and truly invincible, since, though his Body may be bound, no Fetters can be put on his Mind. CICERO.

28 SATIRES of HORACE,

29 *Inque vicem illorum pati ar delicta libenter.*] Pliny has given some Advice for our Conduct towards our Friends agreeable to the Rules here laid down by *Horace*. 'I must esteem (says he) that Man the best and the most perfect, who acts, by forgiving Errors, as if he was continually committing them; and yet abstains from Faults, as if he never pardoned them.' And afterwards: 'We should ever keep in Remembrance the Maxim of *Thrasea*, whose remarkable Humanity rendered his Greatness conspicuous in that Virtue as in all others. *He who hates Faults, hates Mankind.*' *Pliny's Epistles*, Book viii. Epistle 22. translated by the Earl of CORKE.

The noble and learned Translator (whose Observations are no less valuable than the Text) justly remarks, that *Pliny* here writes as if he had been influenced by the Doctrines so excellently displayed in the Gospel. D.

Notwithstanding the Raillery of *Horace*, which is carried to a great Length, we are not to imagine that *Zeno* and all his Followers absolutely banished Complaisance and Compassion. *Epictetus*, or his Commentator *Simplicius*, somewhere says, 'That we ought to extenuate the Faults which our Friends commit against us, in order to pardon them; and to aggravate those we commit against them, to correct and reform ourselves.'

The *Stoic* Philosophers, who were for a long time the Repositories of Virtue and Wisdom, knowing the Weakness of Human Nature, urged the Practice of Duties incompatible with it; that Mankind, by making an Effort to follow their Precepts, might, as it were, stop in the Middle; as we bend a Tree farther to the opposite Side, to make it grow strait. DACIER.

SATIRE

SATIRE IV.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

*He excuses the Liberty taken by Writers of Satire,
and especially that which he takes himself.*

THE comic Poets of the Grecian Stage,
Who form'd the rising Manners of the Age,
Dar'd Murder, Theft, Adultery, to blame,
Nor fear'd notorious Criminals to name.
The same free Spirit in ² Lucilius reigns,
The Metre chang'd; but careless are his Strains,
And rough his Diction. 'Twas his chief Delight
Two hundred Verses in an Hour to write.
Through Indolence he never could sustain
The Toil of writing; writing *well* I mean:
For writing *much* can claim no Share of Praise.
But see! *Crispinus* dares me. 'Take, he says,
'Pen, Ink, and Paper, and the Task be thine,
'Both Time, and Place, and Keepers to assign;
'Then see which of us two can write the most.'

HORACE.

I, Thanks to Heaven, an humble Spirit boast;
Little I speak, and seldom. You may blow
Your swelling Bellows, 'till the Metals glow,
Pliant and soft. *Fannius* in *Phæbus*' Shrine
Can place his Bust and Poems: None read mine;

30 SATIRES of HORACE,

And public Repetition much I fear,
Because so few can honest Satire bear.

Take whom you please, his Mind some Passion
And Avarice or Ambition he obeys. [sways,

One doats on Boys, and Matrons one admires:
This likes a Silver Vase, while That desires
Corinthian Brass; from Climes where dawns the Day
To Regions warm'd beneath the setting Ray,
This wafts his Wares, and through all Dangers flies,
Like Clouds of Dust when rapid Whirlwinds rise,
To add more Wealth to his abundant Store:

All these hate Verses *much*, the Poet *more*.

'Fly, fly betimes; avoid th' unmuzzled Bear!
'Fly, or he'll rend you. Never does he spare
'A Friend, to vent his Jest; and then all Eyes,
'Old Women, Boys, must read him, or he dies.'

Briefly my Answer hear. A Poet's Name,
First, be assur'd, I never dar'd to claim;
That Name must justly be to those deny'd,
Whose Verse, like mine, to Prose is near ally'd.
His be that Name alone, & whose lofty Line
Breathes lofty Thoughts, and boasts a Flame divine.

Hence some refuse a Poem's Name to grant
To Comedy, since that must surely want,
Both in the Words and Theme, the vivid Force
To Poetry essential; from Discourse

By Verse alone distinguish'd. 'Tis reply'd,
In swelling Terms an angry Sire may chide
His spendthrift Son, who madly will refuse
A Wife well-portion'd, and a Mistress chuse,

Or

Or from the Tavern reel in open Day,
By Torch-light through the Streets. To this I say,
Would not *Pomponius* from his Father hear,
Were he alive, Reproaches as severe?

'Tis not enough that we a Verse compose
Of Words correct, in which, reduc'd to Prose,
A Father might in Converse vent his Rage
No less than angry *Demea* on the Stage.

If from the Verses which I now indite,
Or those which old *Lucilius* us'd to write,
The Feet and stated Measure you should take,
And of the Words the first the last should make,
Changing the Order, you would seek in vain
The Poet's scatter'd Limbs. But in this Strain,
' 5 When *Discord* dire the Bolts and brazen Gates
' Of War had burst,' invert it as you will,
The Soul of Poetry informs it still.

Enough of this. Some future Work shall show
If Comedies are Poems. I would know
Why my satiric Lays your Heart appall?
When ⁶ *Caprius* and when *Sulcius* through the Hall
With their long Libels stalk, tho' conscious Fear
Betrays the Thief, yet he, whose Hands are clear
And innocent of Theft, may Both defy.
Though had you, ⁷ *Byrrhus*-like, to Robbery
Been long addicted; an Informer's Trade
I never follow'd; why are you afraid?
No Book of mine on Shops or Pillars stands
To Sale, nor is it soil'd by vulgar Hands,

32 SATIRES of HORACE,

Nor by *Tigellius* read. I but repeat
To Friends, who force me; not to all I meet.
Some in the crowded *Forum* read their Verse;
Some in the sweetly-echoing Bath rehearse,
Careless of Time and Place. 'But what you write
'Pale Envy prompts; in Slander you delight.'
Will those support this Charge who know me well?
Will those condemn me, amongst whom I dwell?

Whoe'er can sily scoff an absent Friend,
Or, when he's slander'd, dares not to defend;
Who, pleas'd with lawless Laughter, for the Name
Of Droll, can trifle with his Neighbour's Fame,
What he ne'er saw invent, nor hide things seen,
Of him beware! for Baseness lurks within.

Oft is a Table crown'd with many a Guest,
Where one with Freedom jokes on all the rest,
Except his Host; nor even him he spares,
The Heart when Truth-revealing *Bacchus* bares.
Though Foe to Vice, yet at his Mirth you smile;
While if my Muse & this Man, in humorous Style,
A Goat, and that a Civet-Cat should call,
In Me 'tis Envy, and Detraction all.

If Mention of *Petillius*' Theft is made,
While you are by, you strait, as usual, plead
His Cause. 'I with his Friendship have been blest
'Ev'n from his Childhood; and, at my Request,
'He did me many a Favour. I rejoice
'To see him safe, but wonder how the Voice

Of

‘Of Justice could acquit him.’ Envy’s Weed
Thus shoots unseen, and choaks fair Friendship’s
But, for myself to answer, I declare, [Seed,
With solemn Truth, no Sentence so severe
As this, my Mind, much less my Paper, stains.
But you’ll not wonder if in freer Strains
I railly Vice: Since I thus my Sire his Son
Instructed by Example, how to shun
The Shelves, on which the Dissolute were lost:
When he advis’d me how to make the most
Of all that he could leave me, he would cry,
‘Mark *Albius*’ Son! see *Barus*’ Misery!
‘Shun their Profusion, if their Fate you dread.’
To warn me from the Harlot’s dangerous Bed,
He only would repeat *Sectanus*’ Name:
And that I should not court the wedded Dame,
When I with lawful Pleasures might be blest,
‘*Trebonius*’s Detection was no Jest.
‘The Grounds of Good and Evil, when you grow
‘To riper Years, Philosophers will show;
‘Enough for me, Youth’s Ardour to restrain
‘By our wise Fathers Precepts; and maintain
‘Your Life unfully’d, and your Fame secure,
‘While you a Tutor need; when once mature
‘In Age you grow, you’ll safely walk alone.’
Such tender Care was by my Father shown!
And that his Words due Influence might receive,
‘Like such a Man, he cry’d, respected live!’

34 SATIRES of HORACE,

Then to deter me, ' Can you hope to claim,
 ' By Deeds like these, a good and virtuous Name?
 ' If so, that Convict place before your Eyes,
 ' Whom all that know, abandon and despise.'

As when a Glutton's Funeral passes near,
 Abstemious grows the Patient, chill'd with Fear;
 So from the Shame which Knavery pursues,
 The tender Mind such Crimes with Horror views
 Thus uninfected by great Faults, I own
 My Guilt in those of lesser Kind alone;
 And some of these, as I by Years improve,
 A Friend, or my own Reason, may remove:
 For thus I love to commune with my Heart,
 10 Reposing on my Couch; or when, apart
 From Company, I rove; ' Yes, *That* is right;
 ' *This* must endear me, and my Friends delight.
 ' How base was that Man's Conduct! *Flaccus*, fly
 ' From Crimes like these, replete with Infamy.'
 Thus with close Lips; but when a vacant Hour
 Tempts me to steal into the Muses Bower,
 To Paper I commit my idle Thoughts:
 This may be rank'd among my lesser Faults;
 But should they for your Pardon plead in vain,
 I strait will summon to my Aid a Train
 Of Bards, a numerous Race; and, like the *Jews*,
 To draw you to our Sect, we Force will use.

NOTES.

BOOK I.

35

NOTES.

1 *Eupolis, &c.*] *Eupolis*, *Cratinus*, and *Aristophanes*, were three contemporary Poets of the old Comedy, who lived about 400 Years before *Jesus Christ*. It was usual with them in their Plays to call Persons by their Names, and to expose their Failings to the Laughter of the People. *Aristophanes* had the Boldness to ridicule *Socrates*. He was also very free with the Conduct of *Cleon*, *Nicias*, *Alcibiades*, and other Governors of *Athens*. In a word, that which we call the old Comedy was full of satirical Reflections and scandalous Slanders. We have nothing now left of *Eupolis* and *Cratinus*. *Aristophanes* is said to have written fifty-four Comedies, of which there remain but eleven. He excells in the Force, Purity, Sweetness, and Harmony of his Style.

2 *Lucilius*.] A Poet of the Equestrian Order. He wrote Satires after the Manner of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, but gave them a more graceful Turn. He closely imitated the old Grecian Comedy. He lived A. U. C. 650.

3 *Quod sunt quos genus hoc minimè juvat.*] *Horace* says, that People did not take Pleasure in reading Satires, lest they should find their own Pictures drawn there. Thus *Juvenal*:

——— *Rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est*

Criminibus; tacitè sudant præcordia culpæ. Sat. I. v. 166.

When conscious Guilt appalls the wicked Heart,
Cold Sweat falls down in Drops from every Part.

4 *Ingenium cui sit.*] This is a just Definition of an *Heroic*, *Tragic*, or *Lyric* Poet; but he who has not so great an Elevation may still be a Poet, if the Verses he writes are adapted to his Subject. As there are different Species of Eloquence, so are there also of Poetry; and though some of these are much inferior to others, the Author who treats them skilfully, certainly deserves the Name of a Poet.

5 ——— *Postquam Discordia tetra*

Belli ferratos postes portasque refregit.] These Lines are taken from the Annals of *Ennius*. *Virgil* has imitated them in his *Æneid*:

————— *morantes*
Impulit ipsa manu portas, & cardine verso

Belli ferratos rupit Saturnia postes. Book vii. ver. 621.

36 SATIRES of HORACE,

Then Heaven's dread Empress, while the Prince delay'd,
Shot down, and both the bursting Gates display'd:
The Bolts fly back, with every brazen Bar,
And, like a Storm, broke forth th' imprison'd War. PITT.

6 ——— *Sulcius acer*

Ambulat, & Caprius.] *Sulcius* and *Caprius* were two famous Informers, who used to walk the Streets carrying under their Arms the Libels they had written against Delinquents.

7 *Similis Byrrhi.*] *Byrrhus* was a young Man, whose Luxury had prompted him to commit all Manner of Crimes.

8 *Passillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius hircum.*] This Line is taken from Satire II. which consequently must have been written before this. The last Part of this Line, no doubt, gave the greatest Offence, and, as I imagine, particularly to the *Stoics*, who were great Patrons of Filthiness, or at least would not suffer it to be ridiculed. But I cannot help thinking, that if these good Philosophers had been more neat themselves, they would not have been so zealous to prejudice others in Favour of Nastiness. Surely it is no Breach of Charity to railly Men on a Fault; which it is in their own Power to correct. However, we must here except *Epictetus*, who says, 'That the Cleanliness of the Body is an Emblem of the Purity of the Soul; that Nature has furnished us with Baths, Essences, Linnen Cloths, Brushes, Vitriol, and other Drugs, to cleanse us from Filth and Sweat; and that he who does not make Use of them should not be looked upon as a Man but a Hog, and should renounce all Commerce with Mankind, and not go into the Temples to poison others.' DACIER.

9 *Insuevit pater optimus, &c.*] In the same manner *Demea* in *Terence* instructs his Son:

Nihil prætermitto, consuefacio; denique

Inspicere tanquam in speculum in vias omnium

Jubeo, atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi;

Hoc facito, et hoc fugito, &c. ADELPH. ACT III. Sc. 3.

10 *Cum lectulus, &c.*] *Horace* here follows the Precept of the *Pythagoreans*, who advise us never to go to Sleep without thinking three times on whatever has passed in the Day.

Nec prius in dulcem declinent lumina, omnium

Omnia quam longi reputaveris acta diei

SATIRE

SATIRE V.

By WILLIAM COWPER, Esq;

*A humorous Description of the Author's Journey
from Rome to Brundisium.*

'TWAS a long Journey lay before us,

When I and honest *Heliodorus*,
(Who far in Point of Rhetoric
Surpasses every living Greek,)

Each leaving our respective Home,

Together sally'd forth from *Rome*.

First at ¹ *Aricia* we alight,
And there refresh, and pass the Night.

Our Entertainment? rather coarse

Than sumptuous, but I've met with worse.

Thence o'er the Causeway, soft and fair,

To ² *Appii-forum* we repair.

But as this Road is well supply'd

(Temptation strong!) on either Side

With Inns commodious, snug and warm,

We split the Journey, and perform

In two Days time, what's often done

By brisker Travellers in one.

Here rather chusing not to sup

Than with bad Water mix my Cup,

After a warm Debate, in spite

Of a provoking Appetite,

I sturdily

38 SATIRES of HORACE,

I sturdily resolve at last

To balk it, and pronounce a Fast:

And, in a moody Humour, wait

While my less dainty Comrades bait.

Now o'er the spangled Hemisphere

Diffus'd, the starry Train appear,

When there arose a desperate Brawl;

The Slaves and Bargemen, one and all,

Rending their Throats (have Mercy on us!)

As if they were resolv'd to stun us.

'Steer the Barge this Way to the Shore!

'I tell you, we'll admit no more---

'Plague! will you never be content!'

Thus a whole Hour at least is spent,

While they receive the several Fares,

And kick the Mule into his Gears.

Happy! these Difficulties past,

Could we have fall'n asleep at last;

But, what with humming, croaking, biting,

Gnats, Frogs, and all their Plagues uniting,

These tuneful Natives of the Lake

Conspir'd to keep us broad awake.

Besides, to make the Concert full,

Two maudlin Wights, exceeding dull,

The Bargeman and a Passenger,

Each in his Turn essay'd an Air

In Honour of his absent Fair.

At length, the Passenger, oppress'd

With Wine, left off, and snor'd the rest.

The

The weary Bargeman too gave o'er,
 And, hearing his Companion snore,
 Seiz'd the Occasion, fix'd the Barge,
 Turn'd out his Mule to graze at large,
 And slept, forgetful of his Charge.

And now the Sun, o'er Eastern Hill,
 Discover'd that our Barge stood still;
 When one, whose Anger vex'd him sore,
 With Malice fraught, leaps quick on Shore;
 Plucks up a Stake; with many a Thwack
 Assails the Mule and Driver's Back.

Then, slowly moving on, with Pain,
 At ten, 3 *Feronia's* Stream we gain,
 And in her pure and glassy Wave
 Our Hands and Faces gladly lave.
 Climbing three Miles, fair 4 *Anxur's* Height
 We reach, with stony Quarries white.

While here, as was agreed, we wait,
 'Till, charg'd with Business of the State,
Mæcenas and *Cocceius* come,
 (The Messengers of Peace) from *Rome*;
 My Eyes, by watry Humours blear
 And sore, I with black Balsam smear.
 At length they join us, and with them
 Our worthy Friend *Fanteius* came;
 A Man of such complete Desert,
Antony lov'd him at his Heart.

At 5 *Fundi* we refus'd to bait,
 And laugh'd at vain *Aufidius'* State;

A 6 *Prætor*

40 SATIRES of HORACE,

A ⁶ *Prætor* now (a Scribe before)

The purple-border'd Robe he wore;

His Slave the smoking Censer bore.

Tir'd, at *Muræna's* we repose

At ⁷ *Formia*; sup at *Capito's*.

With Smiles the rising Morn we greet;

At ⁸ *Sinuessa* pleas'd to meet

With ⁹ *Plotius*, *Varius*, and the * Bard,

Whom *Mantua* first with Wonder heard.

The World no purer Spirits knows,

For none my Heart more warmly glows.

Oh! what Embraces we bestow'd,

And with what Joy our Breasts o'erflow'd!

Sure, while my Sense is sound and clear,

Long as I live, I shall prefer

A gay, good-natur'd, easy Friend

To every Blessing Heaven can send!

At a small Village, the next Night,

Near the *Vulturnus*, we alight;

Where, as employ'd on State-Affairs,

We were supply'd by the ¹⁰ Purveyors

Frankly at once, and without Hire,

With Food for Man and Horse, and Fire.

¹¹ *Capua*, next Day, betimes we reach,

Where *Virgil* and myself, who each

Labour'd with different Maladies,

His such a Stomach, mine such Eyes,

As would not bear strong Exercise,

* VIRGIL.

In

In drowsy Mood to Sleep resort;
Mæcenæ to the Tennis-court.

Next at *Cocceius*' Farm we're treated,
 Above the *Caudian* Tavern seated;
 His kind and hospitable Board
 With Choice of wholesome Fare was stor'd.

Now, O ye Nine, inspire my Lays;
 To nobler Themes my Fancy raise!
 Two Combatants, who scorn to yield
 The noisy Tongue-disputed Field,
Sarmentus, and *Cicirrus*, claim
 A Poet's Tribute to their Fame.

Cicirrus, of true *Oscean* Breed;
Sarmentus, who was never freed,
 But ran away; we don't defame him;
 His Lady lives, and still may claim him.
 Thus dignify'd, in hardy Fray
 These Champions their keen Wit display;
 And first *Sarmentus* led the Way:

'Thy Locks, quoth he, so rough and coarse,
 'Look like the Mane of some wild Horse.'
 We laugh.---*Cicirrus*, undismay'd,
 'Have at you,' cries; and shakes his Head.
 'Tis well, *Sarmentus* says, you've lost
 'That Horn, your Forehead once could boast,
 'Since, maim'd and mangled as you are,
 'You seem to butt.'---A hideous Scar
 Improv'd, 'tis true, with double Grace
 The native Horrors of his Face.

Well,

42 SATIRES of HORACE,

Well, after much jocosely said
Of his grim Front, so fiery red,
For Carbuncles had blotch'd it o'er,
As usual on *Campania's* Shore;
' Give us, he cry'd, since you're so big,
' A Sample of the *Cyclaps'* Jig;
' Your Shanks, methinks, no Buskins ask,
' Nor does your Phyz require a Mask.'
To this *Cicirrus*: ' In return,
' Of you, Sir, now I fain would learn
' When 'twas (no longer deem'd a Slave)
' Your Chains you to the *Lares* gave?
' For though a Scrivener's Right you claim,
' Your Lady's Title is the same.
' But what could make you run away?
' Since, Pygmy as you are, each Day
' A single Pound of Bread would quite
' O'erpower your puny Appetite.'

Thus jok'd the Champions, while we laugh'd,
And many a chearful Bumper quaff'd.

To 13 *Beneventum* next we steer,
Where our good Host, by over-care
In roasting Thrushes, lean as Mice,
Had almost fall'n a Sacrifice.
The Kitchen soon was all on Fire,
And to the Roof the Flames aspire.
There might you see each Man and Master
Striving, amidst this sad Disaster,

To

To save the Supper---then they came
With Speed enough to quench the Flame.

From hence we first at Distance see
Th' *Apulian* Hills, well known to Me,
Parch'd by the sultry Western Blast,
And which we never should have past,
Had not * *Trivicus*, by the Way,
Receiv'd us at the Close of Day:
But each was forc'd, at entering here,
To pay the Tribute of a Tear;
For more of Smoke than Fire was seen,
The Hearth was pil'd with Logs so green.

From hence in Chaises we were carry'd
Miles twenty-four, and gladly tarry'd
At a small † Town, whose Name my Verse
(So barbarous is it!) can't rehearse.
Know it you may by many a Sign;
Water is deater far than Wine;
Their Bread is deem'd such dainty Fare,
That every prudent Traveller
His Wallet loads with many a Crust;
For, at † *Canusum*, you might just
As well attempt to gnaw a Stone,
As think to get one Morsel down.
That too with scanty Streams is fed:
Its Founder was brave *Diomed*.
Good *Varius* (ah! that Friends must part!)
Here left us all with aching Heart.

• A Village so called. † *Equotuticum*.

44 SATIRES of HORACE,

At ¹⁵ *Rubi* we arriv'd that Day,
Well jaded by the Length of Way;
And sure poor Mortals ne'er were wetter.
Next Day, no Weather could be better,
No Roads so bad; we scarce could crawl
Along to fishy ¹⁶ *Barium's* Wall.

¹⁷ Th' *Egnatians* next, who, by the Rules
Of Common-sense, are Knaves or Fools,
Made all our Sides with Laughter heave;
Since we with them must needs believe
That ¹⁸ Incense in their Temples burns,
And, without Fire, to Ashes turns.
To Circumcision's Bigots tell
Such Tales. For Me, I know full well
²⁰ That in high Heaven, unmov'd by Care,
The Gods eternal Quiet share;
²¹ Nor can I deem their Spleen the Cause
Why fickle Nature breaks her Laws.

²² *Brundisium* last we reach, and there
Stop short the Muse and Traveller.

NOTES.

Octavius and *Antony*, both aspiring to absolute Power, frequently quarrelled. Their Reconciliation was never lasting, because never sincere. Among the Negotiations set on foot for that Purpose, History distinguishes two; one in 714, the other in 717. *Mecenas* took *Horace* with him to this second Conference, which was at first held at *Brundisium*, and afterwards concluded at *Tarentum*, by the Mediation of *Octavia*. That Journey gave Occasion to this Satire, which is a Master-piece in its kind. It

has

has been imitated by several modern Poets; but perhaps by none better than Monsieur Huet, in his Description of his Journey to *Stockholm*, written in *Latin Verse*.

SANADON.

The above-mentioned Imitation (in *English*) is here annexed.

1 *Aricia*.] *Aricia*, now *La Riccia*, is situated on the *Appian Way*, about twenty Miles from *Rome*.

2 *Forum Appii*.] A little Town, about forty six Miles from *Rome*.

3 *Feronia*.] A little Village, within three Miles of *Anxur*. Near this Place were a Temple, a Grove, and a Fountain, consecrated to *June*.

4 *Anxur*.] *Anxur*, now *Terracina*, was situated on a Hill, on the Sea-side, which reaches from *Ofia* to *Naples*.

5 *Fundos*.] *Fundi* was twenty Miles from *Anxur*, famous for its excellent Wine.

6 *Prætor*.] The *Prætor* was an Officer created to assist the Consul in administering Justice.

7 *In Mamurrarum—urbe*.] *Formia* was remarkable for the Birth of *Mamurra*, one of the richest and most considerable Men among the *Romans*. *Murena* and *Capito* had Houses there.

8 *Sinuessæ*.] A City near the River *Liris*, where now stands *Rocca di Mandragone*.

9 *Plotius et Varius, &c.*] What an agreeable Meeting must this have been between four Persons of such distinguished Merit as *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Plotius*, and *Varius*? *Horace* never appears in a more amiable Light than when he is speaking of his Friends. His Heart, on these Occasions, dilates itself with a Tenderness which shows his Humanity; and Humanity is infinitely preferable to Wit. It is this, that qualifies us for those sweet Connections, which are the Band of Society. SANADON.

10 —*parochi*.] In the first *Julian Law* was this Article, that the Towns and Villages through which a *Roman* Magistrate

46 SATIRES of HORACE,

Magistrate passed, in his Way to the Provinces, should be obliged to supply him and his Retinue with Salt, Wood, Corn, Lodging, and other Conveniencies.

11 — *Capua*.] *Capua*, the chief City of *Campania*, built upon the *Vulturnus*.

12 — *genus Osci*.] The *Oscians* were a People of *Campania*, of the most infamous Character in all *Italy*.

13 *Beneventum*.] A City in the Territory of *Naples*.

14 — *Canusi*.] A Town situated on the Side of a Hill, now called *Canosa*.

15 — *Rubos*.] A small Village, eighteen Miles from *Canusium*.

16 — *Bari*.] A Town situated on the *Adriatic*.

17 — *Gnatia*.] Or *Egnatia*, now called *Gnazzi*, or *Nazzi*, a Town on the *Adriatic*, between *Barium* and *Brundisium*.

18 — *Dum flammâ sine*, &c.]

The Priests at *Egnatia* exhibited a pretended Miracle. They placed on a Stone, in the Portal of the Temple, some Grains of Incense, or Pieces of Wood, which were immediately consumed, without the Application of Fire. *Horace* had not Faith enough to believe such ridiculous Stories, which were only invented to amuse Fools.

DACIER.

A Miracle of the same kind is now supposed to be wrought at *Naples*, viz. the Liquefaction of *Januarius's* Blood at the Approach of the Saint's Head. Mr. *Addison* was Witness to this pretended Miracle twice; but thought it one of the most bungling Tricks he ever saw. He says, it seems to be copied from the Miracle here referred to. Dr. *Middleton*, too, in his Letter from *Rome*, after quoting Father *Mabillon's* Opinion about the Manner of performing this Trick, proceeds as follows:

‘ But by whatever way it is effected, it is plainly
 ‘ nothing else but the Copy of an old Cheat, of the same
 ‘ kind, transacted near the same Place, which *Horace*
 ‘ makes himself merry with in his Journey to *Brundisium*,
 ‘ telling us, that the Priests would have imposed upon
 ‘ him

him and his Friends at a Town called *Gnatia*, by persuading them that the Frankincense in the Temple used to dissolve, and melt miraculously of itself, without the help of Fire.' *Letter from Rome, p. 309.*

The learned Author of the *Criterion*, speaking of the standing Miracles boasted of by the Papists, which, he says, upon Examination, will be found to be mere *Legerdemain Tricks*, or brought about by a superior Acquaintance with the Powers and Properties of material Compositions, gives us the following Account of the Liquefaction at *Naples*:

'That a Substance visibly dry and solid, having the Appearance of coagulated Blood, inclosed in a Glass hermetically sealed, actually doth melt, while held by the Priest in his Hands, and brought near to the Saint's Head, which is placed on the Altar, is a Fact which Thousands of Spectators are Eye-witnesses of every Year. But, however extraordinary this may seem, to suppose, as the *Neapolitans* do, that there is any Miracle in the Case, would be to make the Experiments of the Natural Philosopher, and the Transmutations of the Chemist, deserve that Name; as some of them are far more surprising than the Liquefaction of this Saint's pretended Blood. The particular natural Cause is not, indeed, absolutely agreed upon. Some have imagined that the Heat of the Hands of the Priests, who keep tampering with the Phial of Blood during the Celebration of Mass, will be sufficient to make it melt. Others, again, have been inclined to believe, that the Liquefaction is effected by the Heat of vast Numbers of wax Tapers of a most enormous Size, with which the Altar is decked out, many of which are placed so conveniently, that the Priest can, without any Appearance of Design, hold the Glass so near to them as to make it hot, and consequently dispose the inclosed Substance to melt.—I should be inclined to subscribe to this Opinion, had I not met with a more probable Solution.

'I am informed (for I never tried the Experiment myself) that a Composition of *Crocus Martis* and *Cochinéal* will perfectly resemble congealed Blood; and by dropping the smallest Quantity of *Aqua fortis* amongst
this

48 SATIRES of HORACE,

‘ this Composition, its dry Particles will be put into a
 ‘ Ferment, till at last an Ebullition is excited, and the
 ‘ Substance becometh liquid.

‘ That a Glass may be so contrived as to keep the *Aqua*
 ‘ *fortis* separate from the dry Substance, till the critical
 ‘ Moment when the Liquefaction is to be effected, may
 ‘ be easily conceived. And, in fact, the Phial which
 ‘ containeth the pretended Blood is so constituted. It is
 ‘ something like an Hour-glass, and the dry Substance is
 ‘ lodged in the upper Division. Now in the lower Divi-
 ‘ sion of the Glass a few Drops of *Aqua fortis* may be
 ‘ lodged, without furnishing any Suspicion, as the Colour
 ‘ will prevent its being distinguished.

‘ All the attendant Circumstances of this *bungling Trick*
 ‘ (as Mr. *Addison* calls it) are perfectly well accounted for,
 ‘ by admitting this Solution. Whenever the Priest
 ‘ would have the Miracle take Effect, he need only invert
 ‘ the Glass, and then the *Aqua fortis* being uppermost,
 ‘ will drop down upon the dry Substance, and excite an
 ‘ Ebullition which resembleth melting; and upon re-
 ‘ storing the Glass to its former Position, the Spectator
 ‘ will see the Substance, the Particles of which have been
 ‘ separated by the *Aqua fortis*, drop down to the Bottom
 ‘ of the Glass, in the same manner that the Sand run-
 ‘ neth through.

‘ The *Neapolitans* (as fit Subjects to be imposed upon
 ‘ as the most servile Bigotry and superstitious Credulity
 ‘ can make them) esteem this annual Miracle as a Mark
 ‘ of the Protection of Heaven; and whenever the Blood
 ‘ faileth to melt, a general Panic ensueth.

‘ Now, upon a Supposition that I have assigned the real
 ‘ Cause, the Priests can prevent the Success of the
 ‘ Miracle whenever they please; and accordingly we
 ‘ know that they actually do so, when they have any
 ‘ Prospect of advancing their own Interest, by infusing a
 ‘ Notion into the Minds of the *Neapolitans*, that Heaven
 ‘ is angry with their Nation.’ *Criterion, or Miracles*
examined, &c. By John Douglass, D. D. p. 243—246.

For what follows we are also indebted to the same
 Author.

‘ Whether or no I have succeeded in pointing out the
 ‘ real Cause of this pretended Miracle, I must leave to the
 ‘ *serw*

‘ *few*, who have the Honour of tampering with the sacred
 ‘ Phial, and of conducting the annual Show: It is enough
 ‘ to the *many*, if I have assigned a Cause, which will ac-
 ‘ count for every thing that happens; and that I
 ‘ have assigned such a Cause, every one may satisfy him-
 ‘ self.

‘ When I published my Account of the liquefied Blood,
 ‘ I had not, at that Time, tried the Experiment of the
 ‘ *Crocus Martis* and *Cochineal*; and therefore I could lay
 ‘ less Weight on the Solution of the Trick, as mentioned
 ‘ to me by a Friend. But now I can speak from my own
 ‘ Knowledge, and consequently with greater Confidence,
 ‘ since I have lately mixed up some *Cochineal* with a
 ‘ larger Quantity of *Crocus Martis*, and this constitutes a
 ‘ hard Lump, perfectly resembling coagulated Blood, and
 ‘ which might well bear to be produced on St. *Januarius*’s
 ‘ Altar. Upon dropping some *Aqua fortis* on this solid
 ‘ Lump, instantly there was excited a Fermentation and
 ‘ Bubbling of its Parts, till by Degrees the whole Lump
 ‘ dissolved, and it became a Liquid of about the Con-
 ‘ sistence of thick Blood.—This Experiment I performed
 ‘ (I ask Pardon, I should have said *Miracle*) in the Pre-
 ‘ sence of a Physician of Learning, who assures me, that
 ‘ besides *Aqua fortis*, Spirit of Vitriol, or any other mineral
 ‘ Acid, by being dropped on the coagulated Matter,
 ‘ will produce the desired Effect. But Spirit of Vitriol,
 ‘ which is clear as Water, will deceive the most curious
 ‘ Spectator most effectually; and by the Help of this, and
 ‘ the other Ingredients, any good Protestant may chal-
 ‘ lenge the Priests of *Naples*, to try which of them shall
 ‘ perform the Miracle most dexterously.

19 ————— *Credat Judæus Apella, &c.*

Scaliger, and several other Critics, believe that *Apella* is
 the proper Name of some *Jew*, then well known at *Rome*;
 but it seems more natural to derive it from *sine pelle, cir-*
cumcised. It is well known, that the Heathens often ri-
 diculed the *Jews* on this Account. Thus our Poet, in
 the ninth Epistle of this Book, ver. 70.

50 SATIRES of HORACE,

————— *Vin' tu*
Curtis Judæis oppedere? —————

D.

It is certain, that the Poet here alludes to the Miracle wrought by *Elijah*, in causing Fire to descend from Heaven, and consume a Bullock cut in Pieces, the Wood, and the Stones, &c. after he had three Times poured Water on the Sacrifice, and also filled the Trench with Water. See the Story at large in the First Book of *Kings*, Chap. 18.

The *Jews*, who had a Faith for such Sort of Miracles, which proved the Truth of their Religion, were thought by the Heathens credulous and superstitious. Therefore *Horace* refers the Miracle wrought at *Egnatia* (which much resembles that of *Elijah*) to a *Jew*, as worthy his Belief. DACIER.

Dacier is not so kind as to inform us how he came to be so very sure that *Horace* had read the Books of the Old Testament; nor does the last Clause of this Remark furnish any Proof, that our learned Critic was himself too credulous. D.

20 *Namque Deos didici, &c.*]

Horace was an *Epicuræan*; and the *Epicuræans* believed, that the Gods are unconcerned about the Affairs of this World. It may be observed, by the way, that this Philosophy, which taught that God was an idle Spectator of human Things, and neither wrought Good nor Evil, was known to the *Jews*, and had its Followers at *Jerusalem*, above three hundred Years before *Epicurus* established his School in *Greece*: For thus God himself speaks by his Prophet *Zephaniab*, Chap. I, ver. 12. *And it shall come to pass at that Time, that I will search Jerusalem with Torches, and punish the Men that are settled on their Lees,* (that is, those who fare deliciously,) *who say in their Hearts, The LORD will not do Good, neither will he do Evil.*

We may collect from hence, that this Philosophy was embraced by the Rich, who seem chiefly interested, that God should not concern himself with Human Affairs. DACIER.

21 *Nec,*

21 *Nec, si quid miri faciat Natura.*]

Horace was of Opinion, that this supposed Miracle might be wrought by the Knowledge of some natural Secret, and without the Intervention of any God.

Thus Varro shows, that the *Hirpinians* walking unhurt with naked Feet on the live Coals of the Sacrifices, which they offered every Year to *Apollo*, was not owing to that God, but to the Virtue of an Ointment with which they rubbed the Soles of their Feet. DACIER.

The foretelling that the Sun should be darkened on a certain Day; or the holding of live Coals on the Tongue, without being burnt; or the making a Voice descend from a Chimney, when there is nobody in it; would, no doubt, in the Times of Ignorance, have all been looked on as Miracles. D.

22 *Brundisium longe suis chartaque viaque.*] *Brundisium*, now *Brindis*, is situated at the Beginning of the *Adriatic*. It has an excellent Port.

Horace justly calls his Journey a long one, since it was three hundred and seventy Miles from *Rome* to *Brundisium*. He travelled thither in fourteen Days and one Night, as will appear to those who examine the Particulars, i. e. at a Medium, about twenty-six Miles a Day.

52 SATIRES of HORACE,

The SAME SATIRE Imitated.

By M. HUET, afterwards Bishop of Avranches.

Translated by Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

[To the Rev. Mr. SACK, junior, of Berlin.

WHILE through the Paths of Science and of
Truth

You guide your *Finckenstein's* unpractis'd Youth,
Teach him what Weeds to spurn, what Flowers
to chuse;

Unveil each Beauty of the Classic Muse,
And, to complete the Statesman, just and wise,
Fix on his * Uncle his admiring Eyes;
Say, will my *Frederick* one short Hour unbend,
And, partial, listen to his *British* Friend?
Will you with me through Northern Regions stray,
By Land and Sea, where *Huet* leads the Way?
Urg'd by *Christina's* Fame, behold! he braves
Contending States, bleak Skies, and stormy Waves;
Urg'd by *Christina's* Fame, to *Sweden's* Court
See! Learning's Sons from every Clime resort!
To her just Praise each Bard his vocal String
Then tun'd, as now to your illustrious King.]

1765.

• Chief Minister of State to the King of Prussia.

A TOUR

A TOUR to STOCKHOLM*.

FROM † *Caen* departing, first at *Dive*,
 And next at *Honfleur*, I arrive.
 Ill as I was, from jolting Stones
 An easy Litter sav'd my Bones;
 But, as one Horse was founde'r'd, down
 Myself, Steeds, Litter, all were thrown.

Thence, after Dinner, in a Bark,
 We cross'd to *Havre*; though 'twas dark
 Before we landed at the Town
 By your lov'd Name, King † *Francis*, known.
 Here, while for favouring Winds we wait,
 Time seems to hobble in his Gait;
 And Walls and Citadel once seen,
 No more are Medicines for the Spleen.

At length, ten Days elaps'd, our Sails
 We hoisted, with auspicious Gales.

* M. *Bochart*, a Protestant Minister at *Caen*, and one of the most learned Men of that Age, having been invited to *Stockholm* by Queen *Christina*, he persuaded M. *Huet* to accompany him. But being detained by Illness, he could not reach *Havre de Grace* till after M. *Bochart* had set sail. However, our Author overtook him (as he tells us) at *Amsterdam*. This Journey was begun April 15 1652.

† The Birth-place of the Author.

† *Havre de Grace* is called in Latin *Franciscopolis*, from *Francis I.*, who fortified it.

My Comrades, as the Vessel heels,
Are little better for their Meals;
While I, half-famish'd, every Hour,
Biscuit and salted Beef devour.

Mean time, when *Galais* was in View,
Two * *English* Frigates towards us flew
With crowded Canvass; at the Sight,
Our Captain, in a wond'rous Fright,
(A *Dutchman* he,) cry'd, 'Arm, Boys, arm,
'Stand to your Guns, and sound th' Alarm!'
How mad, methought, was I to run
Such Hazards, now too late to shun!
But, still dissembling my Mistrust,
My Sword I drew, half-eat with Rust.
And now the *English* nearer came,
And loudly hail'd us; 'Whence, your Name,
'And whither bound?' What Truth inspir'd
We frankly told; they strait retir'd.

In four Days *Zealand's* Coasts appear,
And a wish'd Port we find at *Veer*.

Thence, *Middleburgh* by Land we gain:
Next Morn once more we tempt the Main,
And soon with Joy at *Dart* arrive,
Whence *Maese* and *Waal* unite to drive,

* The Republics of *England* and *Holland* were at this Time on very bad Terms, though Hostilities were not commenced between them till the Month following.

With

With kindred Streams, invading Foes,
And every bold Attack oppose.

At *Rotterdam*, with Reverence due,

* *Erasmus* my Attention drew :

Then *Delft*, where thy proud † Tomb, *Nassau* !
Claims equal Reverence, equal Awe.

At *Leyden* we repos'd that Night ;
And, with the next returning Light,
Receiv'd the Welcome of a Pair,
Distinguish'd by *Apollo's* Care ;
‡ *Salmasius*, || *Heinsius*, whom the Nine
Have blest'd with all their Warmth divine !
The public Library survey'd,
And Anatomic Hall, we stray'd
Among the choice exotic Trees,
And saw whate'er could Strangers please.

At *Haerlem*, our next Stage, just Fame
For the first Printing-Press they claim,

* The brazen Statue of *Erasmus* in the Market-place.

† The Mausoleum of *William I*, Prince of *Orange*, the
Founder of the State, and of its Glory.

‡ This famous Critic, well known in *England* by his
Treatise against the Parliament, and his subsequent Con-
troversy with our *Milton*, and whom that Poet styles 'a
'chattering Pye,' died at the *Spa* this Year, on his Re-
turn from *Stockholm*. *Milton* asserts, that Queen *Christina*
set such a Value on his Reply, that she even received *Sal-*
masius with Contempt ; and adds, that 'some even ac-
'cuse him of hastening that Writer's Death, by the too
'great Keeness of his Sting.' See his *Defensio pro se*.

|| *Nicholas Heinsius*, the Son of *Daniel*.

56 SATIRES of HORACE,

And for the Ships*, with Saw-like Prows,
Fatal to their *Pelufian* Foes.

To *Amsterdam* we haste, and there
With Looks which Heart-felt Joy declare,
Choice Friends our wish'd Arrival greet;
Bochart and † *Vossius* too we meet,
And (though unmention'd) Numbers more,
All bound to *Sweden's* distant Shore.

How pleasant, when abroad we roam,
To find the Friends we lov'd at home!

Next Morn, a courteous Jew invites
To see his Sect's mysterious Rites;
Our Friend † *Manasseh* led us in:
But while his Knife divides the Skin,
Stretch'd with Solemnity divine,
As Circumcision's Laws enjoin,
My Foot, with heedless Touch, profan'd
The Desk whence *Moses* is explain'd:

* In the 12th Century, when *Damietta* in *Egypt*, anciently *Pelufium*, was besieged by the Christians, and their Fleet could not approach it by reason of Chains drawn across the River, and fastened to strong Towers on both Sides, the *Haerlemers* in the Service armed the Keels of their Ships with sharp Saws, sailed up the River with a strong Gale, and cut the Chains; which made Way for the rest of the Fleet, and occasioned the taking of the Town.

† *Isaac Vossius*, the Son of *Gerard*, and, like him, the Author of many learned Works.

‡ Rabbi *Manasseh Ben Israel*, a Jew of the first Distinction, the chief Ruler of the Synagogue at *Amsterdam*, a Man of great Learning and Moderation. *Huetiana*.

All saw, all murmur'd; struck with Dread
Of the dire Knife, I swiftly fled.

To *Utrecht* then we take our Way,
And there to matchless * *Schurman* pay
Our due Respects, her Sex's Pride;
With Admiration I descry'd
The Virgin's Works of every Kind,
Wrought by her Hands and studious Mind.

Departing thence, at Night we meet
With paltry Lodgings at *Elspet* :
Holm Dishes held our rustic Cheer,
On Straw we rested, thresh'd this Year.

From thence, next Day, to *Zwoll* we went,
Where his long Life good † *Kempis* spent,
And still his pious Fame survives,
And in his grateful Country lives.

At *Hardenberg*, which late at Night
We enter'd, of an ancient Rite
We laughing heard, by which they use
Their annual Magistrate to chuse.
Th' assembled Sires, in Order fit,
Around a Maple Table sit,

* *Anna Maria Schurman*, a Lady of extraordinary Accomplishments, being Mistress of most of the Oriental, Learned, and Modern Languages, as well as of all Branches of Philosophy, Divinity, and the fine Arts. She was, in short, the *Cartier* of her Age. See her Article in Bayle.

† The supposed Author of the Book *De Imitatione Christi*.

58 SATIRES of HORACE,

And on the Board, in grim Array,
Their buffy Chins sagacious lay;
Just in the Middle then they place
The filthiest of the Insect Race;
And him whose favoury Length of Beard
Is by the sapient Louse prefer'd,
His Townsmen honour and revere,
As Burgo-master for the Year*.

Now traversing *Westphalia's* Plains,
We gaz'd with Wonder at the Swains:
Than others by the Head they're higher,
As if some *Cyclops* were their Sire.
Here Travellers in Halls must lie,
Spacious, and towering to the Sky:
Just in the midst a Fire they light;
And all around it, every Night,
Promiscuous sleep their Goats, their Kine,
Their Sheep, and Lambs, and filthy Swine,
The Wife, the Husband, and the Sons:
If such, as old Tradition runs,
In *Saturn's* Reign was Human Glee,
The Iron is the Age for Me.
The Fields are barren and unsown;
And lowly shrub-like Trees alone

* This Story is more proper for a Poet than an Historian, though there have been some who have gravely related it. It may, however, be considered as an Apologue to ridicule the slovenly Manners of the People. The abovementioned Town is in the Province of *Ouerffel*.

Are

Are widely spread o'er every Mead,
 And Swine, in Herds unnumber'd, feed;
 Whose Flesh (the Natives usual Meat)
 They neither boil'd, nor roasted, eat,
 But in the House-top hung with Care,
 Are harden'd by the Smoke and Air;
 And then the hospitable Board
 With a whole Hog at once is stor'd.

Our Pace we quicken at the Sight
 Of distant *Bremen's* Tower-crown'd Height,
 And soon we reach that ancient Town,
 Where, well fatigu'd, I strait lay down,
 Sunk in a soft well-feather'd Bed,
 Another o'er my Limbs was spread:
 Half stifled with the heavy Load,
 Sweat from each Pore profusely flow'd,
 And with th' enormous Weight oppress'd,
 No Sleep that Night my Eye-lids bless'd.

Next Day more inauspicious prov'd
 To a black Spaniel, much belov'd;
 For, while our Car with rapid Course
 Whirl'd on, the Wheel's impetuous Force
 The Loiterer squeez'd; but Oil, the Bruise
 Fomenting, soon her Strength renews.

To * *Closter-seven* next we came,
 Once for its Nuns well known to Fame;

* This Town was rendered famous in the late War
 by the Convention concluded there Sept. 8, 1757, be-
 tween his Royal Highness the Duke of *Camberland*, and
 the Marshal-Duke *de Richlieu*.

60 SATIRES of HORACE,

Five Sisters only now remain,
And every Cloyster, every Fane
Deserted droops its languid Head,
Since *Luther* here new Tenets spread,

To *Boxtehude* a wealthy Dame,
With a most beauteous Daughter, came;
An Officer their Steps pursu'd,
Who with fond Eyes the Virgin view'd.
We met, we talk'd, and *Bochart* jok'd
With the fair Damsel; this provok'd
The Son of *Mars*; as usual, warm'd
With many a Glass, he loudly storm'd,
And urg'd our undesigning Friend
All Contests with the Sword to end:
Scarce could we make the Quarrel cease,
And join their Hands in Pledge of Peace.

Next Morn, a Boat convey'd us o'er
The *Elbe*, to *Hamburg*'s trading Shore.
Here, dress'd in rich Brocades, the Fair
Towns, Landscapes, on their Shoulders bear:
Such Tints not ev'n the watry Bow,
Nor *Juno*'s beauteous Bird, can show.

Sleswick my languid Limbs receiv'd,
And *Gottorp*'s antique Beds reliev'd.
I there twelve Days with Joy remain'd,
By ancient Manuscripts detain'd:
And now I ransack'd o'er and o'er
Each crowded Chamber's letter'd Store;

Now

Now modern *Persia's* barbarous State
Heard * *Olearius* oft relate ;
Nor did ev'n *Holstein's* Duke decline
In our instructive Lore to join.

Sharp bilious Pains my Comrade's Breast,
Soon as from hence we went, oppress ;
But Ease, next Day, Emetics yield,
And *Haderleben* saw him heal'd.

Now full in View the *Baltic* roars ;
Embark'd, we sail from *Holstein's* Shores,
Funen, not distant, in the Main
Appears ; the fruitful Soil I gain ;
And, shivering with a hasty Storm,
At *Odenfee* grow dry and warm.
But while at Night asleep we lay,
Our Riding-Coats were stol'n away :
Expos'd to Showers, I, with a Heart
Most heavy, in the Morn depart.

At *Nybourg* we arrive by Night,
Where in a Dungeon, from the Light
Secluded, lies that guilty Fair,
That Royal Harlot, who could dare
Dire Poisons for her Lord to brew :
For such a Crime sure Death was due !

* The Duke of *Holstein's* Librarian, a Man of great
Wisdom and Learning, of which he gave Proofs in 'An
' Account of his Travels through *Muscovy* and *Persia*,
which he undertook by the Duke's Order.

In

62 SATIRES of HORACE,

In Sight are fruitful *Zealand's* Shores;
 We scarce had reach'd them, urg'd by Oars
 And Sails, when rag'd the Eastern Wind;
 Another Vessel, just behind,
 Dash'd on sunk Rocks, was nearly lost.
 A milk-white Plumage, on this Coast,
 Adorns each beauteous *Turkey* Fowl;
 The Dogs in Strains unusual howl.
 There, intermingled, thick as Leaves,
 We saw on Gibbets Wolves and Thieves:
 Stuck in the Planks beneath were Knives;
 The Sick, it seems, to save their Lives,
 This Method try; for (so they say)
 Whoever takes a Knife away,
 Is doom'd the same Disease to bear,
 Transferr'd from him who stuck it there.
 At *Roschild* every Stranger stays,
 On *Denmark's* Royal Tombs to gaze,
 Next, *Copenhagen* in the Clouds
 Her fam'd Observatory shrouds;
 Whose Top, so gradually the Plain
 Inclines, a Chariot may attain.
 Swift through this Royal City flies
 Our Carriage; tir'd we close our Eyes.
 When well refresh'd, we to the Court
 To see the Monarch, pleas'd resort.
 Pur-blind am I, the Room was wide,
 A Pair of Spectacles supply'd

My

My Sight's Defect, and by their Aid.
 The King distinctly I survey'd :
 But he, with Indignation fir'd,
 Prepar'd to seize me ; I retir'd
 From that inhospitable Shore,
 Resolv'd to venture there no more.

Once sacred to the starry Skies,
 In the mid Ocean * *Huen* lies ;
 Now lost to Fame, the Fisher's Guile
 Is all the Study of the Isle.
 Thither I steer'd ; with pious Awe
 I there great *Tycho's* Mansion saw ;
 And 'midst his Structures, now decay'd,
 With heart-felt Melancholy stray'd.

We then once more unfurl'd our Sail :
 But, when at Sea, a sudden Gale
 With most impetuous Fury blew ;
 We saw, and shudder'd at the View :
 Our Cloaths well drench'd, at length secure,
 We gain'd thy Harbour, *Elfenour* :

* This Island was given to *Tycho Brabe* for his Life by *Frederick II*, King of *Denmark*, together with a large Pension : And on *August 13, 1576*, this great Astronomer laid the Foundation of his famous Observatory, or Castle, which he called *Uraniburg*, where he resided one and twenty Years. After the Death of King *Frederick*, the Emperor *Rodolphus II*, invited him to reside at his Court, then at *Prague*, to which City he accordingly went, and met with a most gracious Reception. He died there, of a Retention of Urine, in 1601, aged 55.

Here,

64 SATIRES of HORACE,

Here, though just rescu'd from the Wave,
I still was near a watry Grave;
For while my Eye with heedless Gaze,
Important * *Cronenburgh* surveys,
Close to the Ditch my Foot I found:
What Perils Travellers surround!
Whoe'er can Peace enjoy at Home,
By my Advice would never roam.

Spite of the Wind's tempestuous Roar,
We cross the *Sound* to *Schonen's* Shore.
Our Host there cook'd a strange Repast,
Delicious to a *Gotbland* Taste:
He kindly urg'd us first to eat,
Sprinkled with Saffron, salted Meat:
Then on the Board at once appear
Raw Mutton-Steaks, dry'd Currants, Beer,
Sweet-scented Herbs, lee pounded, Wine,
Cloves, and quick Pepper, fifted fine:
The Table last full many a Pound
Of Ginger, Butter, Sugar, crown'd;
With Mustard, Honey, Fennel, Oyl,
And Coriander.---All the Toil
And Skill of *Hecati* could ne'er
In *Stygian* Shades such Cates prepare;
Nor worse the Drugs, if Fame be true,
Which unrelenting Step-dames brew.

* A strong Castle in *Zealand*, where all Ships that pass
through the *Sound* pay Toll.

Each

Each Dish untouch'd, we haste away,
Resolv'd to travel Night and Day.

To *Helmstadt* swift our Car proceeds,
Where, tir'd, we bait our dusty Steeds.
Hence, order'd to his native Land,
(For such the Queen's severe Command,)
Vossius with many a Tear departs*,
But leaves his Image in our Hearts.

Through Fir-Tree Forests, large and brown,
We pass, to *Gothlanders* well known:
Our Thirst with proffer'd Mead we slak'd;
They then brought Biscuits, which, well-bak'd,
With Salt and Cumin they prepare,
And harden in the Smoke and Air:
Your Knife can no Impression make;
Then, in its stead, a Hammer take.

Smaland's steep Rocks we clamber o'er,
And trace Lake *Vetter's* winding Shore.
Here, at our Servant, as we pass,
Unnumber'd Jokes and Gibes were cast,
While, on the Coach's Summit plac'd,
His empty Head with Night-Cap grac'd,
He in * *Marot's* melodious Lay,
King *David's* Psalms would sing or say;

* *Salmafius* having complained to *Christina* that *Vossius* had, on slight Grounds, commenced a Law-Suit against him at *Leyden*, *Vossius* was ordered by the Queen not to return to *Sweden* till he had made him Satisfaction.

* The Psalms translated by *Clement Marot* were set to Music of four and five Parts by *Claude Goudimel*, an excellent Musician, in the sixteenth Century,

66 SATIRES of HORACE,

For, though compos'd by *Claude*, each Note
Was Jargon in his Raven-Throat.

Now wild *East-Gothland's* Bounds we gain,
Where Beast-skins cloath each livid Swain;
Frost-bit their Faces, coarse their Fare;
Caps of warm Frieze the Women wear.
Well jolted with the rugged Way,
Each Night in Cottages we lay
Which upright Trunks of Trees compose;
Grass on the Turf-form'd Covering grows,
Where Sheep, as on a level Mead,
Undaunted, unmolested feed:
The Roof has Peep-Holes; so, 'tis said,
Thy Temple, † *Terminus*, was made.
Within are fifty Beds, where rest
On Straw, Wife, Husband, Slave, and Guest.
One Night, by Nature's Call constrain'd,
I rose, and, as I thought, regain'd
The Bed, where, every Sense compos'd
In balmy Sleep, my Comrade doz'd;
But, ah! behold, at Break of Day,
A snoring Beldam near me lay!
How did our Sides at this Mistake,
Next rising Morn, with Laughter shake!
Wide branching Pines, as hence we pass,
A welcome Shade around us cast.

† The Temple erected to this God by *Numa* was open
to the Sky, to show that the Boundaries ought always to
be in the Proprietor's Sight.

The

The Night o'ertook us at a Town
 Nam'd *Lidköping*, to Fame well known,
 Where first their Breath the *Magni* drew,
Johannes *, and his Brother † too.

At *Norköping*, where Copper Plates
 Are forg'd, his Steeds our Driver baits;
 Large Coins are here impress'd, and Threads
 Form'd of vast Length from Copper Shreds.
 To distant Lands these precious Wares,
 In loaded Ships, the Merchant bears.

At *Nyköping*, our next Day's Stage,
 Queen *Leonora* ‡, worn with Age,
 In vain Complaints her Sorrow vents,
 And still *Gustavus*' Death laments.

Once fam'd, by subterraneous Fires
 Now wasted, *Telga* next aspires.
 Peculiar to a Northern Plain,
 The Stables here Rein-Deer contain;
 Two curling Horns their lofty Brow
 Defend; like Stags their Bodies show:
 O'er Ice and Snow, the Lake and Mead,
 They whirl the Sledge with *Eurus*' Speed.

* *Johannes Magnus*, Archbishop of *Upsal*, and Author of the History of *Sweden*, which he brought down to the Year 1544, when he died.

† *Olafus Magnus*, who succeeded his Brother in his Archbishoprick. He wrote a Treatise on the Manners, Customs, and Wars of the Northern Nations.

‡ The Dowager of *Gustavus Adolphus*, and Mother of *Christina*.

68 SATIRES of HORACE,

A German here, against our Will,
Made us repeated Bumpers swill;
A little more, and *Bacchus'* Snares
Had quite entrapp'd me unawares.

To *Stockholm* thence o'erjoy'd we bend,
And there my Verse and Journey end.

NOTE.

If the Reader should be curious to know the Event of this remarkable Journey and Voyage, *M. Huet* himself will inform him. He tells us, in his *Commentarius de rebus ad eum pertinentibus*, p. 103. that *Bocbart* and he came to *Stockholm* at an unlucky Juncture. *Bocbart* was not so graciously received as he had Reason to expect. The Queen was in a declining Way. Too close an Application to Study had heated her Blood, and impaired her Health. *Bourdelot*, her Physician, (a *Frenchman*, and an artful Courtier,) who had studied her Temper as well as her Constitution, had prevailed on her to break off all Commerce with Men of Letters, under Pretence of preserving her Health, but, in Fact, that he might gain an entire Ascendant over her. This was the true Reason of *Vossius's* Dismissal, as mentioned above. Nor did *Bocbart* fare much better. As to our Author, he did not appear so formidable to *Bourdelot*, on account of his Youth, being then but twenty-two. *Christina* often conversed with him, and would have retained him with her; but, being justly apprehensive of her capricious Temper, he chose rather, at the End of three Months, to return to *France*. The chief Benefit he reaped from this Journey was his copying, while at *Stockholm*, an old MS. of *Origen's* Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. This, which he took home with him, he published at *Rouen*, in two Volumes, Folio, 1668.

SATIRE

SATIRE VI.

To MÆCENAS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

The Qualities of true Nobility.

WHAT though no *Lydian*, on *Etruria's* Coasts,
 A nobler Birth than you, *Mæcenas*, boasts ;
 What though to Chiefs, who Legions us'd to guide,
 Each of your generous Parents was ally'd,
 Yet you ne'er scoff, like most of high Degree,
 Those meanly born, or Freed-men's Sons, like me ;
 Since you're convinc'd, no matter how obscure
 Our Parents, if our Morals are but pure ;
 Persuaded, that ere *Tullius* reign'd, there liv'd
 Many, who though from vulgar Stem deriv'd,
 Were yet as high in Honours as in Worth ;
 While to *Lævinus* (though he trac'd his Birth
 From fam'd *Valerius' Race*, who from the Throne
 Expell'd proud *Tarquin*) no Regard is shown
 By the rude Multitude, who yet, you know,
 Oft, on the Worthless, Honours will bestow,
 Led by false Notions ; and with wondering Eyes
 High-sounding Titles and old Statues prize.
 How should those act, who from the vulgar Train
 Notions so widely different entertain ?
 Yet grant, they rather would *Lævinus* chuse,
 And *Decius*, of ignoble Birth, refuse,

And

70 SATIRES of HORACE,

And grant that 3 *Appius* would reject my Plea,
 Since from a Father sprung, who was not free;
 (And justly, since 4 I chose not to remain
 In my own Sphere) yet Glory in her Chain
 Drags both the noble and the vulgar Crew
 Behind her shining Chariot---What to you,
 5 *Tillius*, avail'd it, that again you wore
 Your Robe, and *Tribunitia* Honours bore?
 Hence Envy rose, which in a private State
 Was less---When one is chosen to the Weight
 Of Senatorial Duty, all enquire
 'Who is this Senator, and what his Sire?'
 For as the Fop, who studies to compare
 With beauteous 6 *Barrus*, and be thought as fair,
 Will hear the Girls enquire, in every Place,
 What are his Teeth, his Hair, his Legs, his Face;
 So, if you swear to guard, with watchful Eye,
 The *Roman* People, City, *Italy*,
 And Temples of the Gods, all seek to know
 If you your Birth to vulgar Parents owe.
 Shall a Slave's Son from the *Tarpeian* Hill
 Presume to throw, or bid the *Lictor* kill
 A free-born *Roman*? But you say, 'To Me
 ' *Novius*, my Colleague, yields by one Degree:
 'He and my Sire are just as mean by Birth.'
 This then, you think, will give you equal Worth
 With noblest 7 Senators---But in the Street
 Should Cars two hundred, and three Funerals meet,
Novius,

Novius, you know, would raise his Voice more loud
Than Trumpets, Horns, and all the jarring Crowd.
This by the Vulgar high Renown is deem'd,
And no Accomplishment is more esteem'd.

To my own Story now again attend,
Whom all, because *Mæcenas* is my Friend,
Now view with Looks of Envy, as before,
Because a ⁸ *Roman Tribune's* Charge I bore.
Far different this. My Station might, indeed,
With specious Plea the Flame of Envy feed;
Not so your Friendship. You with that, 'tis known,
(Such is your Care) the worthless never crown,
And scorn Intruders---No one can pretend,
That Fortune's Favour gave me such a Friend.

Virgil long since, then *Varius* too declar'd
My Character---And when I first appear'd
Before you, short and faltering was my Speech,
(For Modesty an Infant's Part will teach,)
I never said that round my Fields I rode
On ambling Steed, and no great Lineage shew'd;
But told you who I was. You little said,
As usual---I departed---But obey'd,
In nine Months time, your Summons to attend,
From thence distinguish'd by the Name of Friend:
Proud that discerning Judgment to delight,
Which nicely marks the Bounds of Wrong and
Not by a noble Birth, but worthy Mind. [Right,
If, save some lesser Faults, you in me find

No

72 SATIRES of HORACE,

No grand Defects, (as, in the fairest Face,
Some Moles, some Pimples, we perchance may
If I with Justice can the Charge deny [trace;)
Of sordid Manners, Lust, Debauchery;
And if, (to praise myself,) by many a Friend
I live belov'd, nor knowingly offend,
Thanks to the Prudence of my Sire I owe:
Though small his Farm, he chose not I should go
To *Flavius*' School, where great Centurions sent
Their Sons, who with their Slates and Pencils went,
And Satchel cramm'd with Books, and could ac-
count

How high would Interest every Month amount.

To *Rome* itself he boldly brought his Boy,
Such Studies to pursue, as might employ
The Sons of Knights or Senators; and those,
Who saw my Dress and Servants, might suppose
That from an ancient Family Estate,
I drew Supplies for an Expence so great.
Himself, the best of Tutors, kept his Eye
O'er all my Teachers, and was ever nigh.
Hence Modesty I learn'd, the very Grace
Of Virtue: Hence I learn'd, of all that's base
To be in Thought no less than Action clear:
Nor did he from the World Reproaches fear,
Because he taught his Son no gainful Trade,
Nor, like himself, a Tax-Collector made.

Hence

Hence from my Tongue (Complaints apart) must
 The grateful ¹⁰ Praises I so justly owe; [flow
 Nor shall I, while my Mind is sound, lament
 My Birth, though mean, or of my Sire repent,
 Or urge in my Behalf that vulgar Plea,
 That though my Parents were not rich or free,
 'Twas not my Fault--Opinions I retain
 Quite the reverse: For could past Years again
 Return, and might we other Parents chuse,
 Contented with my own, I would refuse
 Those whom the Consulship and Ivory Seat
 Adorn; sure from each vulgar Tongue to meet
 Reproach; but not from yours, that I a State
 So high decline, unequal to the Weight.
 Far greater Riches I should then require,
 Must make more Friends, and more Attendants hire;
 Never must move without a servile Train;
 Chariots must purchase, Slaves and Steeds maintain.

Now to ¹¹ *Tarentum*, when I please, I ride
 On a cropp'd Mule; ¹² my Spurs indent her Side,
 My Wallet galls her Back; yet I disclaim
 Avarice, like that, which all in *Tullius* blame,
 When he, though *Prætor*, on the Road five Boys,
 To bear his Wine and Utensils, employs.

Hence, noble Senator, I taste more Ease
 Than you and thousands more—Where'er I please
 Alone I walk; the Price of Barley know,
 Or Herbs; ¹³ to the deceitful *Circus* go

74 SATIRES of HORACE,

At Evening Hours, or through the *Forum* roam,
 And hear the Augurs ; then returning home,
 Sup on Leek-Broth, and with delicious ¹⁴ Beet
 Regale ; three Boys attend me while I eat.
 My Marble Slab a Beaker and a Brace
 Of Glasses holds : Next stands a vulgar Vase,
 A Bason and a Cup, *Campanian* Ware.
 I then to Bed retire, devoid of Care,
 Since in the Morn I need not early rise
 To visit ¹⁵ *Marfyas*, whose disdainful Eyes
 Scarce bear the younger *Novius* in their Sight.
¹⁶ 'Till ten I lie. When dress'd, walk forth, or
 write,
 Or with a Book my leisure Hours beguile.
 Then for the Games anoint ; not with that Oyl
 Of which the Lamps vile ¹⁷ *Natta* us'd to cheat---
 The *Martian* Field, or Tennis, forc'd by Heat, }
¹⁸ Glad I forsake, and to the Bath retreat. }
 I with a slight Repast my Stomach stay,
 Trifling at Home the Afternoon away.
¹⁹ Such are the idle Comforts that I share ;
 But free from all the Weight of public Care,
 More happy am I in this humble State,
 Than if my Sire had fill'd the ²⁰ *Quæstor's* Seat.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Horace shows in this Satire, that true Nobility does not consist in being descended from a long Train of illustrious Ancestors, but in right Sentiments and Probity of Manners.

The Gratitude he testifies to his *Father's* Memory, does more Honour to his own, than the Friendship of *Mæcenas*, or even that of *Augustus*.

If this Satire was written after the Death of *Virgil* and *Varius*, as it probably was, by the 54th Verse, &c. *Optimus olim Virgilius*—it was after the Year of *Rome* 735, and *Horace* must have been above forty-seven Years old.
DACIER and SANADON.

1 *Ante potestatem Tulli atque ignobile regnum.*]

Servius Tullius, the sixth King of *Rome*. He was the Son of *Ocrisia*, who was taken Captive by the *Romans* at the Sacking of *Corniculum*. Because his Mother was in a State of Servitude when he was born, he was called *Servius*. It is on this Account only, and in Allusion to the Opinion of the Populace, that *Horace* here applies the Epithet *ignobile* (*ignoble*) to his Reign; for he was in fact a wise and valiant Prince, and his Reign was glorious. This Passage is thus translated by *Dacier*: ‘You justly think, that before the glorious Reign of *Tullius*, who was the Son of a Slave, there have been many Persons obscurely born, who have lived with Honour, and by their Merit obtained the highest Dignities.’

2 *Quam Decio mandare novo.*] *Publius Decius Mus* was the first of his Family who distinguished himself, and obtained the Consulship by his Merit. He devoted himself for his Country in a Battle against the *Latins*, in the Year of *Rome* 417, three hundred and thirty-four Years before the Birth of *Christ*. His Son followed his Example forty Years afterwards.

3 ————— *Censorque moveret*

Appius.]

Appius Claudius Cæcus, who was chosen *Censor* in the Year of *Rome* 443. He was distinguished by the Severity with which he exercised this Office for five Years.

76 SATIRES of HORACE,

The Business of the *Censor* was to survey the People, and to censure their Manners. He had Authority to punish Immoralities in any Persons, of what Rank soever, Senators themselves not excepted.

4 ——— *Quoniam in propria non pelle quiessem.*] He here alludes to the Fable of the *Ass* in the *Lion's Skin*.

5 ——— *Tilli.*] This Reading is found in the most ancient Copies: Others read, *Tulli*. *Tillius* was a Person of an obscure Birth and bad Morals, and was obliged by *Cæsar* to lay aside the Purple Robe, for having joined with *Pompey*; but after *Cæsar's* Death he resumed it, and was created *Tribune*; all things being then in so great Confusion, that the vilest Slaves were sometimes created Senators.

6 ——— *quo morbo Barrus.*] *Titus Veturius Barrus*. All that we know of this pretty Fellow is, that he was an egregious Coxcomb, (a Woman's Man, to be sure,) and so extravagant, that he ruined himself. He was at last put to Death for corrupting one of the *Vestal Virgins*.

7 *Paulus & Messala.*] *Paulus Æmilius* and *Messala Corvinus*, two illustrious Romans.

8 ——— *Mibi pareret legio Romana Tribuno.*] *Horace* served in the Civil Wars as a *Tribune* in *Brutus's* Army, and was present at the Battle of *Philippi*, where, however, he gained no Honour, as he himself owns, in Book II. Ode 17.

——— *Philippos, & celerem fugam
Sens, reliqua non bene parmula.*

The Legion consisted of thirty *Manipuli*, or Bands, which made about six thousand Men, and was commanded by six *Tribunes*, or Colonels.

9 *Ipse mihi Custos incorruptissimus omnes
Circum doctores aderat.*]

It was very difficult to preserve the Morals of those Boys untainted, who were sent to the great Schools. Therefore they never went abroad without being accompanied by a sort of Guardian, or Governor, who was styled *Custos* and

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and *Reſtor.* But as ſuch Perſons too often connived at the Vices and Extravagances of their Pupils, the Vigilance of our Poet's Father ſupplied that Office himſelf, well knowing, that Learning would be too dearly purchaſed at the Expence of Morals.

10 *Laus illi debetur, &c.*] In the ſame amiable Manner Mr. Pope ſpeaks of his Father :

Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a noble Wife,
Stranger to civil and religious Rage,
The good Man walk'd innoxious through his Age:
No Courts he ſaw, no Suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye, &c.

Epift. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

11 — *Uque Tarentum.*] Now *Taranto*, a City of the Province of *Otranto*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*. *Horace* was ſo pleaſed with it, that he would have been glad to have ſpent the latter Part of his Life there. 'It abounds,' ſays he, with excellent Honey, delicate Oyl, and Wine 'little inferior to that of *Falernus*: An early Spring, and 'a ſoft Winter, render it a delightful Habitation for an 'old Man.' See Book II. Ode 6.

12 ————— *ulceret atque eques armos.*]

The Critics puzzle themſelves about the Meaning of theſe Words. *Dacier* ſays, he galled his Mule by his awkward Manner of fitting. *Sanadon* contends for the Poet's good Horſemanſhip, and is of Opinion, that it was occaſioned by his Weight only; for he was fat and unwieldy. The Tranſlator dares not pretend to decide this important Queſtion.

13 *Fallacem Circum, &c.*] Mr. Creech here introduces theſe Lines :

Through cheating *Rome*, about the Cloſe of Day,
I freely walk; I go to Church and pray.

It is to be ſuppoſed that *Horace* was a good Chriſtian.

14 — *Lachanisque catinum.*] But other Copies read, *Laganisque catinum*, A Plate of Pancakes. The Reader may chuſe which Diſh he likes beſt.

78 SATIRES of HORACE,

15 ——— *Obeundus Marfya.*] *Marfya* was a *Phrygian* Musician, who, presuming to challenge *Apollo* to play with him on the Flute, was conquered, and flayed alive.

His Statue was placed in the *Forum*, facing the Bench where the Judges sat, and the Lawyers pleaded.

The Pain *Marfya* felt to see such a sordid Wretch as *Novius* among the Judges, made him forget what he had suffered from *Apollo*. This Thought is the more happy, as his Statue had one Hand raised: And *Horace* ascribes this Posture to his Indignation against *Novius*. DACIER.

16 *Ad quartam jaceo.*] I lie a-bed 'till the fourth Hour, i. e. 'till ten o' th' Clock. But we are not to understand by these Words, that he slept so long; for none but Sluggards indulged themselves in Sleep even 'till six o' th' Clock. See *Epist.* I. ver. 17, & 18. No, he applied himself to Reading or Writing on his Couch, which was a common Practice among the Ancients.

*Neque enim cum lectulus, aut me
Porticus excepit, desum mihi.*

Book I. Sat. IV.

Nor when my Bed or Portico receives me,
Do I forbear to commune with myself.

Thus *Seneca* in his 72d Epistle:

'Some Things may be written, even in a Chariot; but
'others require the Bed, Leisure, and Retirement.'

And *Pliny*:

'*Caius Fannius* dreamed one Night, that he lay on his
'Couch, in an Undress fit for Study, with a Desk, as usual,
'before him.' B. V. Ep. 5. Translated by the late Earl
of CORKE.

17 *Natta.*] This was a famous Miser, who is also mentioned by *Juvenal*, Sat. VIII. 95. and by *Persius*, Sat. III. 31.

Non pudet ad morem discincti vivere Natta?

'Are you not ashamed to lead such a Life as that dissolute Spendthrift *Natta*?'

18 — *Fugio*

18 ——— *Fugio rabiosi tempora signi.*]

But, according to *Cruquius*, a very ancient Manuscript reads,

Fugio campum lusumque trigonem.

This Reading is adopted by *Bentley*, *Cunningham*, and *Sanadon*, and followed by the Translator. *Horace* plainly intends to point out here the Hour of the Day, and not the Season of the Year. It is ridiculous to suppose with *Dacier*, that he bathed only in the Dog-days. By *Campus* he means the *Campus Martius*, or *Martian Field*, where the public Exercises were performed; and this Line explains the preceding Words, *Ungor olive*; for he was anointed, to make his Limbs the more pliant for Exercise.

19 ——— *Hac est*

Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique.]

Horace has Reason to boast of his Happiness. What a Contrast? On one Side, we see the constrained and restless Life of the Great, whom *Ambition* drags along, chained, like Slaves, to the Chariot of Fortune; on the other Side, the free and peaceable Life of a private Man, who tastes, in his moderate State of Competence, Repose without Troubles, and Pleasure without Solitude; and whose Labours afford him an useful and agreeable Amusement. SANADON.

20 ——— *viſitum ſuavius, ac ſi*

Quæſtor ævus.]

The *Quæſtor* was the Treasurer of the Commonwealth. This Office is put here for any conſiderable Charge. It was the first Step to mount higher. SANADON.

80 SATIRES of HORACE,

S A T I R E VII.

*An Account of a wrangling Quarrel between
PERSIUS and RUPILIUS KING.*

HOW *Persius* on *Rupilius King*,
Proscrib'd by *Cæsar*, dar'd to fling
His own rank Venom, I suppose
Each paltry * Quack and Barber knows.

Persius had long to ¹ *Clazomene*
Profusely dealt; as long had been
In wrangling Suits with *King* engag'd;
Was bold and arrogant; and rag'd
So loud, that not to such a Pitch
Could ² *Barrus* or ³ *Sisenna* reach.

In vain had many Attempts been try'd
To make their choleric Blood subside.
At length on *Asia's* wealthy Shore
When *Brutus* held *Prætorian* Power,
Our Champions met; so match'd, as brought
⁴ *Bacchius* and *Bithus* to our Thought.
⁵ When Warriors fight of equal Fame,
Death only can decide their Claim.
For, spite of Reason, each Pretence
Is justify'd by Insolence.

* The Reading of *Bentley* is here followed,
Omnibus & medicis notum & tonsoribus esse.

Hector and *Peleus*' Son contended,
 And but with Life their Contest ended.
 But when two, struck with Coward Dread,
 Or (⁶ *Glaucus*-like with *Diomed*)
 When Chiefs of Strength unequal meet,
 The weakest buys a safe Retreat.

Into the Hall with lowering Mien
 They rush'd; such Objects ne'er were seen.

Perfius unfolds the Cause; much Sport
 Ensues; with Laughter rings the Court.
 He loads with many an Eulogy
Brutus, and all his Army: He
 Is *Asia*'s ⁷ SUN; his Chiefs, he says,
 Are STARS of most propitious Rays:
 Save King; he, Terror to the Swain,
 Like the fierce DOG-STAR burns the Plain.
 Swift roll'd his Speech; as, through a Wood,
 Resistless rolls a wintry Flood.

Th' *Italian* then with equal Glee
 Reply'd, in foul-mouth'd Ribaldry;
 Such as in Vineyards reigns among
 The Gatherers, whose opprobrious Tongue
 Is sure to hoot each Passer-by,
 With ⁸ *Cuckow*, *Cuckow*, as they fly.

Language so coarse at length inflames
Perfius's *Resentment*---He exclaims,
 'O *Brutus*, by each Power above
 'I beg, that, for thy Country's Love,

82 SATIRES of HORACE,

‘Thou, to whose Sires such Glory springs
 ‘From banishing the Race of Kings,
 ‘Wilt now, like them, deliver Rome,
 ‘And let a Rope be this KING’s Doom.’

NOTES.

Publius Rupilius Rex being proscribed by *Octavius Caesar* in the *Triumvirate*, made his Escape, and took Refuge in the Camp of *Brutus*. He was born at *Prænestè* in *Italy*. *Perfius* was descended from a *Grecian* Father and a *Roman* Mother.

Horace here presents us with a Dialogue well supported between these two Persons in the mock Heroic Style. Perhaps it might be designed as a Parody on some of the scoffing Scenes in the *Iliad*. It seems to have been our Author’s first poetical Essay, and was probably written in the Year of *Rome* 712, a little before the Battle of *Philippi*.

1 *Clazomenis*.] *Clazomene* was a City of Lesser *Asia*, in *Ionía*. It was situated on the Coast of the *Ægean* Sea, between *Sm. na* and the Island of *Chios*. It had been called *Gryne*; hence *Apollo* was called *Gryneus*, from a celebrated Temple erected to him there. It was the Birth-place of the Philosopher *Anaxagoras*. See *Strabo*, Book XIV.

2, 3 *Sisennas, Barrus*.] *Barrus* and *Sisenna* were two Senators of wrangling Memory. For the Character of *Barrus*, see the Notes on the foregoing Satire.

4 ——— *cum Bitbo Bacchius*.] *Bacchius* and *Bitbus* were two Gladiators in the Reign of *Augustus*, who never failed to kill all those with whom they fought. At length being matched against each other, both fell on the Spot.

5 The Translator has transposed a few Lines here. A Parenthesis of nine Lines, uncouthly placed, breaks the Sense, and disfigures the Original.

6 ——— *ut Diomed*

Cum Lycio Glauc.] This alludes to that Passage in the sixth *Iliad* where *Glaucus* changed his Armour of Gold for *Diomed's* of Brass.

— πρὸς Τυδείδῃ Διομήδεα τυχὲ ἀμείβε,
Χρυσία χαλκείων, εκατομβοὶ ἀνταβόων.

For *Diomed's* Brass Arms, of mean Device,
For which nine Oxen paid (a vulgar Price)
He gave his own, of Gold, divinely wrought,
A hundred Beeves the shining Purchase bought.

POPE.

7 *Solem Asia.*] Nothing is more common than these swelling Tropes in modern Tragedies. They delight the Players, and generally gain a Clap from the Galleries.

8 — *Cucullum.*] This was a Term of Reproach commonly applied to the Grape-gatherers in Vintage-time, denoting a Loon, or an idle worthless Fellow. 'Perhaps,' says *Dacier*, 'because the Cuckow is a lazy Bird, who will not be at the Pains of hatching her own Eggs, but drops them in the Nests of other Birds—*Semperque parit in alienis nidis.*'

A Custom not unlike this prevails among us, *viz.* the People on Shore crying out to the Bargemen, as the West-Country Barges are passing by, *Ba! Ba!* to upbraid them with being Sheep-stealers.

The ingenious Mr. *Warton*, speaking of the first Lines of this Satire, justly observes, that here even 'the courtly *Horace* sinks into mean and farcical Abuse,' ADVENTURER, N^o 133.

The Pun, with which it closes, would not be expected by a Modern in any Writer above the Rank of *Jo. Miller*.

SATIRE VIII.

PRIAPUS's *Complaint against the Witches,*
who infested the Esquilian Hill.

OF old, a Fig-tree (useless Wood!)
 Was I; when long the Joiner stood
 Debating, if to make of Me
 A Joint-stool, or a Deity:
 At length the latter he preferr'd;
 Hence (Terror to each Thief and Bird)
Priapus threatening Form I wear;
 The Club that in my Hand I bear,
 And my red Stake the Robbers dread;
 While the Reed, waving on my Head,
 From Birds this new-made Garden frees,
 Though Fruits hang tempting on the Trees.

Of old, the Carcasses of Knaves,
 Buffoons and Rakes, their Fellow-Slaves
 Bore hither in a paltry Chest;
 Each in a narrow Cell to rest.
 That Stone a Witness has remain'd
 The Field one thousand Feet contain'd
 In Front; three hundred in the Rear;
 Sequester'd from the lawful Heir.

Now we may range th' *Esquilian* Grove,
 And o'er the Hill enraptur'd rove,
 Where, with Concern, we lately view'd
 The Ground with Bones unseemly strew'd.

But

But neither Thieves nor Beasts of Prey,
Which here of old in Ambush lay,
Such Tumults in my Breast excite,
As those vile Hags, who here delight
Distraction in the Mind to raise
By venom'd Drugs and magic Lays.

Nor can I these destroy or chase,
But when at Night her comely Face
Bright *Cynthia* rears, with Shrieks and Groans
They gather baneful Herbs and Bones.

These Eyes *Canidia's* Form have seen,
Stalking with pale terrific Mien,
In sable Robe ¹ upgirt; her Hair,
Dishevell'd, flow'd; her Feet were bare;
Her Sister *Sagana* was there;
Their Screams re-echo'd all around,
While with their Nails they scoop'd the Ground,
And, with their Teeth, in Pieces tore
A ² sable Lamb; the reeking Gore
Distill'd into the Trench; a Spell,
To call the ³ shadowy Ghosts from Hell,
And faithful ⁴ Answers to compell!

Thither they brought two Images,
Of Wool was one; the other less,
Of Wax; the Woollen, large and tall,
Severely scourg'd the Waxed small;
Which, dreading Death by horrid Pain,
Suppliant for Pity pray'd in vain.

This

86 SATIRES of HORACE,

*This Beldam calls on Hecaté,
And That on dire Tisiphoné.*

5 Snakes too and Hell-hounds might be seen ;
To shun which Sight, with modest Mien,
The Moon, retiring, made a Gloom,
Skulking behind a spacious Tomb.

May Ravens mute upon my Head,
And *Julius*, and such Scoundrels, spread
Their Ordure round me, if I lye !
But Time would fail me, should I try
Each Prank to tell ; how, shrill or hoarse,
The Hags and Spectres held Discourse ;
Or how the Fangs of speckled Snake,
And a ⁶ Wolf's Beard, by Stealth, they take,
And bury ; how a magic Blaze
On the small waxen Image preys ;
Or how, to their eternal Dread,
I wreak'd my Vengeance on their Head.

Loud as a Bladder bursts asunder,
I rattled my posterior Thunder.
Strait to the Town they fled away ;
What Mirth must rise at such Dismay !
Her borrow'd Teeth *Canidia* lost,
And *Sagana* no more could boast
Her Tower of Hair ; from off their Arms
Th' enchanted Bracelets dropp'd ; the Charms
And Spells lay fruitless on the Ground ;
Their Herbs were scatter'd all around.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Mæcenas had made Gardens on the *Esquilian Hill*, which was before uninhabited and unhealthy, on Account of the Graves with which it was filled, and the Bones which covered it. *Horace* is glad of an Occasion to speak of these Gardens, and of the Pleasure they gave the Public. At the same Time, it gives him an Opportunity of inveighing against the Witches *Canidia* and *Sagana*, and of describing their Pranks every Night in that Place.

But this is not his only End: His principal Design is to mock the idle Superstition of the *Romans*, and their Bigotry for Idols, whom they adored as true Gods. He treats this Subject with great Wit and Delicacy. For he does not attack these Idols like a dry Philosopher, who deduces his Principles from the first Causes, and by a long Detail of Reasoning, but like a philosophic Courtier, who knows, that in Cases of this Nature Ridicule is more prevalent than the closest Syllogisms. DACIER.

Perhaps the Reasoning which *Dacier* here makes Use of might be turned against the Superstition of the Papists, if we put Images for Idols. And, if his Argument be just, it will hold in favour of the Irony and strong Railleries, employed by *Tilloison*, and other Protestant Divines, against their Absurdities.

1 ——— *nigrâ succinctam vadere pallâ*
Canidiam.]

Canidia and *Sagana* are the same of whom he speaks in Book V. Ode 5. *Canidia* walks with her Robe tucked up, her Feet bare, and her Hair dishevelled: As *Ovid* describes *Medea*;

Egreditur testis vestes induta recinctas,
Nuda pedem, nudos humeros infusa capillis.

————— her Ancles bare,
Her Garments closely girt, and loose her Hair.

The only Difference is, that *Medea* wears her Robe loose: But it may be said, that *Canidia* only tucked it up to walk more conveniently. DACIER.

2 *Pullam agnam.*] They always offered black Victims to the infernal Gods. Thus *Medea*, in *Ovid*:

———— *cultos*

88 SATIRES of HORACE,

—— *cultos in guttura velleris atri*
Conjecit.

3 ——— *ut inde*

Manes elicerent.] There was nothing of which the Ghosts were so fond as Blood. *Ulysses*, in *Homer*, is obliged to draw his Sword to keep off the Ghosts, and to hinder them from drinking the Blood which he had poured into the Trench for *Tiresias*. They could neither foretell future Events, nor answer Questions, 'till they had first tasted this Blood.

We see clearly, by this Passage, that the *Manes* are nothing but the Souls of the Deceased.

4 ——— *animas responsa daturas.*] The Enchantments by which the Ghosts were raised, in order to know from them what should happen, were in Use long before *Homer*. We see, in the first Book of *Samuel*, that *Saul* consults the Witch of *Endor*, who, by her Enchantments, calls up the Ghost of *Samuel*. And *Saul* lived at least three hundred and fifty Years before *Homer*, as it would be easy to prove. DACIER.

5 ——— *Serpentes atque videres*
Infernas errare canes.] The Serpents proclaimed the Approach of *Tisiphone*, and the Hell-hounds that of *Hecate*. Thus *Virgil*, on the like Occasion:

—— *viseque canes ululare per umbram,*
Adventante Deâ.

Æn. VI. 257.

And howling Dogs in glimmering Light advance,
Ere *Hecat* came.

DRYDEN.

6 ——— *lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ.*]

Instead of hiding in the Ground a Wolf's Beard and a Snake's Tooth, as here in *Horace*, *Shakespeare's* Witches, in *Macbeth*, are supposed to throw into their enchanted Cauldron, among other Ingredients, a Wolf's Tooth and a Snake's Fillet. See Act IV. Scene I.

SATIRE

SATIRE IX.

*Modernized by WILLIAM COWPER, Esq;**The Description of an IMPERTINENT.*

1 SAuntering along the Street, one Day,
On Trifles musing by the Way,

Up steps a free familiar Wight,
(I scarcely knew the Man by Sight)

"Carlos, (he cry'd,) your Hand, my Dear!

"Gad! I rejoice to meet you here;

"Pray Heaven I see you well!"---"So, so,

'E'en well enough as Times now go;

'The same good Wishes, Sir, to you!"

Finding he still pursu'd me close,

'Sir, you have Business, I suppose;—

"My Business, Sir, is quickly done,

"'Tis but to make my Merit known;—

"Sir, I have read"---"O learned Sir!

'You, and your Reading, I revere.'

Then, sweating with Anxiety,

And sadly longing to be free,

Gods! how I scamper'd, scuffled for't,

Ran, halted, ran again, stopp'd short,

Beckon'd my Boy, and pull'd him near,

And whisper'd---nothing in his Ear.

Teas'd with his loose unjointed Chat--

"What Street is this? Whose House is that?"

O Harlow!

90 SATIRES of HORACE,

O *Harlow*! how I envy'd thee

Thy unabash'd Effrontery,

Who dar'st a Foe with Freedom blame,

And call a Coxcomb by his Name!

When I return'd him Answer none,

Obligingly the Fool ran on---

"I see you're dismally distress'd,

"Would give the World to be releas'd,

"But, by your Leave, Sir! I shall still

"Stick to your Skirts, do what you will---

"Pray which Way does your Journey tend?"

"O! 'tis a tedious Way, my Friend---

"Across the *Thames*, the Lord knows where,

"I would not trouble you so far."

"Well, I'm at Leisure to attend you"---

Are you? (thought I) the De'l befriend you!---

No As's with double Panniers rack'd;

Oppress'd, o'erladen, broken-back'd,

E'er look'd a thousandth Part so dull

As I, nor half so like a Fool.

"Sir, I know little of myself,

(Proceeds the pert conceited Elf)

"If *Gray* or *Mason* you will deem

"Than I, more worthy your Esteem,

"Poems I write by *Folios*,

"As fast as other Men write Prose.

"Then I can sing so loud, so clear!

"That *Beard* cannot with Me compare;

"In

" In Dancing too I all surpass,
" Not *Cooke* can move with such a Grace"—

Here I made shift, with much ado,
To interpose a Word or two—

' Have you no Parents, Sir? No Friends,
' Whose Welfare on your own depends?

" Parents, Relations say you?—No—

" They're all dispos'd of long ago"—

' Happy! to be no more perplex'd!

' My Fate too threatens; I go next.

' Dispatch me, Sir! 'Tis now too late,

' Alas! to struggle with my Fate:

' Well! I'm convinc'd my Time is come;

' When young, a Gipsy told my Doom;

' The Beldam shook her palsy'd Head,

' As she perus'd my Palm, and said—

" Of Poisons, Pestilence, or War,

" Gout, Stone, Defluxion, or Catarrh,

" You have no Reason to beware.

" Beware the Coxcomb's idle Prate,

" Chiefly, my Son, beware of that;

" Be sure, when you behold him, fly

" Out of all Ear-shot, or you die."

To *Rufus*' Hall we now drew near,
Where he was summon'd to appear,
Refute the Charge the Plaintiff brought,
Or suffer Judgment by Default.

" For

92 SATIRES of HORACE,

" For Heaven's Sake, if you love me, wait

" One Moment; I'll attend you strait"---

Glad of a plausible Pretence---

' Sir! I must beg you to dispense

' With my Attendance in the Court;

' My Legs will surely suffer for't'---

" Nay, pr'ythee, *Carlos*, stop awhile"---

' Faith, Sir, in Law I have no Skill;

' Besides, I have no Time to spare,

' I must be going you know where"---

" Well, I protest, I'm doubtful now,

" Whether to leave my Suit or you"---

' Me, without Scruple, I reply---

' Me, by all means, Sir!"---" No! not I---

" *Allons, Monsieur!*"---"Twere vain, you know,

To strive with a victorious Foe;

So I reluctantly obey,

And follow where he leads the Way.

" You and *Newcastle* are so close,

" Still Hand and Glove, Sir, I suppose"---

' *Newcastle*, let me tell you, Sir,

' Has not his Equal every-where"---

" Well! there indeed your Fortune's made;

" Faith, Sir, you understand your Trade.

" Would you but give me your good Word,

" Just introduce me to my Lord---

" I should serve charmingly, by way

" Of *second Fiddle*, as they say---

" What

“What think you, Sir?---’twere a good Jest;

“’Slife! we should quickly scout the rest,”

“Sir, you mistake the Matter far---

“We have no *second Fiddles* there---

“Richer than I, some Folks may be;

“More learned; but it hurts not Me;

“Friends though he has of different Kind,

“Each has his proper Place assign’d”---

“Strange Matters these alleg’d by you!”

“Strange they may be, but they are true.”

“Well! then I vow ’tis mighty clever;

“Now I long ten Times more than ever

“To be advanc’d extremely near

“One of his shining Character.”

“Have but the Will, there wants no more;

“’Tis plain enough you have the Power.

“His easy Temper (that’s the worst)

“He knows, and so is shy at first:

“But such a Cavalier as you!

“Lord, Sir! you’ll quickly bring him to”---

“Well---if I fail in my Design,

“Sir, it shall be no Fault of mine;

“If by the saucy servile Tribe

“Deny’d, what think you of a Bribe?

“Shut out To-day, not die with Sorrow,

“But try my Luck again To-morrow---

“Never attempt to visit him,

“But at the most convenient Time;

“Attend

94 SATIRES of HORACE,

" Attend him on each *Levite* Day,

" And there my humble Duty pay.

" Labour, like this, our Want supplies;

" And they must stoop, who mean to rise."

While thus he wittily harangu'd,

(For which you'll guess I wish'd him hang'd)

Campley, a Friend of mine, came by,

Who knew his Humour more than I---

We stop, salute:---" And, why so fast,

" Friend *Carlos*?---whither all this Haste?"

Fir'd at the Thoughts of a Reprieve,

I pinch him, pull him, twitch his Sleeve,

Nod, beckon, bite my Lips, wink, pout,

Do every thing, but speak plain out---

While he, sad Dog! from the Beginning

Determin'd to mistake my Meaning,

Instead of pitying my Curse,

By jeering made it ten times worse---

" *Campley*, what Secret, pray, was that,

" You wanted to communicate?"---

" I recollect, but 'tis no matter;

" *Carlos*! we'll talk of that herea'ter---

" E'en let the Secret rest; 'twill tell

" Another Time, Sir, just as well."

Was ever such a dismal Day?

Unlucky Cur! he steals away,

And leaves me, half bereft of Life,

At Mercy of the Butcher's Knife---

When,

When, sudden, shouting from afar
See his Antagonist appear !

The Bailiff seiz'd him, quick as Thought,

"Ho ! Mr. Scoundrel, are you caught !

"Sir ! you are Witness to th' Arrest."---

'Aye ! marry, Sir, I'll do my best.'---

The Mob huzzas---away they trudge,

Culprit and all, before the Judge ;

Mean-while I, luckily enough,

(Thanks to *Apollo*,) got clear off.

NOTES.

[*Ib*am, &c.] The Design of *Horace* in his Satires is to lay down Precepts to form the Manners, and to distinguish Virtue and Vice. But as mere *Precepts* must necessarily have a Dryness in them, which is apt to tire the Reader, *Horace* chuses to instruct by *Pictures*. There is nothing so difficult, and at the same Time so useful, as to propose Images and Characters, which, being presented to the Eye, kindle in the Heart the Love of Virtue, and the Hatred of Vice. *Perfius*, in his fifth Satire, ver. 37. very justly calls this Rule, *fallere solers* :

————— *tunc fallere solers*
Apposita intortos extendit regula mores.

Then thy strait Rule set Virtue in my Sight ;
The crooked Line reforming by the right.

DRYDEN.

He means, that *Cornutus* had instructed him by Examples. *Theophrastus* was the Inventor of this Kind of Writing, or pursued the Idea which he had drawn from *Homer*. However, he is the first who has exemplified these Rules in the Fragment which he has left, entitled, *Characters*. But *Horace* excells him in the Picture he has here drawn of

96 SATIRES of HORACE,

of an *Impertinent*. It is perfect in its Kind, both with Regard to the Likeness and the Height of the Colouring. DACIER.

2 ——— *domus hæc nec parior ulla est,
Nec magis his aliena malis,]*

In the Houses of the Great every thing is usually carried by Cabal and Party. Their Domestics and Favourites generally get such an Ascendant over their Minds, that they warp their Esteem and Friendship at their Pleasure. *Mæcenas* did not suffer himself to be thus governed. He saw with his own Eyes, judged of every thing himself, and valued every Man according to his Merit. *Virgil* did not prejudice *Horace* in his Esteem, nor *Horace Varius* or *Virgil*. Every one held the Rank which he deserved—*Est locus unicuique suus.* DACIER.



S A T I R E X.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

He justifies the Opinion he had given of LUCILIUS, and lays down some excellent Rules for writing Satire.

1 I Said, 'tis true, *Lucilius*' Lines were rough,
And what Admirer has he weak enough
To contradict it? But with genuine Wit
His Satires, as I freely own'd, were writ.
Yet though I grant him a due Share of Praise,
I never thought Perfection crown'd his Lays.
I, for their Beauty, might as well pretend
Your Pantomimes, *Laberius*, to commend.

'Tis

'Tis not enough that we your Poems read
With Laughter, though some Merit this may plead;
For Brevity and Smoothness we require;
Words harsh, or useless, soon our Ears will tire.
Be serious now, and now jocose your Strain,
The Bard and Orator by Turns sustain,
Or, like a Courtier, with the subtlest Skill,
Of Words be sparing, and your Strength conceal,
Well-season'd Irony will oft prevail,
When stern Rebukes and strongest Reasonings fail.

The Writers of the ancient Comic Lay
In this excell, and point us out the Way.
Though fair *Hermogenes* has never read
Their Works, nor that mishapen Bard, whose Head
Is fill'd with *Calvus*' and *Catullus*' Lines,
'But Praise *Lucilius* merits, since he joins
'Greek Words with Latin.' Do you think that hard,
Pedantic Fools! which by the *Rhodian* Bard
Was practis'd? 'But (you cry) more sweetly flows
'That vary'd Metre which both Tongues compose,
'Like rough *Falernian* in a *Chian* Cask.'
Well, since you Verses write, I fain would ask,
Were you retain'd to plead *Petillius*' Cause,
Would you in foreign Phrase enforce the Laws;
Though born at *Rome*, the *Roman* Tongue refuse,
And rather the *Canusian* Jargon use,
While *Pedius* and *Corvinus* ably strove,
Your Plea in purest Language to disprove?

98 SATIRES of HORACE,

When I in *Grecian* Numbers thought to write,
I, born in *Latium*; at the Dead of Night,
When Dreams are real, *Romulus*, disclos'd
To View, my rash Intention thus oppos'd:
' Who to the Wood sends Timber is less mad
' Than he, who to the *Grecian* Bards would add.'

Hence, while the chrystal Current of the *Rhine*
Alpinus stains with many a turgid Line,
And stabs his *Memnon*, I such sportive Verse
At Leisure write, as I would ne'er rehearse
Where *Tarpe* judges; nor, the People's Ears
To charm, repeat in crowded Theatres.

Fundanius, you alone of all the Tribe
Of Moderns, can in comic Scenes describe
A crafty Slave or Harlot. *Pollio* sings,
In bold *Iambic* Lays, the Deeds of Kings.
Who can like *Varius* soar to Epic Heights?
4 The Muse, which in the Sylvan Scene delights,
Gives 5 Ease and Elegance to *Virgil's* Strain.
Satire remain'd, by *Varro* try'd in vain,
And many more, whom though I could outvye,
I to th' Inventor yield; nor would I try
To tear the Ivy Garland from his Head,
Worn with such just Applauses. But I said,
That rough and turbid was *Lucilius'* Lay,
And oft chuse less than I should throw away.
Say, does great *Homer* always merit Praise?
Did not *Lucilius* alter *Attius'* Plays?

6 Has he not various Faults in *Ennius* found,
 Yet grants as great in his own Lines abound?
 And may not we with equal Reason ask,
 Whether the Hardness of the Poet's Task,
 Or Want of Care, produc'd such rugged Strains?
 Who thinks that Verse is finish'd, which contains
 Six Feet, may write two hundred Lines, before
 He dines, and afterwards as many more:
 Like *Tuscan Cassius*, whose Invention flows
 Swift as a Flood; of whom the Story goes,
 That his own Writings form'd his funeral Pile.
 Grant then *Lucilius* witty, grant his Style
 Much more correct than his, the Way who led
 Thro' Paths, where *Grecians* never dar'd to tread,
 Or than our ancient Bards, yet I'll engage,
 That had his Life been lengthen'd to this Age,
 Superfluous Lines he would have prun'd away,
 Nor spar'd one useless, ornamental Lay,
 But oft, while, lost in Thought, he Verses writ,
 His Head he would have scratch'd, his Nails have
 bit.

7 Employ a Sponge, and write with Care again
 What merits to be read, nor wish your Strain
 Should charm all Readers; be content with few.
 Would you expose your Verses to the View
 Of paltry Schools? Not so would I.— My Care
 Is only to delight th' Equestrian Ear.

F 2

Thus

100 SATIRES of HORACE,

Thus prais'd by few, tho' by the Vulgar scorn'd,
Their Scoffs ⁸ *Arbuscula* with Scoffs return'd.

Shall-low *Pantilius*' Sneers my Spleen provoke,
Or, absent, shall I dread *Demetrius*' Joke,
With Slander fraught; or let *Tigellius*' Guest,
Dull *Fannius*, with his Scandal break my Rest?

Let ⁹ *Plotius*, *Varius*, *Virgil*, ¹⁰ *Valgius* praise,
And good ¹¹ *Octavius* but approve my Lays,
Mæcenas and ¹² the *Visci* let me name,

With ¹³ *Fuscus*; and without caballing claim
Thy Friendship, ¹⁴ *Pollio*; ¹⁵ candid *Furnius*, thine;
To these the two ¹⁶ *Messalas* let me join,

With ¹⁷ *Serivius*, ¹⁸ *Bibulus*; nor need I dwell
On many more, who equally excell

In Friendship and in Learning; Men like these
I wish my Strains, such as they are, may please,
And grieve whene'er my Wishes are o'erthrown.
Their Lines to female Ears, in whining Tone,
Demetrius and *Tigellius* may recite.

Go, Boy, and in my Book these Verses write.

N O T E S.

Lucilius had at *Rome*, in the Time of *Augustus*, many Admirers, who were very extravagantly so; on which Account, the Liberty which *Horace* had taken, in his fourth Satire, of censuring his Satires as harsh and obscure, had given great Offence; for most People are very unwilling to give up Opinions they have once embraced. This gave Occasion to *Horace*'s Enemies to say, that he censured

censured *Lucilius* through Envy, and in order to exalt himself above him.

Horace, being informed of this Report, composed this Satire to maintain his former Judgment; which he performs with much Force and Address. He refutes the Opinion of those Bigots, who thought that the Satires of *Lucilius* were perfect, because they excited Laughter: He shows, that a Piece may perhaps have this Quality, and yet be, in other Respects, full of Faults: He points out the principal Qualities it ought to have, to be esteemed perfect, and shows hereby the Difference between the *Beautiful* and the *Agreeable*.

After this he attacks the Reasons that the Admirers of *Lucilius* gave for their Taste, and proves their Absurdity. He excuses the Liberty he has taken, by the Example of *Lucilius* himself, who had censured many things in the Works of *Attius* and *Ennius*, and by the Example of those who have found Faults in *Homer*, without pretending to place themselves above him.

DACIER.

1 ——— *incomposito dixi pede currere versus.*] This was in his fourth Satire, where he says,

——— *durus componere versus,*

and

Cum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles.

2 ——— *ut pulchra poemata.*] Every thing which is *agreeable* is not therefore *beautiful*; for there is a great deal of Difference between the *Agreeable*, το ἡδύ, and the *Beautiful*, το καλόν. *Plato* and *Aristotle* never confound them. The *Agreeable* is that which gives us Pleasure, and this is the Quality of *Pantomimes* and *Farces*; but the *Beautiful* is that which is *decent*, *excellent*, and worthy of high Praise, which the *Pantomimes* can by no means deserve. And therefore they ought not to be styled *pulchra poemata*.

DACIER.

3 *Dura tibi peragenda rei sit causa Petilli.*] This is the same *Petillius* whom he mentioned in the fourth Satire. He was accused of having stolen a Crown of Gold from *Jupiter's* Statue in the Capitol, but was acquitted by the Favour of *Augustus*.

F 3.

4 — gau-

102 SATIRES of HORACE,

4 ————— *gaudentes rura Camene.*] He calls *Virgil's* the *Sylvan Muse*, on account of his *Eclogues* and *Georgics*. This is a Proof that this Satire was written before the Appearance of the *Æneid*. To speak properly, that Work was not published 'till after the Death of *Virgil*. No Part of it had been seen under *Augustus's* ninth Consulship. For while that Prince was in *Spain* he wrote to *Virgil*, desiring him to send him the first Sketch, or rough Draught, of that Poem, or at least some Specimen of it. *Virgil* declined complying with his Request: But a good while afterwards he read to him the second, fourth, and sixth Books. Now *Virgil* died six Years after this ninth Consulship. It clearly appears from hence, that *Horace* had not seen the *Æneid* when he wrote this Satire. He therefore wrote it before he was forty-one Years old, viz. between the Year of *Rome* 723, when the *Georgics* were finished, and the Year 728. This is all that can be known with Certainty concerning the Date of this Piece. For it is impossible to date it more precisely.

DACIER.

From the 38th Verse, in which the Temple of *Apollo Palatine* is mentioned, *Sanadon* proves that this Satire must have been composed in the Year 727, or 728, because that Temple was not dedicated before 726.

5 ————— *molle atque facetum*
Virgilio annuerunt.] *Horace* here justly declares, that the rural Muses have appropriated to *Virgil* their Elegance and Sweetness; who, as he copied *Theocritus* in his Design, has resembled him also in his Success; for, if we except *Calpurnius*, an obscure Author of the lower Ages, I know not that a single Pastoral was written after him by any Poet, till the Revival of Literature.

WARTON.

6 *Non ridet versus Enni gravitate minores?*] *Ennius* was one of the greatest Poets that *Rome* ever had. He wrote his Annals in *Hexameters*, of which there are still some beautiful Fragments left. He wrote also an Heroic Poem in *Trochaic Verse*, in Honour of *Scipio Africanus*.

The following fine Fragment is taken from that Work:

Mundus

*Mundus cæli vastus consistit silentio,
Et Neptunus sævus undis asperis pausam dedit :
Sol quis iter repressit ungulis volāntibus :
Consilîere amnes perennes ; arbores vento vacant.*

The vast Machine of Heaven in Silence stood,
And cruel Neptune calm'd his raging Flood ;
The Sun restrain'd his flying Chariot's Force ;
The Trees their Quivering stopp'd, th' eternal
Streams their Course.

There is so much Strength and Beauty in these Lines,
as justifies the Opinion that *Lucretius* has given of his
Works, when he says of him ;

*primus amœno
Detulit ex Helicone perenni frondē coronam.*

on whose Brow

The first and freshest Crowns of Laurel grow
That ever learned *Italy* could show. CREECH.

Quintilian has given a Character of him no less just
than noble : *Ennium sicut sacros vetustate lucos adoremus,
in quibus grandia et antiqua robora jam non tantam habent
speciem, quantam religionem.* 'We should esteem *Ennius* as
'we do those Groves, that are made venerable by An-
'tiquity, in which the tall and aged Oaks have more
'religious Awe than Beauty.'

7 *Sæpe Stylum vertat.* The Ancients wrote upon their
Tablets with Steel Pens, made almost like the Pencils
that we use for our Pocket-Books, sharp at one End,
and flat at the other. The flat Part served to efface
what had been written.

7 — *explosa Arbuscula.* *Arbuscula* was a celebrated
Actress at that Time. *Atticus*, writing to *Cicero*, asks
him if *Arbuscula* had performed her Part well in the *An-
dromache* of *Ennius*, which was then acting. *Cicero* an-
swers, *Queris nunc de Arbuscula. Valde placuit.*

These Lines are happily imitated by the Earl of
Rochester :

Can'st thou be such a vain mistaken thing
To wish thy Works may make a Play-house ring ?

104 SATIRES of HORACE,

Not I: I've no Ambition on that Score,
But say with *Betty Morris* heretofore,
When a Court Lady call'd her *Buckhurst's* Whore,
'I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too;
'Let all the Coxcombs dance to Bed to you.'

9 *Plotius Tucca* is the same who was mentioned in the fifth Satire.

10 *Titus Valgius*, to whom he address'd the ninth Ode of the second Book.

11 ——— *Octavius*.] An excellent Poet and Historian. He died suddenly at Dinner in a violent Passion.

12 ——— *Viscorum — uterque*.] The two Sons of *Vibius Viscus*, a Roman Knight, who was highly esteemed by *Augustus*.

13 *Fuscus*.] *Aristius Fuscus*, to whom he address'd the twenty-second Ode of the first Book, and the tenth Epistle of the first Book.

14 *Pollio*.] *C. Asinius Pollio*, a great Poet, Orator, Historian, and General. See the Notes on Ode I. Book II.

15 ——— *candide Furni*.] This is the same *Furnius* who was Consul some Years after with *C. Julius Silanus*, to whom *Cicero* wrote two Letters that are still extant. See his tenth Book.

16 ——— *Messala*.] *Messala Corvinus*, who had all the Endowments of the Head and Heart. See Book III. Ode XXI.

17 ——— *Servi*.] The Son of *Servius Sulpicius*, to whom *Cicero* address'd some Letters.

18 ——— *Bibule*.] This was perhaps the Son of that *Bibulus*, who was Consul with *Julius Caesar* in the Year of Rome 695.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES
OF
HORACE.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE

SATIRES

OF

HORACE

15

TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND
J O H N,
LORD BISHOP
OF
L I N C O L N,
This SECOND BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES of HORACE

Is Inscribed

BY

*His LORDSHIP's obliged,
and obedient humble Servants,*

W. and J. DUNCOMBE.

Sept. 26, 1765.

TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND
JOHN
LORD BISHOP
OF
LINCOLN
This Second Book
OF THE
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Is dedicated

by

JOHN LORDBISHOP

and

W. and J. DUNCAN

1765.



THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES of HORACE.

SATIRE I.
HORACE *and* TREBATIUS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

He asks the Opinion of Trebatius, an eminent Lawyer, whether he ought to forbear writing Satire.

HORACE.

TO some my Verses seem, as I am told,
Beyond the Laws of modest Satire bold;
That Strength and Nerves are wanting,
others say;

‘A Man may write a thousand such a Day.’

Your

110 SATIRES of HORACE,

Your Thoughts, *Trebatius*, freely give.

TREBATIUS.

Abstain,

I say, from writing.

HORACE.

Not indulge my Vein?

TREBATIUS.

No.

HORACE.

By the Gods, your Counsel, it were best
To take; but then at Night I cannot rest.

TREBATIUS.

Let those, who wish to sleep profoundly, & swim,
With Oil anointed, thrice o'er *Tiber's* Stream,
Or soak their Clay with Bumpers every Night:
But if, whate'er I say, you still must write,
Boldly rehearse victorious *Cæsar's* Praise,
Assur'd that *Cæsar* will reward your Lays.

HORACE.

The Power, not Will, is wanting. It demands
A Master's Skill to paint our warlike Bands,
In dread Array; on broken Spears the *Gaul*
Expiring; and the wounded *Parthian's* Fall.

TREBATIUS.

His Justice then and Mercy let to View,
As wise *Lucilius* virtuous *Scipio* drew.

HORACE.

BOOK II.

III

HORACE.

With watchful Care I'll mark the lucky Hour,
When, not o'erburthen'd with the Weight of
Power,

His vacant Ear indulgent he may turn;
For every rash Intruder he will spurn.

TREBATIUS.

Far wiser this, and safer, than by Name
Buffoons and Spendthrifts loudly to proclaim.
Those whom you spare will hate you, or will dread.

HORACE.

How should I act? ² *Millonius*, when his Head
Is warm'd with Liquor, dances, 'till he see
The doubling Lustres dance as well as he.'

To curb the Steed was *Castor's* chief Delight;
His Brother-Twin rejoic'd on Foot to fight.

A thousand Men a thousand Passions sway:

I, on *Lucilius'* Model, form my Lay.

The old Man's tattling Muse, in faithful Song,

Whate'er he did or suffer'd, right or wrong,

Disclos'd to all; in his satiric Lines

His Life, as in a well-wrought Picture, shines.

His Plan I trace, ³ doubtful, if After-times

Will deem th' *Apulian* or *Lucanian* Climes

My native Soil; since our *Venusian* Swains

On both their Confines till th' adjoining Plains.

Thither from *Rome*, as ancient Story says,

A Colony was sent in former Days;

After

112 SATIRES of HORACE,

After the *Samnites* were expell'd, by Law
Of Arms, to keep the bordering Realms in Awe,
Lest such wide vacant Lands should *Rome* expose
To her *Lucanian* and *Apulian* Foes.

Peace, & unprovok'd, my Muse will sacred keep;
And my sheath'd Sword, till rous'd by Outrage,
sleep.

Why should I draw it, if no Thieves molest?
Jove, King and Father! grant me this Request;
Rather let cankering Rust devour my Blade,
Than I one guiltless Character invade!

Peace is my Choice; but he, who does me wrong,
Shall soon repent, the Theme of every Song.
Cervius takes Vengeance with the fatal Urn;
With Drugs, *Canidia* will Affronts return;
And *Justice*, you'll confess, has Harpy-Claws,
If *Turinus* is your Foe, and tries your Cause.
Hence learn that each, inform'd by Instinct, knows,
With his own Arms, all Insults to oppose.
Prepar'd by Nature for Defence or Fight,
The Bull is taught to gore, the Wolf to bite.
His long-liv'd Mother trust to *Scæva's* Care ---

TREBATIUS.

With impious Hand to stab her he'll not dare.

HORACE.

[gores;

'Tis true: The Bull ne'er bites, the Wolf ne'er
Hemlock's her Passport to the *Stygian* Shores.

In

In short, should ⁵ *Age* outstretch his lenient Hand,
Or speedy *Death* his sable Wings expand,
If rich, or poor, if banish'd, or at *Rome*,
I still must write, whatever be my Doom.

TREBATIUS.

Alas! my Son, the dire Event I dread;
Some great Man's Slave will cut thy vital Thread.

HORACE.

What! when *Lucilius* boldly led the Way,
The first, the foremost, in satiric Lay,
And from each Villain's Face the Vizor tore,
Fair to the Sight, but rotten at the Core,
Was *Laelius* in a Rage, or he*, whose Name
Rose on the Ruins of the *Punic* Name?
Did they repine, or of the righteous Strain
That *Lupus* or *Metellus* scourg'd, complain?
The base Patrician, and base vulgar Crew,
From Tribe to Tribe he ventur'd to pursue;
'To Virtue only, and her Friends a Friend!'---
Yet *Scipio* and ⁶ wise *Laelius* would unbend
Their Thoughts from Care, and lov'd with him to
taste,

⁷ Retir'd from Crowds, a frugal sweet Repast.

Whate'er I am; in Fortune, I confess,
Beneath *Lucilius*, and with Talents less,

⁸ *Envy* herself, though with Regret, must own,
I live among the Great with some Renown;

* *Scipio Africanus.*

114 SATIRES of HORACE,

And⁹ nibbling at my Name her Teeth will break.
But, learn'd *Trebatius*, I shall gladly take
Your better Counsel.

TREBATIUS.

I approve your Cause ;
Yet know in Time the Rigour of the Laws :
The Statute Penalties severe ordains
Against all those who publish wicked Strains.

HORACE.

I grant you¹⁰ *wicked* ; but suppose the Lays
Were good, and honour'd even with *Cæsar's* Praise?

TREBATIUS.

The Case is alter'd, if you give to View
A Knave convict of Crimes you never knew,
For then the Judge will smile, admit your Plea,
Dismiss the Plaintiff's Bill, and set you free.

N O T E S.

1 ——— *ter uncti*

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto.]

It was natural for *Trebatius* to advise the Poet to swim
thrice cross the Tiber, to cure the Want of Sleep, as the
Advice, it seems, was peculiarly agreeable to his own
Practice and Character. Thus *Cicero*, in one of his
Epistles, 'wonders, that, as he (*Trebatius*) was such a
'Lover of Swimming, he could not be prevailed on to
'swim in the Ocean.' *Neque in Oceano natare voluisti*
homo studiosissimus natandi. Ep. Fam. vii. 10. MIDDLE-
TON.

2 *Millonius*.] An ancient Copy spells this Word with a
double *l*, which is followed by *Sanadon*. This is justified
by the old monumental Inscriptions.

3 *Lucanus*

3 *Lucanus an Appulus, anceps, &c.*] *Horace* here humorously imitates the Manner of *Lucilius*. Taken in any other Sense, this will appear a flat and insipid Digression. SANADON.

4 ——— *Hic stylus baud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem.*]

The true Character of *Horace's* ironical Apology is to this Purpose: 'Nature has given all Creatures the Means of Offence and Defence: The Wolf has Teeth, the Bull has Horns, and I have a Talent for Satire.' And at the same Time that he vindicates his Claim to this his natural Weapon, Satire, he shows its moral Use; it was to oppose to the noxious Qualities which Nature had given *Cervius* for informing, *Canidia* for poisoning, and *Turcius* for passing Sentence. The Turn of this ludicrous Argumentation is fine and delicate. WARBURTON.

5 ——— *Seu me tranquilla senectus.*] *Horace* was then about Forty-four.

6 ——— *mitis sapientia Lali.*] *Lalius* was surnamed the *Wise*, and is often mentioned by *Cicero* with Applause.

7 ——— *discineli.*] With their Rober ungirt, or in *Dishabille*; but I think it is to be understood metaphorically.

8 *Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia.*]

To have pleased great Men, according to *Horace*, is a Praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. POPE.

9 *Horace* here alludes to the known Fable of the File and the Viper.

10 *Eslo, si quis mala; sed bona si quis, &c.*] He quibbles on the Word *mala*, wicked. The Law understands by it abusive, or defamatory; but he takes it for dull and stupid, without Art and Spirit.

116 SATIRES of HORACE,

The SAME SATIRE Imitated.

By Mr. POPE.

*To WILLIAM FORTESCUE, Esq;**

P O E T.

THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are to whom my Satire seems too bold:
Scarce to wise *Peter* complaisant enough,
And something said of *Chartres* much too rough.
The Lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
Lord *Fanny* spins a thousand such a Day.
Timorous by Nature, of the Rich in Awe,
I come to Counsel learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a Friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee.

F R I E N D.

I'd write no more.

P O E T.

Not write! But then I think;
And for my Soul I cannot sleep a Wink.
I nod in Company, I wake at Night,
Fools rush into my Head, and so I write.

F R I E N D.

You could not do a worse thing for your Life.
Why, if the Nights seem tedious, take a Wife:

* Afterwards Master of the Rolls.

Or

Or rather, truly, if your Point be Rest,
Lettuce and Cowslip Wine; *Probatum est.*
But talk with *Celsus*, *Celsus* will advise
Hartshorn, or something that will close your Eyes.
Or, if you needs must write, write *Cæsar's* Praise,
You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

POET.

What! like Sir *Richard*, rumbling, rough and
fierce, [Verse,
With Arms, and *George*, and *Brunswick* crowd the
Rend with tremendous Sound your Ears asunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and
Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with *Budgell's* Fire and Force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

FRIEND.

Then all your Muse's softer Arts display,
Let *Carolina* smoothe the tuneful Lay,
Lull with *Amelia's* liquid Name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

POET.

Alas! few Verses touch their nicer Ear;
They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a Year:
And justly *Cæsar* scorns the Poet's Lays;
It is to History he trusts for Praise.

FRIEND.

Better be *Cibber*, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
Abuse

118 SATIRES of HORACE,

Abuse the City's best good Friends in Metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their Trust in *Peter*,
Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

POET.

What should ail them?

FRIEND.

A hundred smart in *Timon* and in *Balaam* :
The fewer still you name, you wound the more :
Bond is but one, but *Harpax* is a Score.

POET.

Each Mortal has his Pleasure ; none deny
Scarfdale his Bottle, *Darty* his Ham-pye :
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling Lustres dance as well as she :
F----- loves the Senate, *Hockley-hole* his Brother,
Like in all else as one Egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright *Shippen*, or as old *Montagne* :
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The Soul stood forth, nor kept a Thought within ;
In me what Spots (for Spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
In this impartial Glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my Foes, my Friends ;
Publish the present Age ; but where my Text
Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next :
My Foes shall wish my Life a longer Date,
And every Friend the less lament my Fate.

My

My Head and Heart thus flowing thro' my Quill,
Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good *Erasmus* in an honest Mean,
In Moderation placing all my Glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's my Weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet ;
I only wear it in a Land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers and Directors.
Save but our Army, and let *Jove* incrust
Swords, Pikes, and Guns with everlasting Rust !
Peace is my dear Delight --- not *Fleury's* more ;
But touch me, and no Minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky Time
Slides into Verse, and hitches in a Rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole Life long,
And the sad Burthen of some merry Song.

Slander or Poison dread from *Delia's* Rage,
Hard Words or hanging, if your Judge be *Page*.
Its proper Power to hurt each Creature feels ;
Bulls aim their Horns, and Asses lift their Heels ;
'Tis a Bear's Talent not to kick, but hug ;
And no Man wonders he's not stung by *Pug*.
So drink with *Walters*, or with *Chartres* eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

Then, learned Sir (to cut the Matter short)
Whate'er my Fate, or well or ill at Court,

Whether

126 SATIRES of HORACE,

Whether Old Age, with faint but chearful Ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my Day,
Or *Death's* black Wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal Shade;
Whether the darken'd Room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd Wall provoke the Skewer to write;
In Durance, Exile, *Bedlam*, or the *Mint*,
Like *Lee* or *Budgell*, I will rhyme and print.

FRIEND.

Alas! young Man, your Days can ne'er be long,
In Flower of Age you perish for a Song;
Plumbs and Directors, *Shylock* and his Wife,
Will club their Testers, now, to take your Life!

POET.

* What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the Pen,
Brand the bold Front of shameless guilty Men;
Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her Cause,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could pension'd *Boileau* lash in honest Strain
Flatterers and Bigots even in *Lewis'* Reign?
Could Laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fryar engage,
And neither *Charles* nor *James* be in a Rage?
And I not strip the Gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no Man's Heir, or Slave?

* What follows is not only superior to *Horace*, but
equal to any thing in himself. **WARBURTON.**

I will,

I will, or perish in the generous Cause :
 Hear this, and tremble, you, who 'scape the Laws !
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble Knave
 Shall walk in Peace and Credit to his Grave.
 To Virtue only and her Friends a Friend,
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant Din that World can keep,
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but soothes my Sleep.
 There, my Retreat the best Companions grace,
 Chiefs out of War, and Statesmen out of Place :
 There *St. John* mingles with my friendly Bowl
 The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul :
 And He*, whose Lightning pierc'd th' *Iberian* Lines,
 Now forms my *Quincunx*, and now ranks my Vines,
 Or tames the Genius of the stubborn Plain
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd *Spain*.

Envy must own, I live among the Great,
 No Pimp of Pleasure, and no Spy of State,
 With Eyes that pry not, Tongue that ne'er repeats,
 Fond to spread Friendships, but to cover Heats ;
 To help who want, to forward who excell ;
 This, all who know me, know ; who love me, tell ;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scribblers or Peers, alike are Mob to me.
 This is my Plea, on this I rest my Cause —
 What faith my Counsel, learned in the Laws ?

* *Charles Mordaunt*, Earl of *Peterborough*. See the Note on the Imitation of *Ode XII. Book I.*

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FRIEND.

Your Plea is good ; but still, I say, beware !
Laws are explain'd by Men ; — so have a Care.
It stands on Record, that in *Richard's* Times
A Man was hang'd for very honest Rhymes ;
Consult the Statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.
See '*Libels, Satires*' — here you have it — read.

POET.

Libels and *Satires* ! lawless things, indeed !
But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to Light !
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir *Robert* would approve —

FRIEND.

* Indeed ?

The Case is alter'd — you may then proceed ;
In such a Cause the Plaintiff will be his'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

N O T E.

* *Solventur risu tabulae.*] Some Critics tell us, it is
Want of Taste to put this Line in the Mouth of *Trebatius*.
But our Poet confutes this Censure, by showing
how well the Sense of it agrees to his Friend's Character.
The Lawyer is cautious and fearful ; but as soon as Sir
Robert, the Patron both of Law and Gospel, is named as
approving them, he changes his Note, and, in the Lan-
guage of old *Plowden*, owns, *the Case is altered*. Now,
was it not as natural, when *Horace* had given a Hint that
Augustus himself supported him, for *Trebatius*, a Court
Advocate, who had been long a Client to him and his
Uncle, to confess *the Case was altered* ? WARBURTON.

SATIRE

SATIRE II.

On FRUGALITY.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, Senior.

WHAT, and how great, the Benefits, that
 flow
 From Temperance, here learn, my Friends, with Me;
 (For 'tis not I, but good *Ofellus* speaks,
 Taught by pure Nature, wise without the Schools)
 But come not to his Lecture, gorg'd with Food,
 From splendid Tables and luxurious Feasts,
 Where foolish Pomp corrupts the Judgment's Eye;
 But fasting come: Why fasting, you will say?
 You strait shall hear. Can any Judge, when brib'd,
 Sift out the Truth, and follow Reason's Lore?
 'Go hunt,' he cry'd, 'or rein th' unbroken Steed,
 'Or *Roman* Arms, in mimic Warfare, wield:
 'But if, soft-train'd to *Grecian* Revelries,
 'You think this manly Exercise too hard,
 'At Tennis play, or hurl the massy Bar;
 'The pleasing Sport will lessen all your Toil.
 'When thus you have remov'd your sickly Qualms,
 'When hungry and a-thirst, scorn simple Fare;
 'Nor drink the harsh *Falernian* Wine, unless
 'With *Attic* Honey mellow'd to the Taste.
 'Your Butler is abroad; the wintry Sea,
 'Black'ning with Storms, defends its Tenant-Fish;

124 SATIRES of HORACE,

' Yet now with Bread and Salt you can allay -
' Your craving Appetite: What is the Cause?
' 'Tis plain the Relish from yourself proceeds,
' And not from Meats high-flavour'd: But do You
' Cook Dainties for Yourself by Sweat and Toil.
' The Man, with late Debauch so puff'd and pale,
' Nor foreign Ortolans, nor Turbots please.'

But, spite of all I say, I doubt, if now
A Peacock and a Pullet grac'd your Board,
You would regale on *that*, and *this* reject,
Misted by Show. For the rare Bird is bought
For a vast Sum, and with its painted Tail
Delights. What to the Purpose this? In Taste
It scarce is equal to a common Fowl.
You cannot eat the Feathers you admire,
Nor does it boast these Honours in the Dish.

Say, by what wondrous Instinct you discern,
Whether this Pike was in the River caught,
Or in the Sea; and if between the Bridges,
Or near the Fountain of the *Tuscan* Stream?

You fondly praise a Mullet of three Pounds,
Though cut in Pieces ere it can be stew'd.
The outward Form of Things deceives the Mind.
You hate small Mulletts, Pikes when large; because
Nature has made these large, and smaller those. 2

' Give me,' the harpy-throated Glutton cries,
' 3 A mighty Turbot in a mighty Dish!' —
O may propitious South Winds taint his Food!
But why should I invoke their Aid? Excess

Will,

Will, soon or late, quite cloy his Appetite,
 And make the Boar and Turbot, freshly caught,
 Rank to his Taste ; and then he must repair
 To 4 acid Herbs and Radish for Relief.

Yet some Remains of our old simple Fare
 Are seen at stately Banquets ; there cheap Eggs
 And sable Olives still maintain a Place.

Not many Years ago, of Luxury
 5 *Galloni* was convicted, on his Board
 Because a Sturgeon smok'd. But did not then
 The Sea as many Turbots feed, as now ?
 But safely in their watry Bed they slept ;
 And safely in her Nest the Stork repos'd ;
 'Till, longing to be *Prætor*, *Rufus* first
 Instructed you to eat this dainty Food.
 And even now, if any one will vouch,
 That roasted Cormorants are excellent,
 Our Youth, soon warp'd to Ill, will follow him,
 And Cormorant will be the reigning Dish.

Wide is the Difference, *Ofellus* thinks,
 Between a lavish and a frugal Meal :
 Then with Discretion in the Middle steer,
 Careful to shun th' Extremes on either Hand ;
 Frugal, not mean ; and free without Excess.

Avidienus, who was styl'd *the Dog*,
 And merited the Name, was wont to eat
 Olives of five Years old, and Cornels wild ;
 Nor other Wine would for Libations grant
 Than what was eager ; and, when 6 rob'd in white,

126 SATIRES of HORACE,

He kept his natal or his wedding Day,
He from a Cruet, which contain'd a Quart,
Distill'd upon the Coleworts Oil so rank,
His Guests were almost poison'd with the Stench ;
But plenteous pour'd the mothery Vinegar.

What sort of Life should now the wise Man chuse?
Here stands *Extravagance*, there *Penury* ;
Frugality points out the middle Road ;
Bids him be neat, and yet Profusion shun.
He will not be severe, like old *Albutius*,
Who to each Slave assign'd his proper Post,
When Guests he summon'd ; and, without Remorse,
Punish'd the least Mistake : Nor yet, like *Nævius*,
So slovenly, to give them greasy Water.
This a wide Error on the other Side.

Now learn the various Blessings that will flow
From 7 Temperance : Of these, the first is Health.
Reflect how sprightly were the Days of Youth,
When on one Dish you could contented dine.
But since, at once, Meat boil'd and roast you mix,
Shell-fish and Fowls ; the sweet and acid jar,
And wretched Tumults in your Bowels raise ;
Cold Phlegm, and Bile adust, fermenting there.

How pale, from Treats luxurious, rise the Guests !
Nay, more ; the Body, heavy with the Load
Of Yesternight's Debauch, & chains down to Earth
That Particle of Breath divine, the Soul !

The temperate Man snatches a frugal Meal,
Resigns his weary Limbs to sweet Repose,

And

And rises active to his daily Toil,
 Yet he can sometimes take a chearful Glass,
 When circling Years bring round a festal Day,
 Or to invigorate his feeble Form,
 Or when weak Age a milder Treatment claims.
 If now, while young and strong, you waste your
 Days

In Blandishments, what Solace can you hope,
 Oppress'd with languid Health, or listless Years?

Our Fathers prais'd a tainted Boar; and yet
 They had a Nose. Their Meaning, as I guess,
 Was this: They kept it 'till their Friends should
 come, [like,

And share the Feast; nor would, Curmudgeon-
 Devour it by themselves entire and sweet.

Oh! that the vigorous Earth had brought me forth
 Among the Heroes of that golden Age!

Regard'st thou Fame, which ought to sooth the Ear
 Beyond the sweetest Verse? or know'st thou not,
 That costly Treats will hurt thy Character
 No less than thy Estate? Nay, add to this,
 That, by thy Children, Friends, and self, accurs'd,
 Thou wilt not have a single Penny left,
 To buy a Cord, and end thy wretched Life!

'Why aye, 'tis right,' the wealthy *Trasius* cries,
 'Thus to rebuke the Man, whose small Estate
 'Will not support the Table that he keeps.
 'But what is this to Me, who am possess'd
 'Of Wealth enough to dignify a King?'

128 SATIRES of HORACE,

Indeed ! why therefore dost thou not employ
To Ends more noble that superfluous Wealth ?
Whilst thou art rich, why does one worthy Man
Repine in Want ? Wherefore in Ruins lie
The ancient Temples of the Gods ? Oh ! say,
Wretch as thou art, ¹⁰ why dost thou not bestow
Some Portion of thy Pelf to serve thy Country ?

What ! will kind Fortune smile on thee alone,
And never, never change ? Hereafter, thou,
Scorn'd by thy Foes, shalt dearly rule thy Folly.
Say, which is most secure, should Fortune shift,
The Man, who gratifies each Appetite,
Pamper'd each Day in Body and in Mind ;
Or he, who, blest with little, fears the worst,
And prudently in Peace provides for War ?

But, by an Instance to confirm my Words,
Ofellus ¹¹ I remember when a Boy,
Who with the same Frugality then liv'd
In Affluence, as now he ¹² lives reduc'd.
You still may see this sturdy Hind, who ploughs
Those Fields for Hire, of which he once was Lord ;
And, as he works, he thus accosts his Sons :

‘ On common Days I was content to dine
‘ On a smok'd Plich, with savoury Coleworts
 join'd.
‘ But when a Friend, long absent, came from far,
‘ Or a kind Neighbour on a rainy Day,
‘ And by foul Weather we were kept at home,
‘ ¹³ I feasted them with home-bred Kid and Fowl,

‘ And

And not with Fish from *Rome*. Grapes long
preserv'd,

' Walnuts and Figs adorn'd our second Course.
' The Dinner o'er, with grateful Hearts we paid
' To ¹⁴ *Ceres* due Libations ; and implor'd
' Her Influence, to bless the springing Corn ;
' Then chearly circled round the generous Bowl,
' And smooth'd our wrinkled Brows with *Bacchus*'
Gift :

' Yet every Guest was from Compulsion free,
' And *Temperance* reign'd sole Mistress of the Feast.
' Let Fortune frown, and farther Tumults raise,
' From Me how little can she take ? Have I,
' My Boys, liv'd worse, or are your Looks less sleek,
' Since this new Tenant came and seiz'd our Land ?
' I call him *Tenant*, whom you deem your Lord ;
' ¹⁵ That Farm, which by *Ofellus*' Name once
' *Umbrenus* now enjoys ; the Use alone, [pass'd,
' Not *Property* ; which can to none belong :
' For neither him, nor me, nor any one,
' Hath Nature truly form'd *Proprietor*
' Of what he holds. This Man ejected me ;
' Him, or his own Debaucheries, or Quirks
' Of wicked Law unknown, may soon eject ;
' Or on his Heir it must at last devolve.
' Live then, my Sons, contented with your Lot,
' And meet each adverse Chance with steady
Mind !

130 SATIRES of HORACE,

NOTES.

Horace has given us, in this Satire, an admirable Lecture in Recommendation of Frugality and Temperance, and against Luxury and Extravagance, under the Character of *Ofellus*, who was ejected from his Patrimony in the District of *Manica* or *Cremona*, after the Battle of *Philippi*, when the Lands in those Parts were distributed among the Veterans by *Octavius Caesar*. He was now the Tenant of *Umbrenus*, to whom his Estate had been assigned.

He has shown the fatal Consequences of Luxury and Extravagance, such as Loss of Health, Fortune, and Character, and described the wretched State of the Person so reduced; who can neither help himself, nor find any one to pity or relieve him. The Speech of *Ofellus* to his Sons, as he was labouring with them in the Field, exhibits an amiable Picture of the Simplicity of Manners in the old Times.

1. *Pila velox*.] The Ancients had four Sorts of Balls: 1. The *Follis*, or Balloon, which they struck with their Arms, guarded with a wooden Bracer. If the Balloon was little, they used only their Fists. 2. The *Pila trigonalis*, which was like our Tennis Ball. To play with this, three Persons stood in a Triangle, striking it round from one to the other. He that first let it fall was the Loser. 3. *Paganica*, a Ball stuffed with Feathers. 4. *Harpestum*, a harder kind of Ball, which they played with, dividing into two Companies, and striving to throw it through one anothers Goals, which was the conquering Cast. DUNSTER.

This last seems to have been like our Cricket.

2 In most of the printed Editions, this Line here follows,

Jeiunus stomachus raro vulgaria temnit.

‘A fasting Stomach seldom disdains simple Fare.’ But it evidently interrupts the Connection; and is therefore rejected by *Sanadon*, as an Interpolation from the Margin.

3 *Porrellum magno magnum spectare catino.*]

This Line, by the Slowness of the Syllables, where four Spondee's follow one another, well expresses the enormous Bulk of the Fish for which the Glutton prayed. The Romans in their Entertainments were very fond of great Dishes. Sylla had one of massy Silver of one hundred Pounds Weight. They proceeded at last to such a Height of Extravagance, that, at the Time of *Claudius*, *Drusillanus Rotundus* had a Dish which weighed above five hundred Pounds. And *Vitellius* had one of that prodigious Size, that it was called *Minerva's Buckler*.

4 ————— *cum rapula plenus*

Atque acidus mavult inulas.]

Radiſh and *Elicampagne*. Though the latter was naturally an Enemy to the Stomach, the Romans pickled and preserved it in such a Manner, that it became both agreeable to the Taste, and very wholesome. DACIER.

5 *Galloni praconis erat acipensere mensa*
Infamis.]

Galloni was so infamous for his Gluttony, that his Name became a Proverb.

6 *Festis albus celebret.*] The Romans always wore white Robes on Holidays or Festivals. The Difference between the *toga alba* and *toga candida* was this; the first was the natural Colour of the Wool, the other an artificial White.

7 The Reader will not be displeased to hear the Sentiment of the Son of *Sirach* on the same Subject with our Author: 'A very little is sufficient for a Man well-nurtured; and he lieth not puffing and blowing.

'Sound Sleep cometh of moderate Eating: He riseth early, and his Wits are with him: But the Pain of Watching (or Wakefulness) and Cholery, and the Pangs of the Belly, are with an insatiable Man.' *Ecclesiast.* xxxi. ver. 19 and 20.

There is scarce any applauded moral Maxim in the ancient Philosophers, but the same Thought may be found to Advantage in the Book of *Ecclesiasticus*. It were to be wished it could be admitted into our Canon, instead of *Solomon's Song*.

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8 Mr. Pope has happily imitated this Passage in his humorous Way :

The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.

But he has mistaken the Sense of *Horace* in the following Lines:

On Morning Wings how active springs the Mind,
That leaves the Load of Yesterday behind !

Horace, in Recommendation of Temperance, says, that the Man, who snatches a light Supper, awakes with his Faculties lively in the Morning : But, according to Mr. Pope, this is the Consequence of a Debauch ; for what other Sense can be put on the Words, *leaving the Load of Yesterday behind* ? If we consult *Horace* and Experience, they both assure us, that *this Load will not be left behind*, but attends us the next Day :

————— *corpus onustum*
Hesternis vitis animus quoque praegravat una-

That *Dryden* by the Word *Load* understood a Debauch, is evident from a Passage in his Translation of the first *Iliad*, where (indecently enough, and without any Authority from his Master *Homer*) he makes *Jupiter* go to Bed drunk :

Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart.

He here speaks of the subordinate Gods, with *Apollo* and the Muses : But (not content with that) he adds ;

————— The thundering God,
Ev'n he withdrew to Rest, and had his Load.

9 ——— *tenuaturn corpus.* i. e. His Body emaciated by too close Application, by hard Labour, or Distempers. *Ofellus* allows but three Things which should make us treat ourselves more delicately than ordinary, viz. Festivals, Weaknesses occasioned by Distempers or Labour, and the Infirmities of Age. But under the Name of Festivals all extraordinary Occasions are comprised, such as a Birth or Wedding Day, the Visit of a Friend, &c. DACIER.

10 ——— *cur, improbe, cora*

Non aliquid patrie tanto emetiris acerbo ?
Horace remembered, and hints with just Indignation at those luxurious Parricians of his old Party, who when they

they had agreed to establish a Fund in the Cause of Freedom, under the Conduct of *Brutus*, could never be persuaded to withdraw from their expensive Pleasures what was sufficient for the Support of so great a Cause.

WARBURTON.

11 *Horace* might have seen *Osellus* at *Rome*, for he lived there from his ninth or tenth, to his twentieth or twenty-first Year, when he went to *Athens*, to prosecute his Studies.

DACIER.

12 *Quam nunc accisis.*] Mr. *Pope* has condescended to give us a low Pun here, to have a Fling at the *Excise*;

In *South-Sea Days* not happier, when surmis'd
The Lord of Thousands, than if now excis'd.

To be sure, he had his Reasons for it; and it probably answered his Purpose at that Juncture.

Tasso seems to have had *Osellus* in his Eye, when he wrote the Episode of *Erminia* and the Shepherd on the Banks of *Jordan* in Book VII. of his *Jerusalem Delivered*, which has been translated by Mrs. *Roue*; and of late most elegantly (as indeed is the whole Work) by Mr. *Hoole*.

13 Mr. *Pope's* Imitation here excels the Original:

'Tis true, no Turbots dignify my Boards,
But Gudgeons, Flounders, what my *Thames* affords:
To *Hounslow Heath* I point, and Banished Down;
Thence comes your Mutton; and these Chicks my own:
From yon' old Walnut tree a Shower shall fall;
And Grapes, long-ling'ring on my only Wall;
And Figs, from Standard and Espalier, join —

14 *Ac generata Ceres.*] *Ceres*, the Daughter of *Saturn* and *Ops*, first taught Men to till the Ground and sow Corn. The Reader may see this Fable explained at large by M. *le Clerc*, in his *Biblioth. Univers.* Tom. VI.

15 There is a pretty Epigram in *Lucian*, where we find just the same Thought.

Loquitur ager. (The Field speaks.)

I was of *Achamenides* the Field,

But by *Menippus*' Name I now am known;
Each thought me his: But I Obedience yield
To Fortune's Nod, and am her Slave alone.

The

134 SATIRES of HORACE,

The SAME SATIRE Imitated.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

GIVE Ear, my Friends, while prudent I reveal
The heart-felt Pleasures of a temp'rate Meal;
But read not this on Birth-days, just releas'd
From Court, or Mansion-house, or College-feast,
Where Lords, and Aldermen, and Scholars join
In the loud Praise of Turbot, Soup, and Wine;
But fasting come, nor heed though Beadles call,
Or Mayors themselves invite you to the Hall,
Behind each Chair where powder'd Gentry wait,
And every thing is *French* — except the Plate:
In Riot's Cause then unretain'd, unfee'd,
For Truth and Reason you may boldly plead:
No Judge, when brib'd or pension'd, can be free,
Like *Pratt* can argue, or like *Yorke* decree.

Thy Votaries, *Health*, pursue thee at the Dawn,
O'er the steep Mountain, or the dewy Lawn,
With pliant Arms the yielding Lake divide,
Or on swift Skaits o'er frozen Rivers glide;
At *Angelo's* the fiery Courser rein,
Or scour, in rival Race, *Newmarket's* Plain.
But if, a Stranger to the rural Shade,
Soft-train'd in Town, of Cold, of Air, afraid,
You deem these Labours too robust, resort
To yon smooth-shaven Green, or shelter'd Court,

At

At Billiards or at Bowls your Prowess try,
 Or with the Sons of *Kent* at Cricket vye.
 Then, squeamish, scorn your Hunger to allay
 With Flesh or Fowl, and discontented stay
 Till *Indian* Soy adds Flavour to the Fish,
 Or *Cayenne* Pepper seasons every Dish.
 But now Rump-steaks your Stomach can appease,
 Small Beer is Nectar, and Ambrosia, Cheese.
 What though your Butler has mislaid the Key,
 You want no Vitriol Drops nor Ratafia.
 The best Stomachics, Exercise and Air,
 Can stamp a Relish on the coarsest Fare:
 The Swain, whose constant Appetite proceeds
 From constant Toil, nor Sauce nor Bitters needs;
 Amidst his sun-burnt Babes he blithely sings,
 And tastes each Day a Bliss unknown to Kings:
 While Routs and Revels on the faded Brow
 Of courtly Dames their baneful Influence show,
 And the rich Noble, puny and polite,
 Faints if a Sirlcin smokes within his Sight.

Whate'er I say, the City and the Court
 Will still prefer good *Burgundy* to *Port*,
 And still, no Doubt, a striking Difference see
 Between a Calf's Head hash'd and Callipee.
 'What though we cannot eat the Shell, all Eyes,
 'When hung on high, will wonder at its Size,
 'Far more renown'd than those old-fashion'd Horns
 'With which each Squire his rural Hall adorns;
 'And

136 SATIRES of HORACE,

‘ And sure, the Produce of *West-Indian* Seas,
 ‘ So dear, so far-fetch’d, every Taste must please;
 ‘ Besides, an Oven for this Feast was made,
 ‘ And the same Ship a Negro-Cook convey’d.’

Say, how does Instinct to your Taste proclaim
 That from fam’d *Thanet’s* Isle these Lobsters came?
 Or that those Flounders, in *Fleet-market* bought,
 Were off the *Tower*, at five this Morning, caught?

You sigh for Venison in a Forest bred,
 And Mutton loath, though ev’n at *Bansted* fed;
 Red Mullets, Wheat-ears are most dainty Fare,
 And Pyes of *Perigord* are good — and rare:
 Your Taste no Fruits but Pine-apples can please,
 No Greens, but Winter ‘*Sparagus* and Pease:
 Why? but because what our cold Soil denies,
 At vast Expence a Hot-house Stove supplies?
 Ev’n Turkey-pouts, if hatch’d in Nature’s spite,
 By sage *Reaumur*, your Palate would delight.

‘ Give me, says *Quin*, proportion’d to my Paunch,
 ‘ And fat as *Falstaff*, an enormous Haunch!
 ‘ How does the Sight, the Scent, transport my Soul,
 ‘ When kept a Fortnight, and when cook’d by *Cole*!
 Oh! may each Nerve, by some propitious Blast,
 Or *August’s* Heat, be tainted to his Taste!
 While Fat remains, his Labours never cease,
 Happier than *Hottentots* with Guts and Grease.
 At length he’s fill’d; and now, methinks, for Smell,
 A Leg of Lamb quite fresh might serve as well.

And

And soon, too soon, Gout, Dropsy, Stone, or Age
Will cool this Heat, and damp this eating Rage.
Thus He, the mighty Leader of the Choir,
Who struck, with *Jubal's* Skill, the sacred Lyre,
Like his own *Sampson*, in Eclipse was left,
At once of Appetite and Eyes bereft.

Of *James's* Deeds this surely was the chief,
That Knighthood's Honour he bestow'd on Beef;
And ever since, as constant as the Grace,
At Royal Banquets Beef maintains its Place.

Eliza's Courtiers din'd on boil'd and roast,
Her Maidens breakfasted on Sack and Toast.
Then no John-Dories were at *London* bought,
Nor every Year such Shoals of Turtles caught.
The Sea, 'tis true, an equal Number fed,
But safe they rested in their watry Bed;
'Till a rich *Creole*, longing to be Mayor,
First taught the City this luxurious Fare.
And now at *Almack's* should three Lords agree
To have a Hedgehog dress'd in Fricassee,
Cits would prefer it to their favourite Fish,
And Hedgehog would be soon the reigning Dish.

Wide is the Difference between nine and nine,
And a cold Mess of Scraps with home brew'd Wine.
Then each Extreme with prudent Caution shun,
Nor cloy with too much Food, nor starve with none.

A sordid Citizen, for Rapine fam'd,
In Town, in Country, was the *Vulture* nam'd:

Poor

138 SATIRES of HORACE,

Poor in Appearance as a Highland Chief,
In Cellars oft he div'd for Shin of Beef.
Mackarel at home afforded a Repast,
Which no Man with a Nose would dare to taste.
At *Whitsuntide*, his Neighbours he would treat
With Mum and Elder, neither sour nor sweet,
And drench'd his Sallad with such stinking Oil,
As a *Grown Gentleman's* School-pumps would spoil.

The Wise will to Frugality attend,
Nor weakly hoard his Wealth, nor madly spend:
Though he, for once, forgives a greasy Cloth,
Or even in roasted Mutton Want of Froth,
He lets no filthy Groom at Dinner wait,
Nor will familiar with his Butler prate,
Nor, like proud *Seymour*, turn the Slave away,
Who dar'd to whisper, 'Tis a rainy Day.'

Now learn what Blessings Temperance enjoys,
And think how hearty were your Meals when Boys!
In *Eton's* happy Shades, how blithe and gay
The Morning Study and the Evening Play!
At early Noon how dainty was the Treat,
Though Mutton, Mutton was the constant Meat;
Nor sigh'd you then for Trifle, Trout, or Tart,
Contented with one Dish, and no Desert.
Now, since in one promiscuous Mefs you join
Sweet, sav'ry, sour, hot, cold, Cream, Cyder, Wine,
What Pains, what Qualms are in your Bowels bred!
Hence your distemper'd Frame, and aching Head.

Mark

Mark when the Guests from public Dinners rise,
How pale their Visage, and how sunk their Eyes !
Who could suppose such Beings born to think,
Or more than tottering Statues fill'd with Drink !

The Reaper in his straw-roof'd Shed all Night
Serenely sleeps, and rises with the Light ;
When hungry dines, and swills his Keg when dry,
His Cloth the Grass, his Canopy the Sky.
Yet twice a Year he takes a chearful Glass,
And featly foots it with some favourite Lads,
When *Twelfth-Day* crowns its temporary Kings,
Or when with *Harvest-Home* the Village rings.
But should he, careless of his Sheaves, repair
To every Horse-race, Cricket-match, or Fair,
And riot all the Week on Cakes and Ale,
How could he shun an Hospital or Jail !

In *Gothic Halls* our Sires contented din'd
On Ribs and Chines, substantial in their Kind ;
At *Christmas* feasted every Farmer round,
And all their Toils in stout *October* drown'd :
Age, Sickness, Want, went smiling from their
Nor needed Workhouses nor Parish Rates. [Gates,
Then' midst their Tenants Lords could pass the Year:
Now, new-built Squares unpeople every Shire.
Oh ! that I then at first had seen the Light,
Ere Prudence was a Jest, and Vice polite !

Hast thou no Sense of Shame, no virtuous Pride ?
Reflect how *Chartres* liv'd, how *Villiers* died !

Think

140 SATIRES of HORACE,

Think that those Guests, who on thy Dainties dine,
Who praise thy Venison and extoll thy Wine,
Will, at thy Auction, laugh at thy Undoing,
And blame the Cully whom they help'd to ruin.
Think that, like *Lloyd*, despairing in the *Fleet*,
Or forc'd, like *Wilkes* and *Kidgell*, to retreat,
Shunn'd by thy Friends, neglected by thy Wife,
Depriv'd at length of Comfort, Hope, and Life,
Thou scarce enough to buy a Shroud mayst save,
And want, like *Theodore*, a Parish-Grave.

- ' True, says his Grace, 'tis proper to rebuke
- ' Such awkward Baronets as ape the Duke,
- ' Who treat with *Burgundy*, at *Arthur's* bet,
- ' Who keep *French* Valets, and who drive a Set;
- ' But what are these dull Morals to a Peer,
- ' Whose annual Income is twelve thousand clear?

Why then, my Lord, is this superfluous Store
By daily Purchases augmented more?
Why do our Sailors, Shipwrights, Weavers fly
To *France*, or *Spain*, or *India's* distant Sky?
Why do th' Ingenious starve, th' Industrious fail?
Why these Complaints, these Cries from every Jail?
Haste then, and cheer these worthy honest Hearts,
Bid Trade revive, and raise the drooping Arts;
Make Roads, build Bridges, or *Long-Acre* pave,
And one Tax more on Beer or Cyder save.

Besides, will Heaven thy Hopes for ever crown,
And no dire Change, no sad Reverse, be known?

On

On Pimps, or Cheats, one luckless Deal or Throw
Thy Plate, thy Stud, thy Manors may bestow :
Our Sons, ourselves, may see thy Stocks and Lands
Transferr'd and vested in Plebeian Hands.

Whose now is *Anson's*, whose is *Chandos's* Seat ?
What Dukes begin their Tradesmen may complete.
Reflect on *Strafford's*, *Hyde's*, and *Ormond's* Fall !
Ev'n *Burleigh-House* may be like *Wharton-Hall*.

When blest with Peace and Plenty, we with Care
Should fill our Garners, and our Fleets repair ;
Not wait supine, till Famine, or the Foe,
Our Vitals seize, and strike some fatal Blow.

* A Cavalier (the Men of ancient Date
When young, remember what I here relate)
Was blest with Wealth, yet frugal 'midst his Store,
Was never heard to sigh, or covet more.
'Twas at the Time, when, taught by *Cromwell's*
Civil Confusion overspread the Land : [Hand,
He too with others suffer'd in the Cause,
And saw his Right expiring with the Laws.

The brave old Man comply'd without a Groan,
And earn'd his Bread, in spite of Wind and Sun,
A Labourer in Fields, but Yesterday his own.

'And is,' he smiling said, 'the Change so great ?
'I ever was before-hand with my Fate.
'When Heav'n around me all its Blessings strow'd,
'My Heart ne'er wanton'd, nor my Bowl o'er-
flow'd.

* The Remainder is by another Hand.

' A Stranger

142 SATIRES of HORACE,

' A Stranger to Variety and Cost,
 ' (Unless some Holiday would have me roast)
 ' I liv'd on little : Happy was my Lot ;
 ' A Fritter in the Pan, or Bacon in the Pot.
 ' But if an old Acquaintance, with Delight,
 ' After a tedious Absence, bless'd my Sight ;
 ' Or a good Neighbour, in a rainy Hour,
 ' Kindly dropp'd in to chat away a Shower ;
 ' 'Twas well : I sought not what the Shops afford
 ' To the sleek Citizen, or high-fed Lord.
 ' No wanton Sauce gave Riot to the Dish ;
 ' No Stream was troubled for Supply of Fish :
 ' A Barn-door Fowl, or Mountain-Kid went down
 ' As well as Dainties from a Market-Town.
 ' A Sallad might be added for the Guest,
 ' And Golden-Pippins made a second Feast.
 ' Perhaps, though idly, innocently gay,
 ' At Riddles, Questions and Commands, we play:
 ' Talk of old Times ; and o'er the laughing Ale
 ' Toast the blithe Lads, or tell the mirthful Tale ;
 ' Wishing for Times more honest and less dear,
 ' A plenteous Harvest, and a fruitful Year.
 ' Let Fortune vainly rave, by my Consent,
 ' Play all her Tricks, and all her Malice vent,
 ' Shifting her alterable Look each Day ;
 ' And take the little that is left away :
 ' While I, regardless of her Female Mind,
 ' Laugh at the foolish Idol of Mankind.

Tell

' Tell me, my Children, were you more at Ease,
 ' Ere Winds disturb'd the Calmness of your Days ?
 ' Amidst exorbitant and Rebel Grants,
 ' Has Providence been thrifty to your Wants ?
 ' Or, since this rough, fanatical Dragoon,
 ' This canting Lord his Tyranny begun,
 ' Say, has our homely Food less sumptuous prov'd ?
 ' Say, have we liv'd less happy, or less lov'd ?
 ' Trace from the Conquest, and you'll rarely find
 ' The same Estate to the same Blood confin'd.
 ' This lawless Soldier robb'd me of my Due ;
 ' Him too the Law may in its Turn undo :
 ' Or grant his Title be remov'd from Doubt,
 ' His Heir, infallibly, will see him out.
 ' The Farm, 'tis true, went whilom by my Name,
 ' Where Folks enquir'd for Goodman and his Dame :
 ' The Tone is chang'd ; and who on Visits come
 ' Ask is the Colonel, or his Spouse at home.
 ' Who knows but Time, in rolling on, may mend,
 ' And angry Fortune be once more my Friend ?
 ' Who knows, but yet our Lands may be restor'd,
 ' And the pleas'd Hovel own its former Lord ?
 ' Come then, my Boys, for Heaven is on your
 Side,
 ' With manly Sinews bear against the Tide,
 ' Patience our Strength and Honesty our Guide.' J

S A T I R E III.

DAMASIPPUS. HORACE.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

*In this Dialogue Damasippus explains at large,
and illustrates by various Examples, the Doctrine
of the Stoics, That every wicked Man is a Fool,
or Lunatic, as he himself had learned it in a
Lecture from the Stoic Philosopher Stertinus.*

I DAMASIPPUS.

IF Writing seems so difficult a Task,
That scarce four times a Year for Pens you ask,
Nicely retouching all your former Lays,
And nought produce that merits public Praise,
Tho' conscious you indulge in Sleep and Wine;
For this, if possible, some Plea assign.
Hither from ² Saturn's Revel-rout you fly:
Then with your Promise now at last comply.
Begin. What! Nothing—Nay, your ³ Pens from
Guilt
Are free, the Wall with no ill Stars was built.
Yet glorious Feats you threaten'd to perform,
Soon as you reach'd your Villa, snug and warm.
Why to ⁴ Menander is your ⁵ Plato join'd?
Or why not leave ⁶ Archilochus behind,
And ⁷ Eupolis? — Think you to blunt the Dart
Of Envy, when from Virtue you depart?

Wretch

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Wretch ! all Mankind your Folly will decry :
 From Sloth, that wicked ⁸ *Siren*, swiftly fly,
 Or be content to give up all the Praise
 Due to your studious Life and ⁹ better Days.

H O R A C E.

Oh ! may the Gods and Goddesſes, my Friend,
 To thee for this Advice a ¹⁰ Barber ſend !
 But how canſt thou ſuch Knowledge of me boaſt ?

D A M A S I P P U S.

Since at th' Exchange my whole Eſtate I loſt
 By luckleſs Barter, other Mens Affairs,
 Now baniſh'd from my own, employ my Cares.
 Before, vaſt Sums for Cauldrons rare I gave,
 In which fly ¹¹ *Sifyphus* was wont to lave ;
 In Vaſes, Buſts, was Arbiter of Taſte,
 Knew which was rudely wrought, which nicely caſt :
 I for ſix hundred Crowns (worth hundreds more)
 One Statue ¹² ſhrewdly added to my Store.
 Gardens and ſtately Houſes too I bought,
 Which all, when ſold, Increaſe of Profit brought ;
 And hence on Me the Title was conferr'd
 Of *Hermes*' Favourite.

H O R A C E.

All this I've heard ;
 And wonder what remov'd this ſtrange Diſeaſe.

D A M A S I P P U S.

From old Complaints a new Diſtemper frees.
 Thus Head-achs, Pleureſies, with varying Rage,
 Oſt in the Bowels War intestine wage :

V O L. III.

H

Thus,

146 SATIRES of HORACE,

Thus, rous'd from Slumber, a lethargic Drone
To cudgel his Physician has been known.

HORACE.

Be what you will, but, Oh ! this Frenzy spare,

DAMASIPPUS.

Of this Mistake most cautiously beware ;
Think not Me only mad ; for know, all Fools
Are also mad, by wise *Stertinus*' Rules,
Who gave me these sage Precepts ; and when Grief
Oppress'd me, kindly flew to my Relief,
As, on *Fabricius*' Bridge, prepar'd I stood,
With ¹³ muffled Head, to plunge into the Flood.
To his Advice this reverend Beard I owe ;
When frantic with my Loss, he sooth'd my Woe,
And made me thence return (Thanks to kind Fate
Who brought him thither !) with a Mind sedate.

‘ O *Damasippus*, (he exclaim'd,) forbear,
‘ Nor to commit so rash an Action dare !
‘ Idle your ¹⁴ Shame ; where all as mad appear,
‘ Say, why should you the Charge of Madness fear ?
‘ First know its Meaning ; and, if only you
‘ It suits, your Purpose, unrestrain'd, pursue.

‘ The Man, whom restless Passions lead astray,
‘ Or Ignorance of Truth, this Man, I say,
‘ Is counted mad by sage ¹⁵ *Chrysippus*' School :
‘ To Subjects, and to Kings, extends this Rule,
‘ To all, except the Wise — Now hear, and know
‘ How those, who call *you* mad, like Madness show.

‘ As

‘ As Travellers, bewilder’d in the Night,
‘ Mistake their Road ; this journeys to the Right,
‘ That to the Left, and yet are both miss’d,
‘ Thro’ different Paths tho’ eagerly they tread ;
‘ So think yourself indeed a Fool, yet they,
‘ Who laugh at you, a dangling Tail display.

‘ One Sort of Frenzy so o’erpowers the Heart,
‘ That Men at vain, imagin’d Terrors start ;
‘ On level Ground, before their wondering Eyes
‘ Obstructing Trees, and Rocks, and Rivers rise.

‘ Others, no less extravagant than those,
‘ Rush headlong ev’n where Flames and Floods
 oppose ;

‘ Tho’ Mother, Sister, Father, Wife, and Friends
‘ Exclaim, “ Lo ! here a mighty Rock ascends,
“ There lies a dreadful Gulf,” he hears no more
‘ Than ¹⁶ *Fusus*, who, in *Hecuba*, of yore,
‘ Slept so profoundly in a drunken Fit,
‘ That *Catienus* and the crowded Pit
‘ Strove all in vain to rouse him with their Cries,
‘ Resounding, “ O my Mother, wake, arise !”

‘ Now let me show you, how in all Mankind
‘ Some epidemic Madness fires the Mind.
‘ You, *Damascippus*, act a frantic Part
‘ In buying the Remains of ancient Art :
‘ But tell me, I intreat, and tell me true,
‘ Is not your Creditor as mad as you ?

148 SATIRES of HORACE,

‘ For should I thus accost you : “ Take my Purse,
 “ And what you please, without Account, disburse,”
 ‘ Would it be Madness in you to comply,
 ‘ Or would it not be Madness to deny ?
 ‘ And should the Creditor in Answer say,
 “ He gives his Bond this Money to repay ;”
 ‘ Consult *Cicuta* too, who knows to draw
 ‘ With skilful Care the strongest Knots of Law,
 ‘ Yet will this wicked *Proteus* burst his Chains,
 ‘ And, when arraign’d, deride your fruitless Pains,
 ‘ Chang’d to a Rock or Tree ; or now will soar
 ‘ Like a fleet Bird, now wallow like a Boar.

‘ If Folly constant Diffipation brings,
 ‘ Oeconomy of course from Wisdom springs ;
 ‘ *Petillius* then is far, far more insane,
 ‘ Who lends you what he never will regain.

‘ Ho ! to my Lecture haste, all ye whose Breasts
 ‘ Ambition racks, or Avarice molests ;
 ‘ Compose your Robes, and lend a listening Ear :
 ‘ You too, ye Sons of Superstition, hear ;
 ‘ Hear, ye Luxurious, Sensual, all Mankind
 ‘ Who pine with baneful Maladies of Mind ;
 ‘ In Order come ; of these, I’ll clearly prove,
 ‘ Not one the Charge of Madness can remove.

‘ The largest Share of Hellebore to you,
 ‘ Ye Avaricious, is most justly due ;
 ‘ Indeed I know not but impartial Sense
 ‘ To you may all ¹⁷ *Anticyra* dispense.

‘ *Staberius*

‘ *Staberius*’ Heirs, to make his Riches known,
 ‘ Were charg’d to grave them on his Funeral Stone,
 ‘ And doom’d to feast, if guilty of Neglect,
 ‘ The Citizens, as *Arrius* should direct,
 ‘ Two hundred Gladiators to maintain,
 ‘ And furnish Corn in Heaps like *Afric*’s Plain :
 “ Whether ’tis right or wrong, so I devise ;
 “ ’Tis not your Business,” the Testator cries.
 ‘ Methinks, *Staberius*’ Wisdom here was seen’—

DAMASIPPUS.

[mean

Wisdom ! — What, pr’ythee, could the Dotard
 By gravng on his Tomb the Sums bequeath’d ?

STERTINIUS.

Of every Vice the greatest, while he breath’d,
 He reckon’d Poverty, and nought beside
 So much he fear’d, as poorer to have died.
 The less Estate he dying left behind, [Mind :
 The more deprav’d he would have thought his
 For ¹⁸ every Grace, or human or divine, [thine ;
 Fame, Beauty, Courage, Honour, WEALTH ! are
 And he who piles up Gold, to all Mens Eyes
 Will strait seem valiant, just, renown’d, and wise,
 Nay, ev’n a King ; or whatsoe’er he will :
 By this he hop’d the Trump of Fame to fill.

¹⁹ How diff’rent *Aristippus* ! He, we’re told,
 Enjoin’d his Slaves, retarded by their Gold,
 On *Libya*’s Plains, to throw it all away :
 Which seems most Signs of Madness to display ?

150 SATIRES of HORACE,

DAMASIPPUS.

Examples only puzzle the Dispute.

S T E R T I N I U S.

What if a Man should purchase many a Lute,
And them so purchas'd keep, but never use,
Unskill'd to play, and tasteless of each Muse?
Or if another, who had never try'd
To make a Shoe, should Lasts and Awls provide;
Or Rigging, though unvers'd in Commerce; all
Would him a Fool or Madman justly call.
Are they more sane, who pil'd-up Treasures keep,
And dread, like Sacrilege, to touch the Heap?
If Day and Night stretch'd sleepless on the Floor,
With a large Club the Owner guards the Door
Where lies his Corn, nor ev'n when hungry takes
One Grain, on bitter Herbs his Dinner makes,
And tho' his Vaults are stock'd with Wines most
Drinks such as may with Vinegar compare; [rare,
Tho' in his eightieth Year, on Straw should rest,
While hoarded Quilts lie rotting in his Chest;
If most Men think this Wretch from Madness free,
'Tis but because they're full as mad as he.

To Heaven ungrateful, dreaded Want to shun,
Thyself thou starv'st, that thy luxurious Son,
Or Slave enfranchis'd, may the more enjoy,
And on their vagrant Lusts thy Wealth employ!
How little more would cost thy daily Food,
If, on thy Sallad pour'd, the Oil were good,

If

If neat thy Vesture and well-comb'd thy Hair!
Nature is satisfy'd with simple Fare.

Why then this Perjury, these Thefts, to gain
Superfluous Riches? Art not thou insane?

If thou with Stones should'st pelt the gaping
Throng,

And ev'n the Slaves, which to thyself belong,
Boys, Girls, would hoot thee in the public Ways:

Can he who by a Rope or Poison ²⁰ slays

Mother or Wife, the Charge of Madness shun?

This Fact indeed at *Argos* was not done,

Nor did thy Sword cut short their vital Thread,

As *Clytemnestra* by *Orestes* bled:

Think'st thou that Fiends his Mind alone possess,

After his Steel had pierc'd his Mother's Breast?

No; by the Furies he was seiz'd, before

The impious Parricide was stain'd with Gore:

For from the Time that he was frantic thought,

Nothing deserving of Reproach he wrought;

Ev'n then his *Pylades* he ne'er pursued,

Nor in *Electra's* Blood his Hands imbrued;

²¹ His Sister he a *Fury* only styl'd,

And ²² in a pompous Strain his Friend revil'd.

Possessing much, but still desiring more,

Opimius brooded o'er his treasur'd Store:

On Festivals his frugal Board was grac'd

With *Veian* Wine, unfavoury to the Taste,

In earthen Vases; and (so Rumour says)

With Liquor that was flat on common Days.

152 SATIRES of HORACE,

His Senses once a Lethargy oppress'd,
And strait his Heir was rising every Chest:
But his sage Doctor, who the Crisis knew,
And long had watch'd it, to his Succour flew,
And thus awak'd him: Close beside his Bed
A Table thick with Money-bags he spread,
And various Hands employ'd to count them o'er:
Meantime he loudly cry'd, 'Haste, guard your
'Store,

'Lest all be seiz'd by your rapacious Heir!'

"What! while I live?" 'Then rouse yourself,
'beware!

'And wholesome Broths by my Prescription take;

'For empty are your Veins, your Stomach weak.

'Here, here, be quick, pour down this Soup of
'Rice.'

"The Cost?" 'A Trifle.' "I will know the
'Price."

'Eight Pence.' "From Thieves, ah! wherefore
'should I fly,

"If I by Slops, so dearly bought, must die?"

DAMASIPPUS.

Who then are sane?

STERTINIUS.

The Men who are no Fools.

DAMASIPPUS.

What Name does he deserve, whom Avarice
rules?

STERTI-

BOOK II.

153

STERTINIUS.

Madman and Fool.

DAMASIPPUS.

Is he, who ne'er the Stain
Of Avarice has incurr'd, accounted sane?

STERTINIUS.

No; by no Means.

DAMASIPPUS.

Why, Stoic?

STERTINIUS.

You shall hear.

'This Patient's *Stomach* of Complaints is clear,
Says ²³ *Craterus*. "Then may he safely rise,
'And is he well?" 'No, no, the Doctor cries,
'The Stone torments his Reins, the Gout his Knee.'
From Perjury, from Avarice you are free:
'Tis well; a Pig then to your *Lares* give.
But if a Dupe to rash Pursuits you live,
Haste to *Anticyra*! By Reason's Rules,
The Prodigal and Miser both are Fools.

'Two ancient Farms that near *Canusium* lay
Opidius, bless'd with Riches, (so they say,)
Between his Sons, while living, would divide,
And wisely thus address'd them ere he died:
'When I have seen thee, *Aulus*, void of Care,
'In open Vest thy Nuts and Marbles bear,

H 5

'And

154 SATIRES of HORACE,

' And lose, or give them to thy Fellow-Boys;
 ' And thee, *Tiberius*, careful count thy Toys,
 ' And anxious hide them in some secret Place,
 ' From hence your various Frenzies I could trace;
 ' That one, like *Nomentanus*, would behave,
 ' The other, like *Cicuta*, scrape and save.
 ' Now therefore, by our Household-Gods, your Sire
 ' Adjures thee, *Aulus*, to preserve entire
 ' What he shall leave; nor thou, *Tiberius*, try
 ' O'er the wise Limits Nature sets, to fly;
 ' Nor add to my enough, though little, more!
 ' Besides, lest on Ambition's Wings you soar,
 ' By solemn Vow, my Sons, let each be bound
 ' With no State-Honours ever to be crown'd.
 ' Let him who first shall break it, like the worst
 ' Of Citizens, be outlaw'd and accurs'd!'

Would'st thou thy whole Estate, O Madman!
 waste,
 To have the *Circus* with thy Splendor grac'd,
 To gain by Beans or ²⁴ Vetches venal Praise,
 And make the *Forum* at thy Statue gaze,
 Stripp'd of thy Lands and Fortune? Dost thou dare
 Expect by this ²⁵ *Agrippa's* Praise to share?
 The subtle Fox, with visionary State,
 Affected thus the lordly ²⁶ Lion's Gait.

²⁷ Tell me, O Son of *Atreus*, tell me why
 To *Ajax* Funeral-Honours you deny?

A G A-

AGAMEMNON.

I am a King.

STERTINIUS.

My Questions I restrain,

A mean Plebeian born. How

AGAMEMNON.

What I ordain

Is just. Whoe'er thinks otherwise is free
To utter what he thinks, uncheck'd by me.

STERTINIUS.

28 GREATEST of Kings! may your victorious Sails
From conquer'd *Troy* return with prosperous Gales!
May I then ask and make Replies?

AGAMEMNON.

You may.

STERTINIUS.

29 Why does great *Ajax* rot, to Worms a Prey?
That Chief with whom, in Strength and Valour,
none

Of all your Host could vie, but *Peleus'* Son!
The Guardian of the *Greeks*, the Dread of *Troy*!

30 That *Priam* and his People may with Joy
See him unbury'd lie, who, ere he died,
So many *Trojan* Youths a Tomb deny'd?

AGAMEMNON.

31 A thousand Sheep he slew, with Frenzy wild,
And them, *Ulysses* and th' *Atridae* styl'd,

156 SATIRES of HORACE,

STERTINIUS.

And when at *Aulis*, *Agamemnon*, you
Your blooming Daughter to the Altar drew,
To bleed, Barbarian! in a Heifer's Stead,
And scatter'd Meal, well salted, on her Head,
Had you your Senses?

AGAMEMNON.

Why not?

STERTINIUS.

Then explain,
Why, in your Judgment, *Ajax* seems insane?
Though with his Sword a Flock of Sheep he kill'd,
32 His Wife's or Infant's Blood he never spill'd;
And though he made your Curfes wide resound,
He did not *Teucer* nor *Ulysses* wound.

AGAMEMNON.

To loose our lingering Fleet from *Aulis* Bay,
Heaven's Wrath, with Blood, 'twas prudent to
allay.

STERTINIUS.

What, Madman! with your own?

AGAMEMNON.

Yes, with my own,
And yet not mad.

STERTINIUS.

33 Where'er on Reason's Throne
Blind Passion sits, confounding Right and Wrong,
We rank that Man amidst the frantic Throng:

Insane

Insane or *passionate*, except in Name,
Are both alike ; th' Effect is just the same.

When Sheep he slew, was *Ajax* thought insane,
And can your Senses, when for 34 Titles vain
Such Crimes you dare commit, be deem'd entire?
Is that Heart pure, which feeds Ambition's Fire?

35 Should any Man a darling Lamb, where'er
He travels, with him in his Litter bear,
Endow her like a Daughter, with the Pride
Of Dress adorn her, various Slaves provide,
Call her his Child, his Dear, and with her Charms
Prepare to bless a worthy Husband's Arms,
36 His Fortune to his Friends, more sane of Mind,
Would by the Prætor's Edict be assign'd.

And is the Wretch who slays, by harsh Decree,
His Daughter for a Lamb, from Madness free?
You dare not this aver. Such Folly, join'd
With Vice, argues Insanity of Mind.

37 The wicked all are mad. His Head, who burns
For Glory's Charms, blood-stain'd *Bellona* turns.

While *Nomentanus* I indict, attend!
For all are mad who so profusely spend.
His Father died: He in his Coffers found
A thousand Talents, and proclaim'd around,
That Taylors, Cooks, Perfumers, Huntsmen, all
Who in the *Tuscan* Street kept Shop or Stall,
Fishmongers, Poulterers, Panders, at the Gate
Of his high Palace should next Morning wait.

They

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They all obey'd. The Pander first address'd
 Th' expecting Heir: 'Whatever is possess'd
 'By me, or any here, shall be your own,
 'To-day, to-morrow; let your Will be known!
 Mark how the Youth, benevolent, reply'd!
 'You through *Lucanian* Snows, O Huntsman, ride
 'Booted all Night, a Boar for me to gain;
 'In wintry Storms, you, Sailor, drag the Main,
 'To catch me Fish: While me no Cares annoy,
 'Such boundless Wealth unworthy to enjoy.
 'Then take, my Friends, and ease me of my Load;
 (This said, on each a Million* he bestow'd)
 'And thrice that Sum be his, who, when I send,
 'Will, though at Midnight, bid his Bride attend!

38 *Æsopus*' Son in Vinegar a Pearl
 Dissolv'd, which from her Ear a favourite Girl
 Most bounteously had giv'n, and, drinking, cry'd,
 'See! down my Throat a thousand Pieces glide!
 He could not have been reckon'd more insane,
 If he at once had thrown it in the Main.

Arrius' two Sons, in Folly as in Birth
 Exactly pair'd, the veriest Twins on Earth,
 Eat costly Nightingales: Shall Praise or Blame
 Be theirs? Shall Chalk or Charcoal mark their
 Name?

[grey,
 Say, should a reverend Sire, whose Locks are
 Delight to build small Cottages of Clay;

* *Viz.* of Sesterces.

Should

Should he with harness'd Mice a Waggon draw,
 Bestride a Cane, or play with Boys at Taw,
 We strait should say he doats. But should we prove
 All this less childish than the Freaks of Love,
 And that to whimper for a Jilt, or Toy,
 Alike is Madness in the Man and Boy;
 Would you, I say, then quit that foppish Dress,
 By which at your Distemper all may guess,
 Your Cloak so little, your Cravat so fine,
 And Ruff, like 39 *Polemon*, who, when in Wine,
 Ent'ring by Chance the philosophic Schools,
 He heard the Sage declaim on Virtue's Rules,
 Became a Convert to his temperate Lore,
 And from his Head, abash'd, the Garland tore?

A proffer'd Apple, see! the peevish Child
 Rejects; but if deny'd him, he is wild.
 Such is th' excluded Lover, on the Stage;
 Now in a Fit of Fondness, now of Rage,
 40 Debating whether he shall strait return,
 Or his inconstant Fair for ever spurn:
 Determin'd, though no Summons he receive,
 To go, her hated Door he cannot leave;
 ' Shall I not now, when she invites me, go?
 ' Or shall I end at once this Weight of Woe?
 ' She thrust me out, she calls me back again:
 ' Should she intreat, I to return disdain.'
 To this the Slave, far wiser, thus replies:
 ' In vain we reason, and in vain advise,
 ' Where

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‘ Where Reason and Advice are thrown away :
 ‘ In Love, ’tis true, we meet with War To-day,
 ‘ But Peace To-morrow. On a solid Base
 ‘ He who would fix what never keeps its Place,
 ‘ As well may gravely plead, to play the Fool
 ‘ By Wisdom’s Guidance, and run mad by Rule.’

When Bursts of Merriment your Joy proclaim,
 If you the 4¹ Kernels of an Apple aim
 So truly, as to strike the vaulted Roof,
 Say, is not this of Lunacy a Proof?

Or when, advanc’d in Age, to charm your Dear,
 You mince your Words, and stammer in her Ear,
 Do you more Sense or Sanity display
 Than wanton Boys, who Castles build with Clay?

To this the lawless Rage, the Murders add,
 That prove all headstrong Lovers worse than mad.
 When *Marius* late his Mistress *Hellas* slew,
 And from a Rock himself despairing threw,
 That these were Marks of Madness will you own,
 Or as, by Fashion, the same thing is known
 By different Titles, was it Vice alone? }

With Hands clean-wash’d a Slave, an ancient
 Man,

Fasting at Morn along the 4² Cross-ways ran,
 And thus address’d the *Lares*: ‘ O comply
 ‘ With this one Prayer, that I may never die !’
 When sold, if not litigious, ne’er maintain,
 Though he can see and hear, that he is sane.

In

In our *Chrysippus*' Judgment, all this Throng
To the vast Tribe of Madmen must belong.

'Great *Jove*, who Life can't give and take
away,'

43 An anxious Mother thus was heard to pray,
Whose Son an Ague of the Quartan-Kind
For five long tedious Months had now confin'd,
'Thy powerful Succour let my Darling prove,
'And Oh! in Pity, his Complaints remove!
'On the first Fast ordain'd by thy Command,
'He then shall naked in the *Tyber* stand,
'At Break of Day.' Now if some lucky Hit,
Or the Physician's Skill, should cure the Fit,
The 44 Mother in the Stream will plunge her Boy,
Bring a Relapse, and thus his Life destroy.

D A M A S I P P U S.

What Frenzy turns her Head?

S T E R T I N I U S.

45 The Dread of Heaven.

D A M A S I P P U S to H O R A C E.

Stertinius, the eighth Sage, to me has given
These Arms, to combat my upbraiding Foes:
Whoe'er on me the Name of Mad bestows
Will find the Charge retorted, and may learn
The 46 Wallet hung behind him to discern.

H O R A C E.

So may you now with Profit, *Stoic*, trade,
And every Loss with Interest be repaid,

As

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As you inform me what disturbs my Mind,
(Since Frenzies differ widely in their Kind,)
For, in my own Opinion, I am sane.

DAMASIPPUS.

What! was ⁴⁷ *Agavé* conscious that her Brain
Was turn'd, when she her Son in Pieces tore,
And on her Spear his Head in Triumph bore?

HORACE.

Then be it so — To powerful Truth I bow ;
Myself a Fool and Madman I allow :
But say, in what my Frenzy you descry ?

DAMASIPPUS.

Hear then the Charge. Though scarcely two
Foot high,

You strut, and talk in big gigantic Style ;
And yet at ⁴⁸ *Turbo* on the Stage you smile,
When he, of Spirit vast, though small of Size,
On Tip-toe stalks, and all the World defies.
But is he less ridiculous than you ?

This too is certain, that in all you do,

⁴⁹ You emulate *Mæcenæ's* Pomp and State,

Though mean and low, affecting to be great.

⁵⁰ Once, in a Marsh, a Steer, with luckless
Tread,

Left a whole Family of Frogings dead :

One, who escap'd, his Dam in plaintive Strain

Accosts : ' My Brothers a huge Beast has slain.'

“ How

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“How big?” she asks, and strait begins to swell!
 “Say, did his Bulk, what now you see, excell?”
 ‘Yes, twice as much.’ “What, bigger still?”
 and tries [cries,
 To swell still more. ‘Nay, should you burst,’ he
 ‘Yet, Mother, you would still be less than he.’
 Here, *Horace*, to the Life your Picture see!
 51 Add too of scribbling Verse your strange Desire,
 Which is but heaping Fuel on the Fire.
 Sage you may be, if Bard was ever sage.
 Your 52 Passion I omit, your frantic Rage —

HORACE.

Cease.

DAMASIPPUS.

Your 53 Attire, too costly in its Kind
 For your Estate —

HORACE.

Good *Damasippus*, mind
 Your own Affairs.

DAMASIPPUS.

Your wild Amours —

HORACE.

Forbear!
 And thou, more mad, my slighter Follies spare!

NOTES.

The Moral of this Satire is excellent: And, as it is
 one of the longest. it is also one of the best in *Horace*.

Dacier is of Opinion, that there is not a more lively
 and animated Dialogue even in *Plato*.

It

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It appears, says *Sanadon*, from the 185th Verse,

Scilicet ut plausus, quos fert Agrippa, feras tu,
that it was written in the Year of *Rome* 720; *Horace* being then thirty-one or thirty two Years old.

1 *Junius*, or *Licinius*, *Damasippus* was a Senator, and a Stoic Philosopher. Before he attached himself to that Sect, he had ruined his Fortune by dealing in Statues, and all Sorts of Antiques.

2 ————— *ab ipsis*
Saturnalibus.]

The *Saturnalia* were some of the chief Feasts among the Romans. They began the sixteenth Day of *December*, and lasted three Days. Those, who reckon seven Days, join with them the *Sigillaria*, or *Feast of Statues*, which immediately followed.

Rome, at that Time, was a Scene of Lewdness and Debauchery; and the Streets echoed with the Songs of Drunkards. *Horace*, who was a Lover of Quiet, generally chose to retire into the Country, where he passed the Winter.

‘Such turbulent Excesses were certainly disagreeable to a philosophic Mind. The Soul of *Pliny* was’ (in like Manner) ‘formed for studious Privacy; and his Pursuits of Knowledge being frequently interrupted in his more magnificent Apartments of *Laurentinum*, he raised an additional Building at the End of his Gallery, as an Asylum to his Studies, and Sanctuary to his Speculations, where he was never disturbed by the Mirth of his Servants during these licentious Feasts.’

Earl of CORKE.

Horace was now at his *Sabine* Villa; but he often spent the Winter at *Tarentum*. See Epistle VII. Book I. He gives the Reason of this Preference in Ode VI. Book II.

Ver ubi longum, tepidusque præbet
Jupiter brumas.

The Spring is long, the Winter mild.

3 *Culpantur frustra calami.*] Thus the Loiterers in *Persius* (Satire III.) apologize for themselves;

Tunc querimur crassus calamo quod pendeat humor, &c.

He

He takes the Parchment ; lays it down again,
 And with unwilling Fingers tries the Pen :
 Some peevish Quarrel strait he strives to pick,
 His Quill writes double, or his Ink's too thick :
 Infuse more Water. Now 'tis grown so thin,
 It sinks ; nor can the Character be seen.

DRYDEN.

In another Place *Perfius*, speaking of a flat and insipid Style, which has cost the Author no Pains nor Study, says,

Nec pluteum cedit, nec demorsos sapit unguis.

He neither beat the Cushion, nor his Nails
 Gnaw'd to the Quick.

But *Quintilian* justly observes, that such Contortions make a Scholar appear ridiculous in Company.

4 *Menander*.] A Comic Poet of *Athens*, born in the 109th *Olympiad*, 344 Years before *Christ*. *Plutarch* prefers him to *Aristophanes* both for Judgment and Style. *Terence* borrowed several Plays from him, and it is from the Character of the *Roman*, that we now judge of the Merit of the *Grecian*, Author. *Aristophanes*, the Grammarian, asks, 'O *Menander* and Nature, which of you have imitated the other ?' And *Julius Caesar* is said to have called *Terence*, 'Half-*Menander*.' He wrote an hundred and eight Comedies, which are all lost, except some beautiful Fragments, which have been lately well translated by Mr. *Farwkes*.

5 *Plato*.] The Chief of the Academic Sect, born at *Athens* in the 87th *Olympiad*. He was the Scholar of *Socrates*.

6 *Archilochus*.] A Greek Iambic Poet, born at *Paros*, in the third *Olympiad*. His Invectives against *Lycambes* (who, after having promised him his Daughter in Marriage, gave her to another) were so keen and severe, that they made him hang himself.

7 *Eupolis*.] One of the Writers of the Old Comedy. See Book I. Sat. IV.

8 ——— *improba Siren*
Desidia.]

The

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The *Sirens* were young Women, who dwelt in three small Islands near *Capréa*, opposite to the City of *Surrentum*, on the *Campanian* Shore. The Ancients tell us, that these *Sirens* were Monsters, who devoured Travellers. But, in Truth, they were *Courtizans*, who allured Men by their Beauty and the Charms of their Voice.

Horace justly styles *Sloth* a *Siren*, she is apt to benumb all our Faculties, and it requires great Resolution to shun, or strong Efforts to spring from, her Arms.

9 ——— *Quidquid vita meliore parasti,
Ponendum æquo animo.*]

The Slothful may be rather said to *eat and drink*, than to *live*.

Seneca, passing by the Country-House of *Servilius Vacia*, who had retired thither to indulge himself in Idleness, pleasantly cried out; *Vacia hic situs est*. 'Here *Vacia* lies interred.'

10 ——— *Donent tonsore.*] The *Stoic* Philosophers wore long Beards, and set a great Value on them. On this Account *Lucian* says, 'That if the Wisdom of the Philosophers is to be measured by the Length of their Beards, a Goat is wiser than any of them.' Which reminds one of the Story of a certain Judge, who, thinking to brow-beat one of the Witnesses, an old Countryman, by saying, 'You, I suppose, have a Conscience as long as your Beard,' received this witty Answer, 'If Consciences are to be measured by Beards, your Lordship, I think, has none at all.'

11 *Sisyphus.*] He means the old *Sisyphus*, the Son of *Æolus*, who founded *Corinth*. A Cauldron, used by *Sisyphus*, must have been at least thirteen hundred Years old.

12 *Callidus huic signo, &c.*] The Word *callidus* here is pleasant; he was so cunning, that he ruined himself.

DACIER.

I doubt, this may be applied to many a modern *Connoisseur*.

13 ——— *Operto capite.*] Those, who devoted themselves to Death, covered their Heads, to signify that, from that Moment, they renounced all Thoughts of Life,

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Gulf of

Life, by thus depriving themselves of the Light of Heaven, as far as it was in their Power. Properly speaking, it was a religious Act. For they covered their Heads, to signify to the Infernal Gods, that they would not behold any thing which might disturb the Sacrifice they had resolved to make of themselves.

DACIER.

This Custom seems to explain the Intention of *Cæsar* in covering his Head with his Robe, when he beheld *Brutus* among the Conspirators. From that Moment he devoted himself as a Victim to the Infernal Gods, to secure the Peace and Happiness of the *Roman* People. Thus understood, it gives great Lustre and Dignity to the Conclusion of his Life.

D.

14 — *Pudor, inquit, te malus urget.*] Men are too often allured from the Paths of Virtue by a false Shame.

Simplicius, therefore, in his Commentary on *Epicletus*, cries out ;

‘How extravagant a thing it is to continue mad, for Fear of being thought so by those, who are really mad themselves !’

15 — *Insanum Chrysippi porticus, & grex Autumat.*] See Book I. Satire III.

16 *Fusus*.] In the Tragedy of *Hecuba*, or *Ilione*, (written by *Accius*,) the Ghost of *Polydore* is supposed to have appeared to his Mother *Hecuba* sleeping in her Bed at Midnight ; but *Fusus* (who acted *Hecuba*) was so dead drunk that he could not be waked by *Polydore* (*Catienus*) and the Clamours of all the Pit, crying out, after him, *Mater, te appello*. The Lines in *Accius*, as quoted by *Tully*, run thus :

*Mater, te appello, tu quæ somno curam suspensam levas,
Neque te mei miseret ; surge, sepeli natum,
Priusquam seræ, volucresque, &c.*

Polydore had been put to Death by *Polymnestor*, King of *Thrace*, to whose Care he had been entrusted by his Parents. See *Virg. Æn.* III.

In the Original it is, by Way of Exaggeration, *two hundred thousand* ; and several Copies read *Fusus* instead of *Fusus*.

17 There were two *Anticyras* ; one in *Phocis*, near the Gulf of *Corinth* ; the other was near Mount *Oëta*, in *Thessaly*.

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Theſſaly. The beſt Hellebore grew in the laſt; but it was more ſkilfully prepared in the former. On which Account the Phyſicians ſent their Patients to the *Anticyra* of *Phocis*.

18 ——— *Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, &c.]*

Stertinius here exhibits the Sentiments of *Staberius*, who thought Wealth the chief Good; and he aſcribes the ſame Properties to that, which the *Stoics* aſcribed to Virtue.

DACIER.

It would be thought ſtrange to ſee any Scholar apply theſe Lines, as if they contained the real Sentiments of *Horace*. And yet we every Day ſee or hear Paſſages of Holy Writ no leſs tortured, and confidently applied, without any Regard to the Context.

19 ——— *Quid ſimile iſti
Græcus Ariſtippus ?]*

Ariſtippus was a Diſciple of *Socrates*, and Founder of the *Cyrenaic* Sect. He frequented the Courts of Princes, and loved to fare deliciously. He lived about the 96th *Olympiad*. He had a happy Talent at Repartee.

20 *Horace* probably refers here to ſome Anecdotes well known in thoſe Times, though the Particulars are not come down to us. But the Perſon, who poiſoned his Mother, ſeems to have been *Scæva*, who was mentioned in the firſt Satire of this Book, ver. 53.

———— *Scæva vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem, &c.*

His long-liv'd Mother truſt to *Scæva's* Care. —

21 ——— *Tantum maledicit utrique, &c.]* It is evident that *Horace* here follows a different Tradition from *Eu-ripides*. Otherwiſe he could not have ſaid, that *Oreſtes*, after having killed his Mother, did nothing blameable, ſince he then attempted to kill *Helen*, and for a long Time held his Dagger at the Throat of *Hermione*: Nor does he give provoking Language to *Pylades* in the Tragedy. It is probable, therefore, that the Hiſtory of *Oreſtes* was acted on the Roman Stage, as here repreſented.

22 ——— *Juſſit*

22 ——— *Jussit quod splendida bilis.*] The *splendid Bile* is the *yellow Gall*, which is more shining than the *black*, and inclines Men to Madness; whereas the *black Gall* is apt to produce Melancholy. DACIER.

I rather think, that the Words are to be understood *metaphorically*, (as here translated,) and intimate the *pompous Style*, with which the Tragic Bard adorns the Passion of *Orestes*.

23 *Craterus* was an eminent Physician in the Time of *Augustus*. *Cicero* mentions him in his Letters to *Atticus*. *Commovet me Attica, etsi assentior Cratero*: And, in another Letter, *De Atticâ doleo; credo tamen Cratero*.

24 *In cicere.*] This Grain, from the Culture of which *Cicero* derived his Surname, was in all Ages of the Republic in great Request with the meaner People; being one of the usual Largeesses bestowed upon them by the Rich, and sold every where in the Theatres and Streets ready parched or boiled for present Use. Thus *Horace*, in *Art. Poet.* 249.

Nec si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucus emptor.

MIDDLETON.

25 *Agrippa* was the most eminent Man of that Time. He was one of the chief Favourites of *Augustus*, who gave him first his Niece in Marriage; and, after her Death, his Daughter *Julia*. He died in the Year of *Rome* 742, *Horace* being fifty-five Years old. *Augustus* himself pronounced his funeral Oration; and, though he had a Family Vault in the Field of *Mars*, he ordered his Urn to be deposited in his own.

26 ——— *Leonem.*] *Agrippa* is here justly compared to a Lion. *Horace* has done Justice to his Valour and great Exploits in Book I. Ode VI.

27 We have here a new Scene. *Stentinius*, after having shown, by these apt Stories of *Optimius* and *Servius Oppidius*, the Folly of *Avarice* and *Extravagance*, returns to others, whom he had proposed to bring upon the Stage. As he had insinuated that *Ambition* is a Species of Madness not inferior to those already censured, he addresses himself here to *Agamemnon*, who was styled the King of Kings;

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Kings; and thus attacks *Ambition* in its Head-Quarters. For if it is a Folly in so great a Prince, what shall we think of it, when indulged by a private Person? *Horace* passes from one Article to another, without giving us Notice of it; and so this Scene seems to be abruptly introduced. And yet it is naturally connected with what precedes. It is only the Turn, and the Vivacity of the Action, which makes it appear detached.

Stertinius had proposed to show, that the *Ambitious* are no less mad than the *Misers*. To prove this Point, he briskly, and at once, attacks *Agamemnon*; and demonstrates by this Example, that *Ambition* transports Men to such a Height of Madness, as to sacrifice their very Children to sooth their Vanity.

Stertinius still speaks, and reviews the various Kinds of Madmen, one after another, as he had proposed in his Summons, *Vos ordine adite*. DACIER.

Notwithstanding this Apology is very ingenious, and has some Foundation in Truth; yet it were to be wished, that the Connection had been more clear and explicit.

28 *Maxime Regum, &c.*] The *Greeks*, and all the People of the *East*, began their Addresses to Princes by Wishes for their Health and Benedictions. This Passage is an Imitation of those Lines in the *Iliad*, where *Gbryses* demands his Daughter of *Agamemnon*,

Ἵμῶν μὲν θεοὶ, &c.

So may th' immortal Gods your Cause befriend;
So may you *Priam's* lofty Bulwarks burn,
And rich in gather'd Spoils to *Greece* return!

TICKELL.

29 *Cur Ajax — putrescit?*] This alludes to that Passage in *Sophocles*, in which he feigns that *Agamemnon* would not consent that *Ajax* should receive the Honours of a Burial, though at last he submitted to the pressing Intreaties of *Teucer*.

30 *Gaudeat ut populus Priami, &c.*] This is also an Imitation of a Passage in the first *Iliad*, in the Speech of *Nestor*;

Alas

Alas for Greece! he cries, and what with Joy
Shall Priam hear, and every Son of Troy!

TICKELL.

31 *Mille ovium, &c.*] After the Arms of *Achilles* had been adjudged to *Ulysses*, so deep a Melancholy seized *Ajax*, as turned his Head. One Night, in a Fit of it, he fell upon a Flock of Sheep, and thought he was killing *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*, and the other Grecian Generals: And he drove Oxen into his Tent as so many Prisoners; among whom he took *Ulysses* to be one.

This occasioned the following Line in *Juvenal's* fourteenth Satire;

Hic, bove percusso, mugire Agamemnona credit.

When with his mighty Arm he struck an Ox,
He fancy'd *Agamemnon* low'd —

32 ————— *abstinuit vim*

Uxore & nato, &c.

He neither hurt his Wife *Tecmessa*, nor his Son *Euryfacer*. On the contrary, he addresses himself to them with great Mildness and Composure; as may be seen in the *Ajax* of *Sophocles*, where he orders his Boy, then very young, to be brought in, and thus accosts him;

May'st thou, my Son, be happier than thy Sire!
In all Things else be like him —

Virgil has imitated this Passage in his 12th *Æneid*, where *Æneas* thus accosts *Ascanius*;

*Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;
Fortunam ex aliis.*

Virtue, my Son, and Labour learn from Me;
Success from others —

33 *Qui species alias veri, &c.*] *Sanadon* thus reads, and points this Passage;

*Qui species alias veri scelerisque, tumultu
Permistas capiet, commotus habebitur —*

By *alias* he understands different, or opposite; and by *tumultu* the Disorder of the Passions. 'He who, blinded by his Passions, confounds the distinct Ideas of Virtue and Vice, Good and Evil, should be deemed a Madman.'

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This, says *Dacier*, is a Divine Sentiment. According to this Definition, Madness is either an Error of the Understanding, or a Depravity of the Will. So ver. 43.

*Quem mala stultitia et—inscitia veri
Cæcum agit.* —————

Stertinus does not give *Agamemnon* an Opportunity to explain the Reasons of his Conduct, because he already knew what they were. He might have urged, 'That the Goddess *Diana* had commanded *Iphigenia* to be sacrificed; that otherwise the Grecian Fleet must have remained Wind-bound, and could not have sailed for *Troy*; that private Claims should submit to public; and therefore, that he ought to lose the Father in the King.' But the Philosopher thought all these Reasons weak and inconclusive. He knew, the King construed that which was only the Effect of his own Vanity and Ambition, as proceeding from a Zeal for Religion and the Love of his Subjects; and that, if he had been dispassionate, he would have understood, that God cannot delight in the Blood of Mankind: And therefore, instead of taking the Oracle in the literal Sense of the Words, he would, by the common Principles of Reason, have apprehended, that the Meaning of it was, to divert him from a Voyage and Enterprize, which, in its Consequences, would prove fatal both to himself and to his Family.

Stertinus forms a truer Judgment of *Agamemnon's* Motive than those, who, like *Lucretius*, ascribe it to Superstition only. It was *Ambition*, which lurked in his Heart, and concealed itself under the Pretext of Religion. He was *deceptus cupidine falso*, as *Horace* speaks in his first Satire. None but a *Stoic* could have traced the Labyrinths of his Heart, and removed that specious Veil which covered his Ambition. DACIER.

34 ——— *scelus ob titulos admittis inanes.*] Such as *The King of Kings*, *The Light of the Grecians*, *The Conqueror of Barbarians*.

35 *Si quis læticâ nitidam gestare amet agnam, &c.*] *Horace* happily makes use of this agreeable Similé, which was necessary to temper *Stertinus's* Lecture, the Subject of which is harsh and severe: And in this his Address is admirable.

The

3
oth

The Images made use of by the Poet bear a great Resemblance to those of the Prophet *Nathan*, in his Parable to *David*, 2 Sam. Chap. XII. But the poor Man had nothing save one little Ewe-Lamb, which he had bought and nourished: And it grew up together with him and his Children; it did eat of his own Bread, and drank of his own Cup, and lay in his Bosom, and was unto him as a Daughter.

36 ————— *interdicto huic omne adimat jus
Prætor, et ad sanos abeat tutela propinquos.*]

Xerxes presented a gold Bracelet to a beautiful Plane-Tree, and appointed one of his own Guards constantly to attend it. See *Herodotus*, B. VII. In like manner the Emperor *Caligula* built a stately House for his Horse, furnished it with Goods, appointed Slaves to attend him, &c. and named him Consul. See his Life by *Suetonius*, Chap. LV. According to the rational Doctrine of *Stertinus*, they both ought to have been treated as Lunatics, deprived of Power, confined, &c.

37 ————— *Qui sceleratus,
Et furiosus erit.*]

This Sentiment is no less excellent than that which *Dacier* declares to be Divine.

38 *Clodius*, the Son of *Æsopus*, the celebrated Tragedian, was, like his Father, extremely luxurious and extravagant. Thus *Pliny*: ‘*Antony* and *Cleopatra* shall not carry the Prize, but shall lose the Glory of being pre-eminent in Luxury. For, before their Time, *Clodius*, the Son of *Æsop*, the Tragedian, being left heir to his immense Wealth, had done the same at Rome with Pearls of great Price; so that *Antony* has no Right to be proud of his Triumvirate, since one, who was little better than a Stage-Player, could vie with him; who had laid no Wager, but, in a more princely Manner, did it merely for the Glory of knowing how Pearls tasted; and when he found them to be very delicate, (not being willing to be singular in his Pleasures,) he entertained every one of his Guests also with a Pearl.’ B. II. Ch. 25.

39 This Story is related by *Diogenes Laertius*, and others. *Polemon* afterwards succeeded his Master *Xenocrates*

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crates in his School, in the Year 313 before the Birth of our Saviour, and was the third after *Plato*. *Plato*, *Pseusippus*, *Xenocrates*, *Polemon*.

40 See *Terence's Eunuch*, at the Beginning.

41 This was looked upon as an Omen of Success in Love. Even we Christians have many such Whims. See the *Connaisseur*, Vol. II. No. 56.

Excerpens semina, 'Taking out the Seeds, or Kernels.' Mr. *Francis* translates it thus;

When from the Roof the darted *Pippins* bound.

He was probably led into this Mistake by the Word *Pippins* (*Kernels*) in *Dacier's* Translation.

42 ——— *Compita*.] *Augustus* had ordered the *Lares*, or Household-Gods, to be worshipped in the Cross-ways.

43 The following Charm, still practised by the good People of *Devonshire* for the Cure of the *Sciatuca*, (which they call the *Bone-shave*), and thought almost infallible, will show, that we are not less superstitious than the old *Romans*:

'The Patient must lie on his Back, on the Bank of a River, or Brook, with a strait Staff by his Side, between him and the Water, and must have the following Words repeated over him;

'Bone-shave right;

'Bone-shave strait;

'As the Water runs by the Stave,

'Good for Bone-shave.

In the Name, &c.

44 ——— *Mater delira necabit*, &c.]

Juvenal, in his sixth Satire, treats the Superstition of the Sex *sans façon*:

That Sex is still obnoxious to the Priest.

Through ye they beat, and plunge into the Stream,
If so the God has warn'd 'em in a Dream.

DRYDEN.

45 ——— *timere Deorum*.] The Ancients defined Superstition by the Dread of the Gods. So thoroughly were they convinced, that the true Worship of GOD must consist in the Love, and not in the Fear, of him. DACIER.

46 *Horace*

46 *Horace* here alludes to that Fable of *Æsop*, which supposes, that every Man carries two Wallets; that which hangs before containing the Vices of others, and that which hangs behind filled with his own; by which Means, those are easily seen, while these are overlooked.

47 *Agavé*, after she had torn her Son *Pentheus* in Pieces for despising the Rites of *Bacchus*, was so far from being conscious that she had committed a Crime, or done any thing wrong, that she carried his Head on the Point of her Spear, as if it had been the Head of a wild Boar, whom she had slain.

Euripides has finely treated this Subject in his *Bacchantes*.

48 *Turbo* was a celebrated Gladiator, of small Size and Stature.

49 *An quodcunque facit Mæcenas, &c.*] We fondly imitate those whom we admire. This Reproach would therefore naturally confirm the Love and Affection of his Patron *Mæcenas* for him.

50 *Absentis rana pullis, &c.*] This Fable is not in the present Collection which passes under the Name of *Æsop*. But we find it in *Phædrus*, who wrote soon after *Horace*. The Circumstances are there somewhat varied. He says, 'that a Frog beheld a Bull in a Meadow; and, envying his Bulk, puffed out her Body, in order to imitate him,' &c. But *Horace's* Manner of telling it is more lively.

51 *Adde pœmata nunc, &c.*] The *Stoics* condemned Poetry absolutely. But there is something droll in this Passage. *Damasprius*, who here censures Poets with so much Severity, forgets that at the Beginning of this very Satire he reproached *Horace* for not entertaining the Public with Verse, and exhorted him to write again as usual.

This Contradiction gives us a lively Image of the Temper of Mankind, who now condemn what they applauded the Moment before; who judge only by Caprice, and have as many different Rules of judging, as there

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are different Degrees of Heat and Fire in their Imaginations. DACIER.

52 *Non dico horrendam rabiem.*] Horace was passionate, and easily provoked: *Irasci celer*, as he himself owns. See Epistle XX. Book I. The Stoics professed Patience.

53 ————— *Cultum*

Majorem censu.]

He loved to go elegantly dressed, and was fond of gay Cloaths. This Taste he had contracted from the Manner of his Education. What that was, he tells us in Book I. Sat. VI.

————— *Vestem servosque sequentes*

In magno ut populo si quis vidisset, avitâ

Ex re præberi sumptus mihi crederet illos.

Ver. 78. & seq.

But the Stoics, like our Quakers, affected a Simplicity in their Habit, and wore nothing but what was absolutely necessary.

This Satire would, perhaps, have appeared more lively and animated, if the Dialogue had passed between *Stertinius* and *Horace*, instead of *Stertinius* and *Damasippus*; but then he would have deprived himself of his defensive Arms, and could not have retorted, That the Philosopher was guilty of greater Faults than those with which he charged the Poet. By which it is evident, that there was a good deal of Art and Address in his Conduct.

SATIRE

SATIRE IV.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

A Dialogue between HORACE and CATIUS, an Epicurean Philosopher, on the Art of Cookery.

HORACE.

SAY, *Catius*, whence and whither?

CATIUS.

No Delay,

My Friend, I beg; no Time have I to stay:
Eager to treasure in my pensive Mind
Some Maxims new; and, trust me, you will find
That not *Pythagoras*, nor *Socrates*,
Nor *Plato's* self, e'er gave such Rules are these.

HORACE.

I crave your Pardon. 'Twas indeed a Crime
To break your Chain of Thought at such a Time.
But you, who, both by Nature and by Art,
Can all the Rules of Memory impart,
Will soon unite the broken Links again.

CATIUS.

All I had heard I labour'd to retain.
Fine are the Precepts, and as finely told.

HORACE.

Your Author's Name, I pray you, first unfold.
A Foreigner or Native?

I 5

CATIUS.

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CATIUS.

I conceal

His Name ; his Precepts freely I'll reveal.

¹ Long Eggs prefer to round ; with richer Juice
They always swell, and Cocks their Yolks produce.

² More sweet the Cale that grows in sandy Fields
Than what our City Soil, well-water'd, yields.

Should an unlook'd-for Guest drop in at Night,
Thus learn to sooth his craving Appetite :
In Wine and Water dip your Fowl alive ;
For thence the Flesh will Tenderness derive.

³ The Meadow-Mushroom you may safely prize ;
But often in the others Poison lies.

The Man who eats, ⁴ when Dinner-time is o'er,
Ripe Mulb'ries, gather'd from the Tree, before
Too fiercely rage the scorching solar Rays,
Will pass, secure of Health, the Summer Days.

Let not *Ausidius*' Morning-draught be thine !
With Honey sweeten'd, harsh *Falernian* Wine
He quaff'd ; but to thy empty Veins alone
Let Liquors smooth, like lenient Mead, be known.

Pound Cockle-shells, when Costiveness prevails,
And with Dwarf-sorrel mix and Juice of Snails ;
Then fasting drink it in white *Coan* Wine :
So your heal'd Bowels will no more repine.

⁵ With growing Moons the loos'ning Shell-
fish swell :

The nobler Kinds not in all Oceans dwell.

The

The sweetest Oysters we at *Circé* take,
 But far the largest in the *Lucrine* Lake.
 Cray-fish *Misenum's* Promontory love,
 While Cockles soft *Tarentum's* Coast approve.

What boots it that the choicest Fish you buy,
 Unless with critic Taste you well descry
 Which needs most Sauce, which least, and thus
 excite,

By various Means, the languid Appetite?

The Boar (if you're displeas'd with flabby Food)
 Who crunches Acorns in the *Umbrian* Wood,
 On your wide Dish may spread his ample Size;
 6 Those which in Marshes feed we never prize.

Kids, which in Vineyards browse, forbear to eat.
 7 The Wings of pregnant Hares are dainty Meat.

None before Me could by their Taste engage
 To know of Fish and Fowl the Kind and Age.

To mold the brittle Paste is paltry Fame,
 And far too trivial all our Care to claim:
 As if, though richest Wines your Cellars store,
 Yet on your Fish you stinking Oyl should pour.

Expose your *Massic* when the Skies are clear;
 If dreggy, 'twill be purg'd by nightly Air,
 And lose that Odour which the Spirits wastes;
 But through fine Linnen strain'd it vapid tastes.

He, who, his gross *Falernian* to refine,
 Pours on the slimy Lees *Surrentine* Wine,

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Should with the Liquor mix a Pigeon's Eggs ;
The falling Yolk precipitates the Drags.

Shrimps, Cockles, to the Taste new Relish lend:
8 Lettuce, 'tis true, I dare not recommend ;
So cold, it damps the loaded Appetite :
But your staunch Topers their dull Taste excite
With Ham or Chitterling, and some require
A Sausage, reeking from a Tavern-Fire.

Two Sorts of Sauce deserve your utmost Care ;
With Oyl alone the simplest we prepare :
Both Wine and 9 Caviare too the other boasts,
(Caviare, the Produce of *Byzantium's* Coasts)
And shredded Herbs and Saffron ; let it boil,
And, when it cools, infuse *Venafrian* Oyl.

With Form and Beauty *Tibur's* Fruits are grac'd,
But thine, *Picenum*, have a richer Taste.

Pots to preserve *Venusia's* Grape provide ;
But in the Smoke the *Alban* may be dry'd.
The *Roman* Cooks this Grape before each Guest,
With Apples, Salt and Pepper, at a Feast
To place on sep'rate Plates by Me were taught ;
Caviare and Pickles into Use I brought.

Monstrous the Fault to crowd 10 the vagrant
(So dearly purchas'd) in a scanty Dish ! [Fish

The simplest Fare a Zest from Neatness gains :
It turns one's Stomach when your Boy distains
The Glass with greasy Fingers ; or when Dust
And Mold your ancient Goblet's Brim incrust.

How

How small of Mats and Rubbers is the Price!
 But Oh! of such Neglect how great the Vice!
 Who with a greasy Broom an inlaid Floor
 Would sweep, or spread a purple Carpet o'er
 An unwash'd Couch? The less such Trifles claim
 Of Care and Cost, the more will be your Blame.
 Those Cates which, save among the Great, are
 rare,
 With much more Credit you might justly spare.

H O R A C E.

11 By all the Gods and Friendship, I engage
 Your Promise, *Catius*, to this learned Sage
 To lead me strait, wherever he may live;
 Though justly you translate, it sure must give
 Much more Delight th' Original to hear [Air.
 From his own Mouth, and mark his Voice and
 This Circumstance, though high in my Esteem,
 To you, because enjoy'd, may trifling seem.
 I, by the Love of sacred Science led,
 Would quaff her Waters at the Fountain-head.

N O T E S.

The Commentators are of Opinion, that the Design of *Horace*, in this Satire, is to ridicule both *Catius* and his culinary Precepts. Whether justly or not, is submitted to the Reader's Judgment. Perhaps he did not condemn the Rules themselves, at least in the main; and intended only to railly that Air of Importance with which the Sage delivers them.

It is pleasant to observe, how widely different the Taste of the *French* is from that of the *Romans*, as will partly

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partly appear from the following Remarks taken from *Dacier*. In some of these Points the *English* Reader will probably subscribe to the Doctrine of *Catius*.

1 *Longa quibus facies ovis.*] The round Eggs are the best and contain the Male Embryo. *DACIER*.

2 *Caule suburbano.*] *Palladio* and our Gardeners think the Cale, or Colewort, which flourishes in Gardens near the City, where the Ground is dunged, and often watered, preferable to that which grows on dry Land, in spite of *Catius* and *Pliny*. *DACIER*.

3 — *Pratenfibus optima fungis*
Natura est; aliis malè creditur.]

It is true that some Mushrooms are very pernicious; and whole Families have lost their Lives by eating of them; but those of this poisonous kind grow as often in Meadows as in Woods. *DACIER*.

4 — *nigris prandia moris*
Finiet.]

It is more wholesome to eat Fruit before Dinner, and with an empty Stomach. *DACIER*.

5 *Lubrica nascentes implent conchyliis luna.*]

It is a Mistake, though vouched by Antiquity, to say that Shell-fish increase with the Moon.

6 — *laurens malus est, ulvis et arundine pinguis.*]

The Boar, like our common Swine, delights in Water, and to wallow in the Mire. Therefore, the Flesh of those so bred must be better than that of others who are fed with Mast and Acorns on dry Ground. *DACIER*.

Our Critic, it seems, would have preferred the Pork of the Distillers to that of the Country.

7 *Fœcundi leporis sapiens sectabitur armos.*]

The Wings of Hares are also served up as a dainty Dish at the Feast of *Rufus Nasidienus*. See Satire VIII. of this Book. But *Dacier* says, 'Nobody ever thought the Wings preferable to the Back.' He seems to have forgot the Proverb, *De gustibus non est disputandum*.

8 — *laquea*

8 ——— *lactuca innatat acri**Post vinum stomacho.]*

Lettuce, being naturally cold, is proper after a Debauch. It disperses the Fumes of the Wine, and tempers the Heat of the Stomach occasioned by it. DACIER.

9 *Muria.*] *Caviare*, or *Caviac*, is the Roe, or Eggs, of the Sturgeon, taken out, salted, and dried in the Sun, or by the Fire. To be good, it should be of a reddish brown Colour, and very dry. 'Tis eat with Oyl and Lemon; sometimes with Vinegar. Some eat it alone with Bread; and others only as a Sauce, or Pickle, like Anchovies. CHAMBERS.

10 *Angustoque vagos pisces urgere catino.]*

Mr. Francis justly observes, that he probably meant here to play upon the Words *vagos* and *angusto*; q. d. 'It is a wicked thing to imprison the *vagrant* Fishes in a *narrow* Dish.' This is what we call a *Conceit*. We find an Instance of the like kind in Epistle XVIII. Book I.

Nec retinent patulæ commissa fideliter aures.

Open Ears can never be retentive.

11 *Docte Cati, &c.]*

This last Speech is ironical. *Horace* finding, by his Air and Manner, that *Catius* himself was the Author of these profound Maxims, raillies him very agreeably.

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SATIRE V.

ULYSSES and TIRESIAS.

By ISAAC PACATUS SHARD, Esq;

ULYSSES.

ONE Boon, *Tiresias*, more ; the Means declare
How I my shatter'd Fortune may repair ?
You smile, methinks.

TIRESIAS.

What ! not content, once more
To see your Household-Gods, and native Shore ?

ULYSSES.

Naked and poor must I return, you say,
And to the Suitors find my Realms a Prey ;
Virtue, you know, unerring Seer, and Birth,
Without a good Estate, are little worth.

TIRESIAS.

Since Poverty you seem so much to dread,
The Ways I'll show you, which to Riches lead :
If one, both old and wealthy, near you live,
Send him what Game and Presents you receive ;
And let the daintiest Fruits, your Grounds afford,
Ere offer'd to the Gods, adorn his Board :
What, though he be a Fugitive, forsworn,
Stain'd with a Brother's Blood, ignobly born,
Be ready to attend at every Call,
And always give him, with Respect, the Wall.

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

I, with the First accustom'd to contend,
 Shall I a Scoundrel's Side from Dirt defend?
 In Arms a different Part at *Troy* I bore.

TIRESIAS.

That haughty Soul will ever keep you poor.

ULYSSES.

More have I borne; my Spirit I'll subdue.
 What Course then to be rich must I pursue?

TIRESIAS.

For Wills of rich old Dotards lie in wait;
 Though some, more subtle, nibbling shun the Bait,
 Despair not, but still carry on your Plan,
 And take in all the Bubbles that you can.
 If, with his Betters, a rich Knave contend,
 Whate'er the Cause, if Childless, stand his Friend:
 Reject the juster Side, the purer Life,
 If there be Children, or a fruitful Wife:
Quintius or *Publius* call him; Names like these,
 Vain, empty Coxcombs wonderfully please:
 Say, 'Virtue of my Friendship is the Cause;
 'Than I, none better understand the Laws:
 'I, ere the World shall you, my Friend, despise,
 'Or of one Mite deprive, will lose these Eyes:
 'Go home, indulge, of your dear Health take Care,
 'I will myself conduct the whole Affair.'
 Persist, the greatest Hardships undergo,
 2 Though *Furius* on the *Alps* spits hoary Snow,
 With

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With out-stretch'd Paunch, or with Autumnal
Heats

The new-made Statues raging *Sirius* splits.

See, a By-stander jogs him, and commends
Your Zeal, and Patience, to assist your Friends.
You, by such Wiles, fresh Dupes will daily get,
And Shoals of Gudgeons soon will fill your Net.

Lest you, suspected, should yourself betray,
If, to the Childless only, Court you pay,
Strive to inveigle, with officious Care,
Some rich old Man, who has a puny Heir;
This seldom fails; for if the Child should die,
You may, as second Heir, his Loss supply.

If a Friend offer you his Will to read,
Seem to refuse, and turn aside your Head;
But to the Bottom glance your Eye, to see
If you sole Heir, or join'd with others, be.
A subtle Scribe, as future Times will show,
Shall artfully delude a gaping Crow;
Nasica by *Coranus* shall be bit.

U L Y S S E S.

Mere Banter, Riddles, or a frantic Fit.

T I R E S I A S.

3 Whate'er I say, or shall, or shall not be;
This Knowledge *Phœbus* has conferr'd on Me.

U L Y S S E S.

If lawful, what this Story means explain.

T I R E S I A S.

When, from *Æneas* sprung, a Prince shall reign,
Who

Who will, o'er Sea and Land, extend his Fame,
And make the *Parthian* tremble at his Name;
Then & shall *Nasica*, loth his Debts to pay,
His Daughter to *Coranus* yield a Prey:
Coranus shall intreat him to peruse
His Will; *Nasica* shall at first refuse,
At length comply; but shall find nothing there,
Left to himself or Daughter, but Despair.

But to proceed; should any of his Train
O'er the rich Dotard an Ascendant gain,
Tell them how much you are their Master's Friend;
If them you win, they you will recommend:
The Outworks to subdue may answer well;
'Tis better still to storm the Citadel:
Consult his Taste; if he love Verses, praise
With Ecstasy the Blockhead's wretched Lays:
Prevent his Wish, if he a Wencher be,
And introduce him to *Penelopé*.

U L Y S S E S.

None sure could one so chaste, so prudent, gain,
Whom to seduce the Suitors strove in vain.

T I R E S I A S.

5 The frugal Youths were fonder of good Cheer
Than of the Dame, who held her Charms too dear:
But if the Queen, whom you esteem so chaste,
The Sweets of an Amour like this should taste,
And with you share the rich old Letcher's Gold,
Sooner than she, a Leech would quit his Hold.

At

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At *Thebes*, a Beldam dwelt, in Times of yore,
Who dead, with Oyl would be anointed o'er,
And, on his naked Back, enjoin'd her Heir,
Thus to the Grave her slippery Coarse to bear:
Alive, he always stuck to her so close,
When dead, she hop'd t' escape him, I suppose.

Great Circumspection use in your Address;
Be not too sheepish, nor too forward press;
Nor always hold your Tongue, nor always prate;
Stiff and sour Tempers the Loquacious hate:
With Head inclin'd, obsequious Homage pay,
And stand like comic *Davus* in the Play:
Of his dear Health intreat him to take Care,
And not expose it to the noxious Air:
If you together walk the crowded Street,
To clear his Passage, elbow all you meet:
If talkative, attend to all he says;
And, if vain-glorious, surfeit him with Praise:
Puff the swoln Bladder up to such a Size,
Till, with uplifted Hands, 'Hold! hold!' he cries.
When, by his Death, from Care and Bondage
free,

You, broad awake, the long-wish'd *Item* see,
"Of the fourth Part I make *Ulysses* Heir;"
To hide your Joy, strive to squeeze out a Tear;
Then cry, 'My *Damas* gone! I ne'er shall find
'Another Friend like him, so true, so kind:'
A decent Tomb, to show your Friendship, raise;
Your Neighbours the grand Funeral will praise:

Tell

Tell your Coheir, if ill and like to die,
That he your Share at his own Price shall buy.
Adieu ! Farewell !—I can no longer stay.
6 Hell's haughty Empress summons me away.

NOTES.

1 *Homer*, in the *Odyssey*, Book XI. represents *Ulysses* as descending into Hell from the Country of the *Cimmerians*, near the Island of *Circé*, to consult *Tiresias* (a celebrated Soothsayer of *Thebes* in *Bæotia*) about his future Fortune; and gives us there the Speech of *Ulysses*, and the Prophet's Answer.

This Satire is a Continuation of that Episode, and to be connected with the 148th Verse of that Book.

Dacier is of Opinion, that the Scene lies in the same Place; 'as appears,' says he, 'from the Words *quoque*, and *præter narrata*, at the Beginning.'

Sanadon, on the other hand, supposes the Scene to lie in *Ithaca*; and that *Ulysses*, on his Arrival there, consulted the Ghost of *Tiresias* a second Time. But this is an arbitrary Conjecture, not warranted by any thing in this Satire.

It is said, that '*Ulysses* must have been in *Ithaca*, to know the Condition of his House and Family.'

But this Supposition is not at all necessary, since the Prophet had, in his former Speech, acquainted him with those Circumstances.

————— *O nulli quicquam mentite, vides, ut
Nudus inopsque domum redeam, te vate; neque illic
Aut apotheca procis intasta est, aut pecus.* —————

This Connection will appear more clearly by inserting the Lines from *Homer*:

'Weary of Light, *Ulysses* here explores
'A prosperous Voyage to his native Shores;
'But know,—by Me th' unerring Fates disclose
'New Trains of Dangers, and new Scenes of Woes—
————— 'Beneath the Waves
'I see thy Friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid Graves!
'The

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- ‘ The direful Wreck *Ulysses* scarce survives !
- ‘ *Ulysses* at his Country scarce arrives,
- ‘ Strangers his Guides !—Nor there thy Labours end ;
- ‘ New Foes arise, domestic Ills attend !
- ‘ There foul Adulterers to thy Queen resort,
- ‘ And lordly Gluttons riot in thy Court.’

BROOME.

It appears by the 62d Verse ;

Tempore, quo juvenis, &c.

that this Satire could not be written before the Year of Rome 734, at which time *Augustus* recovered the Roman Eagles from *Phraates* King of *Parthia*. *Augustus* was then in his forty-third Year.

- 2 ——— *seu rubra canicula findet*
Infantes statuas ; seu, pingui tentus omasso,
Furius hybernas canâ nive conspuet Alpes.]

Junius and *Bentley* observe, that *infantes statuas* here mean new-made Statues, most probably of Wood, which are very apt to split with excessive Heat. Both Heat and Cold will sometimes have the same Effect on Statues of Stone.

Dacier says, that the Phrase *infant Statues* is ridiculous. True : And, if it had not been so, it would not have answered *Horace*’s Purpose, which was to ridicule it. The Editor in *usum Delphini* exclaims, *Dura sanè dictio !*

Bentley, on the other hand, says it is *Horace*’s own Phrase, and an elegant one. So widely do these learned Critics differ !

The Poet, whose Line is here parodied, was *Marcus Furius Bibaculus*, contemporary with *Cicero*. He described in Verse the Wars with *Gaul*. Speaking of the Winter, he says,

Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conspuet Alpes.

Jove on the wintry *Alps* spits hoary Snow.

Horace humorously puts the asthmatic Poet in the Place of his *Jupiter*.

- 3 ——— *quicquid dicam, aut erit—aut non.*]

The Critics puzz’le themselves about the Meaning of these Words. But *Bentley* thinks it is very clear, that *Horace*, who was an *Epicurean*, intended by putting these Words into the Mouth of *Tiresias*, and making him utter them

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them with so much Pomp, to ridicule the Art of Divination, or Prophecy.

4 ——— *forti nubet procera Corano*

Filia Nafica.] We know no more of the History here related than we have from *Horace*. Nevertheless, it will not be difficult to divine it, by examining closely the Poet's Words and Meaning. This then I take to be the Story. *Coranus* was an old Man, very covetous and profligate, who had lent Money to *Nafica*. *Nafica*, who dreaded nothing so much as the paying of his Debts, resolved to serve *Coranus* in his Debaucheries, and to give him his Daughter; in Expectation that, by sacrificing thus her Honour, he should gain his good Graces, and that when the old Man died, he would not only pay the Debt he owed him, but also make him his Heir. *Coranus* availed himself of the Complaisance of this infamous Father. He carested the Daughter; and, after this shameful Commerce, instead of acknowledging the Favour the Father had done him, he played him this Trick. He made his Will, and gave it him to read. *Nafica* thought he should have found in it the Recompence he expected. But *Coranus* had left him nothing, but Tears and Despair. *Nubere* does not always signify a Marriage, but often a criminal Commerce, in *Catullus* and others.

DACIER.

Sanadon allows the foregoing Conjecture to be very probable.

A Story of the same kind lately happened at *London*. Two old Misers, each of them worth a *Plumb*, had a Female Relation worth fourscore thousand Pounds, who was turned of sixty, and unmarried. She happened to fall in Love with a Barber's Apprentice, who was worth nothing, and gave him great Encouragement. Upon this, the two Brothers contrived this Scheme to break off the Match. They both of them waited upon her; and the eldest thus addressed her: 'Cousin *Lucretia*, we are credibly informed, that you intend to marry *Tom Razor*. We are amazed that you can think of degrading yourself by such a Match. You may act, to be sure, as you please: But mark the Consequence. My Brother and I are both old; we have no Thoughts of marrying, and intend to make you our Heir. But if you take this

' rash

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'rash Step, we will not leave you a Shilling.' This Speech had the desired Effect. She discarded the Barber, not long after died, and left her whole Fortune between the Brothers.

5 *Venit enim magnum donandi parca juventus.*]

I know not how *Horace* can be cleared from the Charge of making *Tiresias* contradict himself in this Passage; for he tells *Ulysses* in *Homer*, that the Suitors of *Penelopé* solicit her by Presents; but he says here, that they do not succeed, because they are not generous enough to take that Method. Nor does the Poet seem here to have a proper Regard to Decency and Decorum.

Tiresias, a venerable Prophet, who is called up from the *Elysian Fields*, would persuade *Ulysses* to be Pimp to his own Wife. *Ulysses*, who is proposed by *Homer* as a Model of Virtue, listens to his Instructions, without any Sign of Indignation or Displeasure: And whether he will or will not comply with them, is at last left doubtful.

But, according to *Dacier*, we must believe all this to be decent. 'Nothing, says he, can be more ingenious than the Turn *Horace* has given to this Satire; nor more happy than his Choice of the Actors he introduces.' *On ne saurait rien imaginer de plus ingénieux que le tour qu'il donne à cette Satire; ni de plus heureux, que le choix des Acteurs qu'il introduit.* And, in another Place, he assures us, that 'the Conduct of *Ulysses* is natural, and 'worthy of his Character.'

6 ————— sed me

Imperiosa trahit Proserpina.]

This Fiction is founded on a physical Truth. *Proserpine* here represents the Night: And when the Night retires, and gives place to Day, she carries the Shades with her.

Virgil alludes to this in the fifth Book of his *Aeneid*, where the Soul of *Anchises* breaks off the Discourse with *Aeneas* in these Words;

————— *Torquet medios nox humida cursus;*

Et me servus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis. Ver. 733.

The dewy Night has finish'd half her Course;
And *Phæbus*' panting Coursers on me breathe.

For the Romans, like us, reckoned the Day from Midnight. DACIER.

We

We have adopted from the Heathens the Notion that Ghosts vanish with the Shades of Night.

Shakespeare has made a fine Use of it in his *Hamlet*: The Lines are so beautiful, that they deserve to be inserted.

BERNARDO, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

BERNARDO,

* It was about to speak, when the Cock crew.

HORATIO.

And then it started like a guilty Thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The Cock, that is the Trumpet to the Morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throat
Awake the God of Day; and, at his Warning,
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confinement: And of the Truth herein
The present Object made Probation.

MARCELLUS.

It faded on the Crowing of the Cock! —

To conclude the Notes on this Satire, notwithstanding the laboured Apologies of *Dacier* and others for *Horace's* Conduct in it, it is evident, that he has sacrificed *Decorum* and *Character*, to indulge himself in low Humour and Irony: And such Satires, (as it has been rightly observed,) teach the very Vices they pretend to correct.

* The Ghost of *Hamlet's* Father.

If then with what I have I'm satisfy'd,
 Grant me this Boon, kind *Mercury*, beside;
 Protect me as of old, be gracious yet,
 And fatten all my Stock, but that of Wit!
 When, sick of Town, I leave imperial *Rome*,
 And climb the breezy Heights of *Tusculum*,
 What can my leisure Hours like Satire please?
 The chiding Numbers flow with careless Ease.
 For mad Ambition poisons not my Mind;
 Nor shrinks my Body at the gross South Wind,
 Nor do I Autumn's sickly Season dread,
 When *Proserpine* makes Profit of the Dead.

6 O gentle Father of the Morning, hear,
 Or *Janus*, if that better please thine Ear;
 From thee the Labours of the busy Throng
 Commence, be thou the Prelude of my Song!
 First, then, for luckless Me thou hast decreed
 Some Bail to give; 'Urge, urge,' thou cry'st,
 'thy Speed;

'Let none prevent thee in the friendly Deed.'
 The Case requires it, I must needs obey;
 Whether the wintry Sun contracts the Day
 In Circlet small, with Snow and Storm severe,
 Or raging *Boreas* desolates the Year.
 This Bail (my Bane) pronounc'd distinct and loud,
 I hasten back, and, bustling through the Crowd,
 Press on the tardy; till, provok'd to Spleen,
 One cries aloud, 'What does this Madman mean?

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‘ While to *Mæcenas* thus you haste to pay
 ‘ Your Court, you shove your Betters in the Way.’
 These Taunts, I own, my Breast with Transport
 fill :

But when I reach the high *Esquilian* Hill,
 I’m worry’d with an hundred People’s Prayers,
 Begging my Interest for their own Affairs.
 ‘ *Roscius*,’ says one, ‘ desires in Court you’ll meet,
 ‘ To-morrow in the Morning, just at eight.’
 Another bawls, ‘ The Secretaries pray,
 ‘ On grand Affairs, your Presence here To-day.’
 ‘ I humbly beg, good Sir, you’d be so kind
 ‘ To get this Warrant by *Mæcenas* sign’d.’
 “ I’ll try to serve you,” though I tell the Man ;
 Urgent he answers, ‘ If you will, you can.’

Eight rolling Years are nearly at an End,
 Since first *Mæcenas* deign’d to call me Friend ;
 Oft took me in his Chariot ; and, in short,
 Would ask important Questions of this Sort ;
 ‘ Pray, what’s the Hour ? Which in your Choice
 takes Place,

‘ ⁸ The Swordsman *Syrus*, or the Blade of *Thrace* ?
 ‘ The Mornings now are piercing cold and chill,
 ‘ And on th’ Unwary noxious Damps distill.’
 Such weighty Secrets as the World may hear,
 And safe are trusted in a leaky Ear.
 Yet all the while with these high Honours crown’d,
 Envy beheld my Happiness, and frown’d.

‘ 9 This

' ' This Son of Fortune,' would the Spiteful say, }
 ' Sat lately with *Mæcenæ* at the Play, }
 ' And met him in the Field of *Mars* To-day.' }

Should' some strange Rumour fly about the Street,
 I'm stopp'd and ask'd by every one I meet :

' Pray, good Sir, (for you live among the Great,
 ' And can inform us,) are the *Dacians* beat ?'

" I have not heard one Tittle, I protest."

' Ah ! Sir, you grow so close, and love to jest."

" Sir, I know nothing, as I hope to live."

' Well, Sir, but tell us, Will *Augustus* give

' The Farms he promis'd to his martial Bands

' In the *Sicilian* or *Italian* Lands ?'

And though I still protest, and vow, and swear,

I'm quite a Stranger to the whole Affair,

Amaz'd, they think me grown profoundly fly ;

No Mortal ever was so close as I.

Consum'd in Trifles, thus the golden Day

Not without ardent Wishes steals away ;

10 When shall I see my peaceful Country Farm,

My Fancy when with ancient Authors charm ?

Or, lull'd to Sleep, the Cares of Life elude

In sweet Oblivion of Sollicitude ?

Oh for those Beans which my own Fields provide !

Deem'd by *Pythagoras* to Man ally'd ;

The savoury Pulse serv'd up in Platters nice,

And Herbs high-relish'd with the Bacon-Slice !

Oh tranquil Nights in pleasing Converse spent,

Ambrosial Suppers that might Gods content !

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When with my chosen Friends (delicious Treat!)
 Before the Household Deities we eat ;
 The Slaves themselves regale on choicest Meat.
 Free from ¹¹ mad Laws, we sit reclin'd at Ease,
 And drink as much, or little, as we please.
 Some quaff large Bumpers that expand the Soul,
 And some grow mellow with a moderate Bowl.
¹² We never talk of this Man's House or Vill,
 Or whether ¹³ *Lepos* dances well or ill ;
 But of those Duties which ourselves we owe,
 And which 'tis quite a Scandal not to know :
 As whether Wealth or Virtue can impart
 The truest Pleasure to the human Heart :
 What should direct us in our Choice of Friends,
 Their own pure Merit, or our private Ends :
¹⁴ What we may deem, if rightly understood,
 Man's sovereign Bliss, his chief, his only Good.

Mean-time my Friend, old *Cervius*, never fails
 To cheer our Converſe with his pithy Tales :
 praise but *Arellius*, or his ill-got Store,
 His Fable thus begins : ¹⁵ In Days of yore,
 A Country Mouſe within his homely Cave
 A Treat to one of Note, a Courtier, gave ;
 A good plain Mouſe our Hoſt, who lov'd to ſpare
 Thoſe Heaps of Forage he had glean'd with Care ;
 Yet on Occaſion would his Soul unbend,
 And feaſt with Hoſpitality his Friend :
 He brought wild Oats and Vetches from his Hoard ;
 Dry'd Grapes and Scraps of Bacon grac'd the Board :

In

In Hopes, no doubt, by such a various Treat,
To tempt the dainty Traveller to eat.

Squat on fresh Chaff, the Master of the Feast
Left all the choicest Viands for his Guest,

Nor one nice Morsel for himself would spare,
But gnaw'd coarse Grain, or nibbled at a Tare.

At length their slender Dinner finish'd quite,
Thus to the Rustic spoke the Mouse polite :

' How can my Friend a wretched Being drag

' On the bleak Summit of this airy Crag ?

' Say, do you still prefer this barbarous Den

' To polish'd Cities ? Savages to Men ?

' Come, come with Me, nor longer here abide ;

' I'll be your Friend, your Comrade, and your
Guide.

' ¹⁶ Since all must die that draw this vital Breath,

' Nor great nor small can shun the Shafts of Death ;

' 'Tis ours to sport in Pleasures while we may ;

' For ever mindful of Life's little Day.'

These weighty Reasons sway'd the Country
Mouse,

And light of Heart he sall'y'd from his House,

Resolv'd to travel with this courtly Spark,

And gain the City when securely dark.

¹⁷ Now Midnight hover'd o'er this earthly Ball,

When our small Gentry reach'd a stately Hall,

Where brightly glowing, stain'd with *Tyrian* Dye,

On Ivory Couches richest Carpets lie ;

And in large Baskets rang'd along the Floor,
The rich Collation of the Night before.
On purple Bed the Courtier plac'd his Guest,
And with choice Cates prolong'd the grateful Feast;
He carv'd, he serv'd, as much as Mouse could do,
And was his Waiter, and his Taster too.
Joy seiz'd the Rustic as at Ease he lay;
This happy Change had made him wondrous gay—
When lo! the Doors burst open in a Trice,
And at their Banquet terrify'd the Mice:
They start, they tremble, in a deadly Fright,
And round the Room precipitate their Flight;
The high-roof'd Room with hideous Cries re-
sounded
Of baying Mastiffs, and loud-bellowing Hounds:
18 Then thus the Rustic in the Courtier's Ear!
'Adieu, kind Sir! I thank you for your Cheer:
'Safe in my Cell your State I envy not;
'19 Tares be my Food, and Liberty my Lot!'

NOTES.

The Merit of this Satire may be partly collected by the various Translations and Imitations of it by different Hands.

There is a Translation of it by Sir *John Beaumont* (the elder Brother of *Francis Beaumont*, and an eminent Lawyer in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*) which perhaps has not been excelled by any modern Performance.

'Cowley's Country Mouse will still please those who can relish Good-sense and Wit, though the Numbers may sometimes hobble.

The imitation of this Satire by Dr. *Swift* and Mr. *Pope* is lively and humorous; but there are some adventurous

tious Circumstances in the latter Part of it, which might have been spared.

This Satire was written at the Beginning of Autumn in the Year 723, as appears by the fortieth and forty-fifth Verses.

1 ——— *modus agri non ita magnus.*] An excellent Example of Moderation in a Courtier, who, possessing the Favour of the Emperor and his Prime Minister, was, in some sort, the Arbiter of his own Fortune. Others are always asking, and never think they have enough. He asks but little, and that little contents him. So true it is that Happiness consists in the Moderation, and not in the Indulgence, of our Desires. A small Fortune is sufficient to support and amuse us. Nothing but Avarice can make us wish for more. Perhaps there never was any Courtier who could have said so sincerely as *Horace*, *Nihil amplius oro.* SANADON.

2 *Malâ nate.*] *Mercury* was the Distributor of Wealth and Fortune, as well as the Patron of Poets in general. He was also a rural Deity, and the same as *Sylvanus*.

3 ——— *ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.*] The Commentators have in general supposed that *Horace* here petitioned *Mercury* to make his Possessions perpetual. But it seems absurd to imagine that the Farm which had been given him (by *Mæcenas*) was not his own, that is, was not settled upon him, at least for Life. The Sense therefore, which is given it in the Translation, and which the Word *propria* will very well bear, seems much more natural: Since we know that *Horace's* Time was not his own; he having a Place in the Register's or Secretary's Office, which necessarily required close Attendance. And a little farther, ver. 36. he himself takes Notice of this very Circumstance;

*De re communi Scribæ magnâ atque novâ te
Orabant bodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.*

4 ——— *amico*
Hercule.] They believed that *Hercules* presided over accidental Gains, as *Mercury* did over those that were the Fruit of Labour and Industry.

5 ——— *Libitine questus.*] *Libitina*, or *Proserpine*, was the Goddess of Funerals.

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6 *Matutine pater, &c.*] The nineteen first Lines, in the Original, are to be considered as the Introduction, or Preface; and the Satire begins with this Invocation, addressed to *Matutinus*, or *Janus*.

7 ——— *atras*

Ventum est Esquilias.] For an Account of the *Esquilian* Hill, and *Mæcenas's* Gardens there, see the Notes on Sat. VIII: Book I.

8. ——— *Tbrex est Gallina Syro par?*] There were then at *Rome* two new Gladiators, one from *Thrace*, and the other from *Syria*, whose Strength and Skill were nearly equal, and about whom the Multitude were divided.

9 ——— *Noster ludos spectaverit una.*] This Passage is thus translated by Dr. Dunkin, Mr. Francis's Co-adjutor

Our Son of Fortune (*with a Pox*)

Sat with *Mæcenas* in the Box,

Just by the Stage: You must remark

They play'd together in the Park.

Should any Rumour, *without Head*

Or Tail, about the Streets be spread,

Whoever meets me gravely nods,

And says, 'As you approach the Gods,' &c.

But, as an excellent Critic observes, 'though *Horace* be easy, he is not familiar; or if he be, it is the Familiarity of Courts, which is never without its Dignity.'

10 *O rus, quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit*

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis

Ducere sollicitæ jucunda obliuia vite?]

These Lines have been thus parodied by a Gentleman in a Fit of the Gout:

O Gout, when shall I thee repell? when try

The Sweets of soft Repose? when easeful lie

Reclin'd upon a Grass or *Indian* Bed,

Peruse th' instructive Labours of the Dead,

And have it in my Choice to sleep or read?

The last Line seems to have something in it of the Laziness of the Original.

11 ——— *se-*

11 ——— *solutus*

Legibus insanis.] Nothing could be more extravagant than those Laws which Drunkards at first established, and which passed by Degrees from the Tavern to the best Tables in *Rome*. Some of our Neighbours have still Laws of Drinking no less ridiculous. Happy is it for *France* that they have not yet reached us.

Gratulor buic genti, quod abest a moribus illis.

SANADON.

12 ——— *non de villis domibusve alienis.*] The Idle have scarce any Fund of Discourse but at the Expence of their Neighbours. The most innocent is at least useless; and we must think ourselves obliged to them when they only talk on Trifles. But those who are desirous to cultivate their Mind know how to unbend it usefully, by Discourses always agreeable, because they are never barren. SANADON.

13 *Lepos.*] *Lepos* was a Dancer much celebrated at that Time.

14 ——— *quæ sit natura boni summumque quid ejus.*] The Disputes among the Philosophers, concerning the chief Good, were infinite. But *Socrates*, and some of his Scholars, were the only Persons who argued rationally on this Subject. For they were sensible that the Supreme Good must necessarily comprehend all others. They therefore made it consist in resembling God, and never dishonouring his Image by any Injustice or Impiety.

DACIER.

15 ——— *olim*

Rusticus urbanum murem, &c.] This Apologue is not at present in *Æsop*, but it was among those Fables which *Babrius* collected from him, and put into *Greek Verse*. It began thus:

‘One Day two Mice contracted a Friendship together.
‘They led a very different kind of Life; one of them
‘was bred up in a Forest; the other was fond of the
‘City, and batten’d in the Houses of the Rich.’

16 ——— *terrestria quando, &c.*] The latter Part of this Speech seems to be a Parody on the latter Part of the Speech of *Sarpedon* to *Glaucus*, in *Iliad XII*.

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‘ Since we cannot live for ever (says *Sarpedon*,) but
‘ feeble Age and inexorable Death will overtake us at
‘ last, let us chearfully sacrifice our Lives, to purchase
‘ immortal Glory.’

‘ Since our Life is but a Span, (says the *Moufe*,)
‘ and our Souls shall perist with our Bodies, let us
‘ make the most of the present Time, and indulge our
‘ Genius.’

Perhaps it would not be difficult to prove, that the
Reasoning of the *Epicuræan* *Moufe* is, on this *Hypothesis*,
more rational than that of the *Stoical* Hero.

The Reader, probably, will be pleased to see Sir *John*
Braumont’s Translation of this Speech, where the Ori-
ginal is closely traced with Spirit and Harmony :

To him at last the Citizen thus spake ;
‘ My Friend, I muse what Pleasure thou canst take,
‘ Or how thou canst endure to spend thy Time
‘ In shady Groves, and up steep Hills to climb.
‘ In savage Forests build no more thy Den ;
‘ Go to the City, there to dwell with Men.
‘ Begin this happy Journey ; trust to Me ;
‘ I will thee guide ; thou shalt my Fellow be.
‘ Since earthly things are ty’d to mortal Lives ;
‘ And every great and little Creature strives
‘ In vain, the certain Stroke of Death to fly,
‘ Stay not till Moments past thy Joys deny :
‘ Live in rich Plenty and perpetual Sport ;
‘ Live ever mindful that thine Age is short.’

— — — — — *jamque tenebat*
Nox medium cœli spatium, &c.]

— — — The Moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with Silver all the Walls. POPE.

If we believe *Horace*, the two Friends chose to travel
in the Dark. They might have been discovered by the
Light of the Moon ; and they could see without it.

The Moon was up, and Men a-bed. *Ib.*

That ‘ the Moon was up,’ is a plain Case ; since the
Poet had told us just before, ‘ it tipped the Walls
‘ with Silver ;’ but it is not quite so clear, that ‘ Men
‘ were a-bed ;’ since we find, a few Lines afterwards,
that

that 'the Chaplain and Servants rush into the Hall,' and interrupt the Banquet of the Mice.

The Room had *Palladian* Walls; the folding Doors are clapt-to; and then,

The Cat comes bouncing on the Floor.

No doubt she dropped from the Cieling; but for what Purpose does not appear, since the fortunate Mice make their Escape, tho' 'your damn'd Stucco has no Chink.' All is effected (as the Poet tells us) by *Providence*, or *miraculously*. Any Machine (how miraculous soever) which tends to ridicule a *particular Providence*, is sure to be applauded.

Pope has borrowed his *Moon* from *Cowley*, who tells us, that the Mice arrived in the City,

About the Hour that *Cynthia's* silver Light
Had touch'd the pale *Meridies* of the Night.

But the *Cat* seems to be his own.

'You durst not have censured any of Mr. *Pope's* Writings (it may be said) in his Life-time.' True. However, this Objection may be answered in the Words of Mr. *Sherstone*: 'A Writer surrounded with all his Fame, engaging with another that is hardly known, is a Man in Armour attacking another in his Night Gown and Slippers.'

18 — *Tum rusticus, &c.*] This Moral is excellent; and it is not without Reason that the Emperor *M. Antoninus* recommends this Fable to our serious Meditation, in the eighth Book of his Moral Reflections. *Τὸν μῦθον, &c.* 'Think often (says he) of the Fable of the City and Country Mouse; of the Terror of the latter, his Flight, &c. to teach us to condemn Riches, and the tumultuous Pleasures of the Town; and to imitate the Prudence of the Field Mouse, who prefers his Beans and Vetches to all the good Cheer of the City Mouse.'

19 — *Me sylva cavusque, &c.*]

Give me again my hollow Tree,
A Crust of Bread and Liberty.

POPE.

This, at first Glance, looks like an Imitation of the two following Lines in *Cowley*,

For

206 SATIRES of HORACE,

For the few Hours of Life allotted Me,
Give me, great God! but Bread and Liberty.

But it must not be supposed, that Mr. *Pope* would imitate this forgotten Author; since he asks, 'Who now reads *Cowley*?'

The wishing for a *Crust of Bread* is not surely so natural for a Field Mouse, as the *Vetches* of *Horace*.

In *Cowley*, Bread and Liberty are his own Wish, and not applied to a *Mouse*.

The SAME SATIRE Imitated.

By EDWARD BURNABY GREENE, *Esq;*
and Mr. FAWKES,

In the Character of a COURTIER.

YES, oft I panted, in a rural Seat,
To taste the milder Blessings of Retreat;
Fast by the Murmurs of a Stream to rove,
The blushing Garden, or embowering Grove.
Far greater Bliss indulgent Heaven has sent:
'Tis well—my thankful Tribute be Content!
Be mine, to Tumults of the World unknown,
Through Life, to feel these Blessings for my own!
If never Luxury consum'd my Store,
Nor mean, dishonest Avarice made it more;
If I dare love, unenvious of his Pelf,
The Man of Worth, though richer than myself;
Nor say, like some, "The Beauties of my Seat
"The Ruins of that Abbey would complete!—
"These

“ These frightful *Elbows* to a Field I hate —
 “ Oh! could I find a Mine on my Estate! —”
 I’d grasp the Treasure with enraptur’d Soul,
 Greater than *Lowther* with his Mines of Coal.
 If what I have I gratefully enjoy,
 This Prayer alone, Oh! give me to employ;
 Fat be my Fields with Corn, with Milk my Kine,
 But light and easy flow the Music of my Line!

Bless’d in Retreat, spontaneous Fancy wooes
 Familiar Verse, and SATIRE is my Muse;
 Still, still she smiles, where nought my Peace
 destroys,

Nor palls Ambition, nor Disease annoys;
 In noxious Autumn as in Spring I thrive,
 And, spite of Doctors, still through her survive.

Let worldly Souls, immers’d in public Cares,
 For prosperous Fortune breathe their ardent
 Prayers;

Thou, sacred Muse, with true celestial Fire
 Thy Bard enliven, and his Lays inspire!

But, ’mid the Noise of Town, can Verse prevail?
 A Friend distress’d demands me for his Bail;

‘ Away, — ’tis Duty prompts you, you must go
 ‘ Through howling Tempests, and through drifted
 Snow;

‘ Nor Cold, nor Winds, nor Footpads must delay,
 ‘ Though Night’s thick Gloom adds Horror to
 the Way.’

Thus

208 SATIRES of HORACE,

Thus through the wond'ring Prefs I haste along,
 Rave at my Lot, and juggle through the Throng.
 The Rabble ply me with their polish'd Strain,
 "Go, go to *Bedlam* with your frantic Brain;
 "Whence all this Rout?—You run at such a Rate!
 "No doubt to meet some Minister of State."
 With Joy I hear the vulgar Torrent roll;
 'Tis, I confess, a Cordial to my Soul,

Ev'n when, retir'd, I breathe the rural Air,
 The Town I fly, but cannot fly from Care;
 At eight, by farthest, summon'd, I resort,
 By Law subpoena'd, to a Cause in Court;
 Prefs'd on a Bill, the Commons I attend,
 And aid by Vote the Interest of a Friend;
 "Take (cries a third) this Paper to his Grace;
 "From You 'twill gain a Pension or a Place."
 'Sir, trust me, all my Interest I shall try.'
 "Oh! do but urge, they never will deny."

Of old I liv'd unknowing and unknown,
 Till gracious *Sandwich* mark'd me for his own;
 From *Granta's* Fogs would take me in his Chair,
 To breathe, at *Hinchinbrook*, a purer Air;
 With trifling Chit-chat he amus'd the Way,
 His Theme, a Race, a Cock-match, or a Play;
 Anon, o'er Raillery, or a Catch would sport,
 But not a single Syllable of Court:
 Such are his Secrets, that he need not fear
 Ev'n to confide them to a *Kidgell's* Ear.

As

As thus in Fortune's Smiles my Moments roll,
Malignant Envy plagues me to the Soul ;

" See ! how he struts, familiar in the State !

" He's always seen in public with the Great."

Should any Lyes be rumour'd in the Street,
Or buzz'd on 'Change, each Citizen I meet

Asks fifty idle Questions—" As you tower,

" A happy Fav'rite with the Sons of Power,

" Does *Spain* *Manilla's* Ransom still contest ?

" Has *France*" — " I know not" — " How you
love to jest !"—

" I know not, on my Life"—" Has *France*, I say,

" Agreed the Bills of *Canada* to pay ?"

" I swear I'm ignorant of all"—" 'Tis well—

" You know their Secrets if you chose to tell."

Thus teas'd and harass'd with unceasing Strife,
All Comfort flies me in my Noon of Life :

To rural Scenes, Oh ! when shall I repair,

Sooth'd with the soft Forgetfulness of Care ?

Peruse the sacred Dead, reclin'd at Ease,

And idly sleep, or scribble as I please ;

'The *Pythagorean* Treat my happier Lot,

And all the simpler Dainties of the Cot ?

Oh ! Nights, Oh ! Suppers, better far than wait

To load in Palaces the pamper'd Great ?

Such healthy Fare my smiling Board attends,

And cheers alike my Servants and my Friends ;

Curs'd with no slavish Rules, our darling Plan

Is still to be as happy as we can ;

Each

210 SATIRES of HORACE,

Each drinks at Will the Toast, and pays alone
The Homage of a Bumper to his own,
No Cares of Pelf, to mar the Scene of Joy,
Nor blund'ring Politics our Thoughts employ ;
We leave, contented, to the courtly Rout,
When IN, to triumph, and complain, when
OUT.

Far better Converse fills our circling Time,
Where Knowledge shines, and Ignorance is a
Crime ;

If splendid Wealth, or Goodness, can impart
A purer Transport to the feeling Heart ;
If Fashion wisely guide the worldly Breast,
To chuse for Friends the richest as the best ;
From Virtue's Source if conscious Rapture flow,
Or Pleasure form our Happiness below.

While thus we chat, the Vicar of the Place
Unbends our grave Philosophy of Face ;
Fond of his Jest, and fearless of the Great,
He paints the Blessings of the Chaplain's State.

A Country Vicar in his homely House,
Pleas'd with his Lot, and happy in his Spouse,
With simple Diet, at his frugal Board,
Once entertain'd the Chaplain of a Lord :
He gave him (all he could) a little Fish,
With Sauce of Oysters, in no Silver Dish ;
And, for the craving Stomach's sure Relief,
The Glory of old *England*, rare Roast-Beef,

Horfe-

Horse-radish, and Potatoes, *Ireland's* Pride;
A Pudding too the prudent Dame supply'd:
Their cheering Beverage was a Pint of *Port*,
(Though small the *Quantum*) of the better Sort;
But Plenty of good Beer, both small and stout,
With Wine of Elder, to prevent the Gout.
The Vicar hop'd, by such a various Treat,
To tempt his Scarf-embellish'd Friend to eat;
With nicest Bits provok'd his Guest to dine,
He carv'd the Haddock, and he serv'd the Wine;
Content his own sharp Stomach to regale
With plain substantial Roast-Meat and mild Ale.
Our courtly Chaplain, you may well suppose,
At such old-fashion'd Commons curl'd his Nose;
He try'd in vain to piddle, and, in brief,
Pish'd at the Pudding, and declin'd the Beef.
At length, their homely Dinner finish'd quite,
Thus to the Vicar spoke the Priest polite:

‘ How can my Brother, in this paltry Town,
‘ Live undistinguish'd, to the World unknown?
‘ And not exalt his towering Genius higher,
‘ Than here to herd with Country Clown — or
 Squire?
‘ Stunn'd with the Discord of hoarse cawing
 Rooks,
‘ The Roar of Winds, the Dissonance of Brooks,
‘ Which discontented through the Valley stray,
‘ Plaintive and murmuring at their long Delay.
 ‘ Come,

212 SATIRES of HORACE,

' Come, come with Me, nor longer here abide ;
' You've Friends in Town, and I will be your
Guide :

' Soon to your Share some Dignity will fall,
' At least a Sine-Cure, perhaps a Stall.'

These weighty Reasons sway'd the Vicar's Mind,
To Town he hied, but left his Wife behind : —
Next Levee-Day he waited on his Grace,
With hundreds more, who bow'd to get a Place ;
Shov'd in the Crowd, he stood amaz'd to see
Lords who to *Baal* bent the supple Knee,
And Doctors sage he could not but admire,
Who stoop'd profoundly low — to rise the higher :
Such Ermine, Lace, Beaux, Bishops, young and
old,

'Twas like a Cloud of Sable edg'd with Gold.
By Turns his Grace the servile Train address'd,
Charm'd with a Smile, or in a Whisper bless'd.
Sick of the Scene, the Vicar fought the Door,
Determin'd never to see *London* more ;
But, as his Friend had pleas'd the Hour to fix,
First went to Dinner in *Soho* at Six.
He knock'd — was usher'd to the Room of State,
(My Lord abroad) and Dinner serv'd in Plate ;
Which, though it seem'd but common Soup and
Was real *Callipee* and *Callipash*, [Hall,
(The Relicks of the gaudy Day before,).
What *Indians* eat, and *Englishmen* adore.

With

With bright Champaign the Courtier crown'd
the Feast,

Sooth'd his own Pride, and gratify'd his Guest.

All this conspir'd our *Stoic* to controul,

And warp'd the steady Purpose of his Soul :

But fond of early Hours, though light of Heart,

When the first Watchman warn'd him to depart,

His careful Host would see him cross the Square,

Safe from the Coach, the Flambeau, and the Chair,

As here, it seems, while meaner Mortals slept,

At *Riot-House* were Midnight Revels kept.

They clear'd the Coaches, and the Kennel cross'd;

When, with their Poles, against a filthy Post

Two Chair-men, *Irish*-born, our Vicar threw,

Tore his best Cloaths, and bruis'd him black and

blue ;

Aghast he rose, first view'd his tatter'd Vest,

Then rubb'd his Shin, and thus his Friend ad-

dress'd :

' Adieu — be Turtle, Routs, and Grandeur thine ;

' Beef, a good Coat, and a whole Skin, be mine !'

1765.

SATIRE

214 SATIRES of HORACE,

S A T I R E VII.

A Dialogue between the POET and his SLAVE.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

*That every Man is a Slave, who is under the
Controul of his Passions.*

DAVUS.

TO you I long have lent a listening Ear,
Wishing to speak, but, as your Slave, forbear.

HORACE.

Say, who is there? What, *Davus*, is it you?

DAVUS.

The same, Sir; ever to my Master true:
Though wise enough, yet not so wise that^a Death
In early Youth should stop my vital Breath.

HORACE.

The Freedom granted by our Sires of old
On *Saturn's* Feasts enjoy; speak uncontroul'd.

DAVUS.

Some, by their Passions blindly led away,
Thro' the smooth Paths of lawless Pleasure stray:
Some to and fro with Course unsteady swim,
And practise Vice or Virtue for a Whim.
Three Rings at Morn on *Priscus'* ⁴left Hand shone,
But the same Hand at Night display'd not one.
A various Dress he every Hour would wear:
From a proud Palace he would strait repair

To

To a poor Hut, from which no Slave, if clean,
 To issue forth could decently be seen.
 Now, with the Learned, *Athens* was his Home,
 And now with Harlots he would live at *Rome*;
 The ficklest he of all the Sons of Earth;
Vertumnus sure presided at his Birth.

When *Volanerius*, long a Slave to Vice,
 With 5 justly-crippled Hands could throw the Dice
 No more, he then retain'd a Boy in Pay;
 Less wretched he, to Vice a constant Prey,
 Than varying *Priscus*, still oblig'd to swim,
 As Passion led, against or with the Stream.

HORACE.

In all this Jargon, Rascal, what's thy View?
 To whom dost thou apply it? Speak.

DAVUS.

To You.

HORACE.

To Me, vile Rogue! Explain.

DAVUS.

You often praise
 The simple frugal Fare of former Days;
 But if some God should bid you freely chuse,
 That Boon, if proffer'd, you would strait refuse:
 At such wide Variance are your Tongue and Heart!
 Or else, unus'd to play a virtuous Part,
 Amidst your Course you form some vain Delay,
 Beyond Escape immers'd in sensual Clay.
Rome in the Country all your Thoughts employs;
 But when at *Rome*, you long for rural Joys.

When

216 SATIRES of HORACE,

When uninvited to a sumptuous Treat,
 "How blest is Solitude, and Herbs how sweet!"
 Then Drinking you detest, and Home applaud,
 As if by Choice you never sup'd abroad.
 But should *Mæcenas* send to bid you haste
 At Close of Day-light, to a rich Repast,
 The whole House echoes, while enrag'd you cry,
 "Does no one hear me? For the Essence fly!"
Mulvius, and other Drolls, deny'd their Meal,
 Sneak home, with Curses dangerous to reveal.
 Should I be told, "Your Paunch too seems to swell;
 "For savoury Sauce sagacious is your Smell;
 "Unmindful of your Business, all the Day
 "You waste in Sloth, or Negligence, or Play;
 "Nay more, you haunt the Tavern"—In Reply
 I own my Guilt, nor can the Charge deny.
 But should I prove, that you like me behave,
 Or worse, are more a Spendthrift, more a Slave,
 Whence then your Right to punish, or to blame?
 Can Vice be varnish'd by a specious Name?
 Nay, what if you should far more mad be thought
 Than that vile Slave whom for twelve Pounds you
 bought? —

Restrain your Rage, that furious Brow unbend,
 With-hold your Hand, and seriously attend,
 While I these salutary Truths relate,
 Taught by the Porter of *Crispinus*' Gate. [pursue.
 You tempt your Neighbour's Wife; I Whores
 Say, which most Blame deserves in Reason's View?

My

My Flame once quench'd, content I quit the Stews;
 No Fears have I, no Character to lose,
 Nor care if one of greater Wealth, or Charms,
 Should take my hireling Mistress to his Arms.

But when, your Dress unnotic'd and unknown,
 Laying aside your Ring and purple Gown,
 Your Face is muffled in a Cloak's Disguise,
 And in a Slave's Garb the essenc'd Judge belies,
 Ent'ring with Hope and Fear some Matron's Room,
 That Slave are you, whose Habit you assume.

For what's the Difference, on the public Stage
 Assur'd of Wounds or Bruises, to engage,
 Or by the Maid, bent double, to be thrust
 Into a Chest, the Slave of lordly Lust?

Husbands with just Revenge may both pursue,
 But to the Tempter 'tis most justly due.

Unchang'd the Dress and Lodging of the Fair,
 Her injur'd Partner's Vengeance you must bear
 With tame Submission for your Mistress' sake,
 Your Freedom, Fame, Estate, nay, Life at stake.

By frequent Warnings wise, now safe on Shore
 You'll surely tempt the stormy Deep no more,
 Yes, still you'll venture, by blind Passion led,
 And Dangers still must hover o'er your Head.

Thou oft-returning Slave! what Beast again
 Will e'er submit to take his broken Chain?

"I'm no Adulterer," perhaps you'll cry;
 And "*Davus* is no Robber," I reply;

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L

Since

218 SATIRES of HORACE,

Since I my Thefts as cautiously conceal,
And sumptuous Silver Vases never steal:
But once secure from Punishment and Fear,
Nature will soon resume her wild Career.
He who rules others, should himself be free;
Can you, thus prov'd a Slave, be Lord to Me?
And though the Prætor's Wand should touch your
Head,

You still, like me, would shake with servile Dread.

Add, which still heavier in the Scale must weigh,
If, as is usual, all the rest obey
One Master-Slave, what then to Me are you?
That Master-Slave: You govern Me, 'tis true,
But are yourself enslav'd by wild Desires,
A ⁸ very Puppet, mov'd with Springs and Wires.

HORACE.

Who then is free?

DAVUS.

The Wise: for he maintains
An Empire o'er himself; him neither Chains,
Nor Want, nor Death dishearten; he subdues
Rebellious Lusts; with Scorn Ambition views;
And, ⁹ in himself collected, smooth and round,
From his firm Mind all Fortune's Shafts rebound.

View well the Piece, and then you must declare,
That of yourself you trace no Likeness there.

Your Wench ¹⁰ five Talents asks; deny'd, the
Gate

She shuts upon you, and a Jorden's Freight

Discharges

Discharges on your Shoulders; then again
 She mildly courts you to resume her Chain;
 Now, now your Neck from this, vile Bondage free,
 And let your Actions with your Words agree!
 Ah! no; your Mind a lawless Lord enthralls,
 Who, if you stop, your Side ¹¹ relentless galls.

When you with Rapture ¹² *Pausias*' Pictures praise,
 Do you less Blame deserve than I, who gaze
 With stupid Wonder on a Sign, which shows,
 How Gladiators give and parry Blows,
 With Coal and Oker daub'd, and void of Rule?
 But *Davus* is a Dolt, an idle Fool,
 And you a Man of Taste, whose curious Eye
 Can all the Beauties of Antiques descry.

If a hot Smoking Pyc attracts your Slave,
 You strait revile him as a greedy Knave;
 But your strict Virtue and superior Taste
 Despise the Dainties of a nice Repast.

From my luxurious Throat what Ills ensue?
 Look on my Back! behold it, black and blue!
 But how are you less punish'd, when you boast
 How vast a Price your far-fetch'd Dainties cost?
 Qualms and Diseases lurk beneath each Plate,
 And the Legs totter with the Body's Weight.
 Say, if a Boy just Chastisement receives,
 Who, in Return for Grapes delicious, gives
 A Curry-comb just stol'n, what Slaves are they,
 Whose Lands and Farms in Feasting melt away?

220 SATIRES of HORACE,

Add, that you still abhor to be alone,
Nor can you make one vacant Hour your own :
In Discontent you roam from Place to Place,
And seek by Wine or Sleep your Cares to chase :
In vain ; for Care pursues with swifter Wing.

HORACE.

Give me a Stone —

DAVUS.

For what ?

HORACE.

Swords, Arrows bring !

DAVUS.

Hark ! is he mad, or does he Verse repeat ?

HORACE.

Hence, hence, vile Rascal, make a quick Retreat,
Or at my Sabine Farm, with constant Toil,
Thou, the ninth Slave, shalt dig the stubborn Soil.

NOTES.

1 *Davus*, according to *Strabo*, is the same as *Dacus*. The Romans took many Slaves from among the *Getae* and *Dacians*. Hence in their Comic Writers a Slave is commonly called *Geta*, or *Davus*.

2 *Ut vitale putes.*] The Ancients considered it as a Symptom of short Life, when a Person was very accomplished in Youth: And we still say, *He has too much Wit to be long-lived*: Thus *Cestius* in *Seneca*, speaking of *Alfius Flavius*, *Tam immaturè magnum ingenium non est vitale*. "So great a Genius premature, will drop early."

And *Shakespeare*,

So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long.

And

And again,

Short Summer lightly has a forward Spring.

RICHARD III.

3 ——— *Libertate Decembri — utere —*] Slaves, during the Feasts of *Saturn*, wore their Masters Habits, and were allowed to say what they pleased. For a farther Account of these Feasts, see the Notes on Satire III. of this Book.

4 ——— *lævâ Priscus inani.*] *Priscus* was either a Senator, or a Knight. Rings, at first, were looked upon as a Mark of Effeminacy, and therefore worn on the Fingers of the Left Hand, that they might be the less conspicuous. The Character of the Duke of *Wharton*, admirably drawn by Mr. *Pope*, seems to have had a great Resemblance to that of this noble Roman. See his Epistle to Lord *Cobham*, ver. 182 to 209.

5 ——— *Iusta chiragra.*] *Horace* applies this Epithet to the Gout, to intimate, that it was the Reward of *Volanerius's* Debaucheries.

6 *Dum, quæ Crispini docuit me janitor, edo.*] While I declare what I have learned from the Porter of *Crispinus*.

I suppose, that these Words refer to the solemn moral Precepts he is going to utter, which are worthy the Mouth of the wisest Philosopher; and that *Davus* would thus apologise for the Smattering of Philosophy he has acquired.

Sanadon understands them in a different Sense. He thinks *Davus* means, that the Porter of *Crispinus* had told him *Horace* was guilty of those Vices with which he here upbraids him. But *Davus* himself was probably better acquainted with these than *Crispinus's* Porter.

However, it is submitted to the Reader's own Judgment, which of these is the true Construction.

7 ——— *Prodis ex judice Dama*

Turpis ———]

i. e. 'You quit the Robes of a Judge, to take the Habit of a Slave.'

222 SATIRES of HORACE,

Augustus had granted to *Horace* the Privilege of wearing the Robe called *Angusticlavium*, which was embroidered with small Studs of Purple, and the Ring belonging to the Order of Knights. By this he was incorporated with that Order, who sat as Judges in some particular Causes, both civil and criminal; and were distinguished by the Name of *Commissaries*. On this Account *Davus* calls him a Judge, DACIER.

Ib. As *Horace* was innocent of the Crime with which *Davus* here charges him, it is thought, that the Satire was levelled at some Person in High Life, whom he could not venture to attack in a more open Manner.

8 *Duceris ut nervis alienis mobile signum.*]

Horace borrowed this Similé from the *Stoics*, with whom it was familiar; and they took it from *Socrates*. An *Athenian*, in the first Book of *Plato's* Commonwealth, says, 'That the Passions have the same Effect on our Bodies as those Wires have on the Puppets: They move all our Limbs, and produce contrary Motions with thwarting Powers.'

The Emperor *Marcus Antoninus* also frequently makes use of this Similé. See the sixth and tenth Books of his *Meditations*; the latter, towards the Conclusion.

9 ——— *In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.*]

Thus the common Editions; but *Bentley* points it in this Manner,

———— *In seipso totus; teres atque rotundus;*

which is followed by the Translator.

The spherical Figure is the most perfect and durable, and the fittest to resist all external Impressions.

On this Account *Plato* says, in his *Timæus*, 'That God has made the World round, that it might be eternal, and that nothing should be able to destroy it, but the Will of him who created it.'

And thus *Marcus Antoninus* speaks to himself: 'Thou mayst pass thy Life without Trouble, if thou canst resemble the Sphere of *Empedocles*, which, having no Inequalities, but being perfectly round, revolves for ever on its own *Axis*, untired.' *Meditations*, XII. 3.

10 ——— *Quinque talenta.*] About five hundred Pounds.

Horace here alludes to the first Scene of the first Act of *Terence's Eunuch*.

11 ——— *Et acres subjeat lasso stimulos.*] The late *Dr. Young*, in his *Centaur not fabulous*, has happily made use of the same Image which *Horace* here employs: 'Men given to Pleasure (whom he calls *Centaur*s, as being partly human, partly brutal) 'are daily rid, and 'forely galled, by the domineering Insolence of their inflamed Mistresses.' P. 276.

And, in another Place, he quotes this pithy *Arabian Proverb*: 'Let him that would be safe avoid seven Things, namely, Wasps, Spiders, Hyænas, Crocodiles, 'Efts, 'Adders, and fine Women.'

12 *Vel cum Pausiâ torpes tabellâ.*] *Pausias* was an excellent Flower-Painter of *Sicyone*, contemporary with *Apelles*.

There is a Passage in *Cicero*, parallel with this in *Horace*: 'You stand fixed, and gazing at a Picture of *Ecbion*, or a Statue of *Polycletus*, as if you had lost your Senses. When I behold you struck with Wonder, and hear you crying out in Rapture, "Admirable! "Marvellous," &c. I cannot help thinking, that you are the Slave of every Trifle.

"But are not these Things beautiful?" you will say. Undoubtedly. But they are fitter to be the Toys of Children, than the Objects of Man's Dotage.'

224 SATIRES of HORACE,

The SAME SATIRE Imitated.

By Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

SERVANT.

SIR,—I've long waited in my Turn to have
A Word with you—but I'm your humble Slave.

POET.

What Knave is that? My Rascal!

SERVANT.

Sir, 'tis I;
No Knave nor Rascal, but your trusty Guy.

POET.

Well, as your Wages still are due, I'll bear
Your rude Impertinence this Time of Year.

SERVANT.

Some Folks are drunk one Day, and some for ever,
And some, like *Wharton*, but twelve Years together,
Old *Euremond*, renown'd for Wit and Dirt,
Would change his Living oftner than his Shirt;
Roar with the Rakes of State a Month; and come
To starve another in his Hole at Home,
So rov'd wild *Buckingham*, the public Jest,
Now some Inn-holder's, now a Monarch's Guest;
His Life and Politics of every Shape,
This Hour a *Roman*, and the next an Ape.
The Gout in every Limb from every Vice,
Poor *Clodio* hir'd a Boy to throw the Dice.
Some wench for ever; and their Sins on those
By Custom fit as easy as their Cloaths.

Some

Some fly, like Pendulums, from Good to Evil,
And in that Point are madder than the Devil :
For they —

P O E T.

To what will these vile Maxims tend ?
And where, sweet Sir, will your Reflections end ?

S E R V A N T.

In You.

P O E T.

In Me, you Knave ? Make out your Charge.

S E R V A N T.

You praise low-living, but you live at large.
Perhaps you scarce believe the Rules you teach,
Or find it hard to practise what you preach.
Scarce have you paid one idle Journey down,
But, without Business, you're again in Town.
If none invite you, Sir, abroad to roam,
Then—Lord, what Pleasure 'tis to read at home !
And sip your two Half-pints with great Delight
Of Beer at Noon, and muddled Port at Night.
From **Encombe*, John comes thund'ring at the Door,
With, ' Sir, my Master begs you to come o'er,
' To pass these tedious Hours, these Winter Nights,
' Not that he dreads Invasions, Rogues, or Sprites.'
Strait for your two best Wigs aloud you call,
This stiff in Buckle, that not curl'd at all.
' And where, you Rascal, are the Spurs,' you cry ;
' And O ! what Blockhead laid the Buskins by ?'

* The Seat of JOHN PITT, Esquire, in *Dorsetshire*.

226 SATIRES of HORACE,

On your old batter'd Mare you'll needs be gone,
 (No Matter whether on four Legs or none)
 Splash, plunge and stumble as you scour the Heath,
 All swear at *Morden* 'tis on Life or Death :
 Wildly through *Wareham* Streets you scamper on,
 Raise all the Dogs and Voters in the Town ;
 Then fly for six long dirty Miles as bad,
 That *Corfe* and *Kingston* Gentry think you mad.
 And all this furious Riding is to prove
 Your high Respect, it seems, and eager Love :
 And yet that mighty Honour to obtain,
Banks, Shaftesbury, Dodington, may send in vain.
 Before you go, we curse the Noise you make,
 And bless the Moment that you turn your Back.
 As for myself, I own it to your Face,
 I love good Eating, and I take my Glass :
 But sure 'tis strange, dear Sir, that this should be
 In You Amusement, but a Fault in Me.
 All this is bare refining on a Name,
 To make a Difference where the Fault's the
 same.

My Father sold me to your Service here,
 For this fine Livery and four Pounds a Year.
 A Livery you should wear as well as I,
 And this I'll prove --- but lay your Cudgel by.
 You serve your Passions. Thus, without a Jest,
 Both are but Fellow-servants at the best.
 Yourself, good Sir, are play'd by your Desires,
 A mere tall Puppet dancing on the Wires.

POET,

POET.

Who, at this Rate of talking, can be free ?

SERVANT.

The brave, wise, honest Man, and only He.
 All else are Slaves alike, the World around,
 Kings on the Throne, and Beggars on the Ground.
 He, Sir, is Proof to Grandeur, Pride, or Pelf,
 And (greater still) is Master of himself :
 Not to-and-fro by Fears and Factions hurl'd,
 But loose to all the Interests of the World :
 And while that World turns round, entire and whole
 He keeps the sacred Tenor of his Soul ;
 In every Turn of Fortune still the same,
 As Gold unchang'd, or brighter from the Flame :
 Collected in himself, with godlike Pride,
 He sees the Darts of Envy glance aside ;
 And, fix'd like *Atlas*, while the Tempests blow,
 Smiles at the idle Storms that roar below.
 One such you know, a Layman, to your Shame,
 And yet the Honour of your Blood and Name.
 If you can such a Character maintain,
 You too are free, and I'm your Slave again.

But when in *Hemskirk's* Pictures you delight,
 More than myself, to see two Drunkards fight,
 'Fool, Rogue, Sot, Blockhead,' or such Names,
 are mine ;
 Yours are, 'a Connoisseur,' or 'deep Divine.'
 I'm chid for loving a luxurious Bit,
 The sacred Prize of Learning, Worth, and Wit :

228 SATIRES of HORACE,

And yet some sell their Lands these Bits to buy ;
Then, pray, who suffers most from Luxury ?
I'm chid, 'tis true ; but then I pawn no Plate,
I seal no Bonds, I mortgage no Estate.

Besides, high Living, Sir, must wear you out
With Surfeits, Qualms, a Fever, or the Gout.
By some new Pleasures are you still engross'd,
And when you save an Hour, you think it lost.
To Sports, Plays, Races, from your Books you run,
And like all Company, except your own.
You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idler still) you rhyme :
Why ?—but to banish Thought, and murder Time.
And yet that Thought, which you discharge in
Like a foul loaded Piece, recoils again. [vain,

POET.

Tom, fetch a Cane, a Whip, a Club, a Stone —

SERVANT.

For what ?

POET.

A Sword, a Pistol, or a Gun :
I'll shoot the Dog.

SERVANT.

Lord ! who would be a Wit ?
He's in a mad, or in a rhyming Fit.

POET.

Fly, fly, you Rascal, for your Spade and Fork ;
For once I'll set your lazy Bones to work.
Fly, or I'll send you back without a Groat
To the bleak Mountains where you first were
caught.

NOTE.

NOTE.

The Author of this Imitation was educated at *Winchester* School. When he was near the Head of it, he gave up, as an Exercise after the Holidays, a poetical Version of the ten Books of *Lucan*. He was Fellow of *New-College, Oxford*, and afterwards Rector of *Pimperm*, near *Blandford*, in *Dorsetshire*. He is well known to the learned World as the Translator of *Vida's Art of Poetry*, and *Virgil's Æneid*. The former would have been more useful, had it been illustrated with Notes. He also published a Volume of occasional Poems. The above Imitation, and some others in this Collection, were printed since his Decease. He was related to the *Pitts* of *Dorsetshire*, who have so eminently distinguished themselves in Parliament, and to *Dr. Lowth*.

One of Mr. *Pitt's* learned Friends wrote the following Lines on his Translation of *Vida*:

Vida no more the long Oblivion fears,
Which hid his Virtues through a Length of Years;
Ally'd to thee, he lives again; thy Rhymes
Shall friendly bear him down to latest Times,
And do his injur'd Reputation Right;
While in thy Work, with such Success, unite
His Strength of Judgment, and his Charms of Speech,
That Precepts please, and Music seems to teach.

GLOCESTER RIDLEY.

SATIRE

SATIRE VIII.

HORACE and FUNDANIUS.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

*A Description of the FEAST of RUFUS
NASIDIENUS.*

HORACE.

HOW did you fare at wealthy Rufus' Feast?
When yesterday I sought you for my Guest
I heard you din'd with him.

FUNDANIUS.

A better Day

I never pass'd.

HORACE.

Indeed! What Dainties, pray,
Allay'd your Hunger, and regal'd your Taste?

FUNDANIUS.

First, a *Lucanian* Boar the Table grac'd:
Dissolv'd in Lees of Wine, Anchovies crown'd
The Dish with Sauce; with Carrots, many a
Pound,
And Radishes and Lettuce garnish'd round:
And it was caught, if *Rufus'* Words were true,
When ² Southern Gales with genial Softness blew.
This Course remov'd, a Boy, in trim Array,
With purple Napkin swept the Crumbs away;
Another

Another took up all the Scraps that fell,
 That nothing might offend our Sight or Smell.
 Then, like th' *Athenian* Maid, with solemn Pace
 Stalking at *Ceres*' Feast, his tawny Face
Hydaspes rear'd, and brought *Cæcubian* Wines,
Alcon 3 the *Chian*, press'd from *Latian* Vines.
 ' If you, *Mæcenas*, rather chuse the Growth
 ' Of *Alba* or *Falernus*, I have both;
 The Master cries.

HORACE.

4 O wretched Hoard ! but say,
 Who shar'd, beside, the Dainties of the Day ?

FUNDANIUS.

5 The upper Bed was with *Mæcenas* grac'd ;
 Next were *Servilius* and *Vibidius* plac'd ;
 I on the Right-hand Bed, *Viscus* near Me,
 6 *Varius* below, if true my Memory ;
 The Left to 7 *Nomentanus* was assign'd
 And *Porcius* ; *Rufus* in the Midst reclin'd.
Porcius, than whom there lives no greater Droll,
 At one large Gulp the Custards swallow'd whole.
 While *Nomentanus* due Encomiums pass'd,
 And pointed out each Dish of higher Taste.
 For Wild-fowl, Lobsters, Sea-fish were our Fare,
 But so disguis'd we knew not what they were.
 With Praise delicious he my Plate supply'd,
 (Such I ne'er eat) and with a Flounder fry'd :
 Then said, 8 ' These Honey-apples should remain
 ' Ungather'd, till the Moon is on the Wane ;
 ' For

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‘ For then, believe me, ruddier they appear.
Where lies the Difference you from him may hear.

‘ Oh ! (cries *Vibidius*) we shall surely die
‘ Without Revenge, unless we drink him dry :
‘ Bring larger Glasses.’ Paleness now o’erspread
Poor *Rufus* Face ; for nothing did he dread
Like a hard Drinker, who with Jokes misplac’d
Attacks his Friends ; or else he fear’d the Feast,
By these strong Liquors pall’d, would lose its Taste.

Briskly the Glass goes round ; we drink away,
And soon the Flaggons drain ; for all obey,
Save *Rufus* and the Sycophants ; he sips
But little ; they, like him, just wet their Lips.

Now came a Lamprey, in a Length of Dish,
Shrimps floating round. When thus our Host :

‘ This Fish,
‘ You see, is full of Spawn ; the Flesh is bad,
‘ That Season over. Thus the Soup is made :
‘ Soon as we see the steaming Liquor boil,
‘ Caviare we mix, and best *Venafran* Oil,
‘ And, well matur’d by Age, *Italian* Wine ;
‘ But, after it is boil’d, we *Chian* join :
‘ Still farther to improve it some delight,
‘ By *Lesbian* Vinegar and Pepper white.
‘ Before my Time the *Romans* never knew
‘ The Rocket green, and Elecampane to stew ;
‘ But to *Curtillus* I the Palm resign
‘ Of stewing Cray-fish in the Cockle Brine.’

The

The Canopy, high-towering o'er his Head,
 While thus he spoke, fell down, and instant spread
 Such Clouds of Dust, as ne'er are seen to rise
 When o'er *Campania's* Plains the Whirlwind flies.

This Danger o'er, though greater Ills we fear'd,
 And stood aghast, our drooping Hearts were cheer'd.
 But from his Eyes th' o'erflowing Tears distill'd
 In copious Streams, as if his Son were kill'd:
 And had not *Nomentanus* thus reliev'd
 His agonising Friend, he still had griev'd:

' O wayward Fortune, cruel Deity !

' Whate'er our Wisdom plans is spoil'd by thee.'

From Peals of Laughter *Varius* could but just
 Refrain, though in his Mouth the Cloth he thrust.

Servilius, gravely sneering, then began :

' So frail, so transient are the Hopes of Man !

' Who, in Return for all his anxious Pains,

' A Glory equal to his Labour gains ?

' Alas ! that you should lavish all your Care

' To treat your Friends with such delicious Fare;

' To see your Boys in neat and gay Attire,

' Your Soup well boil'd, your Loaves unscorch'd
 by Fire,

' Since, spite of all this Toil, (as now the Case)

' A Canopy may fall, or some choice Vase

' Be crack'd by stumbling Slaves—As in the Field }

' So at a Feast, that Worth which lies conceal'd }

' In prosperous Days, in adverse is reveal'd.'

Rufus,
 4

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Rufus to this, 'Thanks, kind and gen'rous Friend!
' O may the Gods to all your Prayers attend !'
Then for his 9 Sandals call'd. From Man to Man
On every Bed the whizzing Whisper ran.
No comic Scene could give more Laughter Birth.

H O R A C E.

Did nothing more, I pray, provoke your Mirth ?

F U N D A N I U S.

Vibidius calls aloud, ' Is every Flask
' Of Liquor broken, that I still must ask
' In vain for Wine ?' *Servilius*, pleas'd by Art
So to have dup'd our Host, performs his Part,
As second in the Farce. With sparkling Eyes
See ! he returns. When strait *Servilius* cries,
' I doubt not now, but large Amends you've made
' For the sly Trick that slippery Fortune play'd.'
With Flour and Salt well-powder'd, lo ! a Crane
Cut up and grill'd, borne by a servile Train.
Livers of milk-white Geese, which fat had grown
By eating Figs ; of Hares the Wings alone,
As much the sweetest ; Blackbirds over-broil'd,
And many a Ring-Dove of its Rump despoil'd.
All curious Things, no doubt, had not our Friend
Explain'd their various Uses without End.

But in Revenge we nothing more would taste,
And all abruptly hurry'd from the Feast,
As if *Canidia's* Breath, than Snakes more foul,
Had tainted every Dish, and poison'd every Bowl.

N O T E S.

NOTES.

The chief Merit of this Satire seems to be its giving so exact an Account of a *Roman* Entertainment, and the Manner of Feasting eighteen hundred Years ago.

1 *Fundanius* was an excellent Writer of Comedy, and is celebrated as such by our Poet, in Satire X. Book I. This humorous Account of *Rufus's* Feast is therefore, with great Propriety, put into his Mouth.

2 *Dacier* tells us, that the Boar was tainted. What Authority he has for this Assertion we know not. *Horace* says no such thing. *Rufus's* pretending that its being caught when the Wind was Southerly had made the Flesh more tender and delicate, afforded Matter enough for Ridicule, without this arbitrary Conjecture.

3 — *Chium maris experts.*] This may signify *Chian* Wine, which had not passed the Seas, or which had not been diluted with Sea Water. For the *Greeks* often mixed a little of this Water with their Wines, to refine and purify them. The Translator has taken it in the former Sense. It seems probable that *Rufus* endeavoured to impose on his Guests, by giving them strong *Italian* for the true *Chian* Wine.

4 *Divitias miseras!*] The Wines of *Falernus* and *Alba* were esteemed the best. *Horace* here calls them *wretched Wealth*, or *wretched Hoards*, because *Rufus* had not the Heart to produce them, unless they should be called for by his Guests.

5 The Beds on which the *Romans* reclined to eat were usually of the same Shape and Make, and held no more than three Persons. Over these they threw a Quilt, stuffed with Feathers. On this Pillows were laid, to support the Backs of the Guests.

Being settled on the Beds, they washed their Hands; and then were served with Garlands of Roses and other Flowers. The middle Bed was the most honourable; and the Middle of that the highest Place.

6 — *infra*

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6 ——— *infra*

Varius.] *Infra aliquem cubare*, 'to lie below any one,' is the same as 'to lie in one's Bosom;' as *St. John* is said to have done in our Saviour's; whence some have thought that either the same Custom was observed in almost all Nations, or else that the *Jews*, having been lately conquered by *Pompey*, conformed themselves in this, as in many other Respects, to the Example of their Masters. *KENNET's Roman Antiq. Part II. Book V. Chap. 9.*

7 *Porcius* and *Nomentanus* were two Buffoons, who were invited by *Rufus* to entertain *Mæcenas* and the Company.

8 ——— *post hoc me docuit melimela, &c.*] The Sides of the Dish were probably garnished with these Apples, as was customary with the *Romans*. See *Seneca de Providentiâ*.

9 *Et soleas poscit.*] The *Solea* was a Sort of Sandal without any Upper-Leather, so that it covered only the Sole of the Foot, being fastened above with Straps and Buckles. They properly belonged to the Ladies, and were looked upon as effeminate in the other Sex. *Cicero* exposes *Verres* and *Clodius* for wearing them; and *Scipio* was censured on the same Account. *DUNSTER.*

Rufus called for his Sandals, in order to go out and give Directions for more Victuals to be brought in.

The Ridicule in this Satire seems to be chiefly pointed at the Impertinence and false Delicacy of *Rufus*, and not at the Badness of his Provision.

It is of the *Dramatic* Kind, and may be considered as the Scene of a Comedy. There is one Particular very remarkable, which is this; though the Friends of *Mæcenas* are very free in their Raillery, he himself does not utter a Word. Herein *Horace* has observed what the *French* call *la Bienſeance*, *Decency*, or *Decorum*, (a Rule not always practised by the Ancients) with great Address. For though *Rufus* was in fact a Babbler and a Coxcomb, it would not have become *Mæcenas* to railly his Friend at his own Table for an Entertainment which was intended to do him Honour.

Dacier

Dacier and other Critics have taken a great deal of Pains (but, I think, without Success) to prove that every Dish was wretched, and ill-chosen.

We shall conclude these Remarks with exhibiting, at one View, the Situation of *Rufus's* Guests, and his Bill of Fare, collected from this Satire. The Order in which the Dishes are placed, being merely conjectural, is submitted to the Ladies, who may range them according to their own Taste.

SERVILIUS,	MÆCENAS,	VIBIDIUS,
VISCUS,		NOMENTANUS,
FUNDANIUS,		RUFUS,
VARIUS,		PORCIUS.

First Course.

A Boar, with Anchovy Sauce;
The Dish garnished with Lettuce, Radishes, and Carrots.

Second Course.

Plaife and Flounders;
Lobsters; A Lamprey, Wild Fowl;
with Shrimp Sauce;
Custards or Cheese-cakes.

Third Course.

(To repair the Loss sustained by the Falling of the Canopy)

A Crane;
Livers of Geese; Wings of Hares;
Blackbirds and Doves.

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The MISER's FEAST;

Being the SAME SATIRE Imitated.

By EDWARD BURNABY GREENE, Esq;

*A Dialogue between one of the GUESTS and
his FRIEND.*

FRIEND.

'T WAS said, you shar'd, a jovial Guest,
The Laughter of our Neighbour's Feast;
Or I expected you at Three,
To eat some Ham and Fowl with Me.

GUEST.

Oh! 'twas the finest Scene of Mirth,
And we the happiest Souls on Earth.

FRIEND.

But say, what Dishes deck'd the Board?
How many did the Wretch afford?
For Mirth alone could ne'er assuage
Your hungry Stomach's eager Rage.

GUEST.

First on the Table's lower Station
A Leg of Mutton, Venison-fashion;
' This (cries the Host) I dare commend;
' The Present of a noble Friend;
' Which, far the fattest of the Herd,
' His Lordship for myself preferr'd.'

And

And now, to cloak the Miser's Cheat,
Full Boats of sweet Sauce took their Seat;
With smoaking Gravy's richest Tides,
Which choak'd the Table's narrow Sides.
At Top a well-stuff'd Soup was plac'd,
High-season'd to provoke the Taste;
With every strongest Herb o'erspread,
But chiefly cramm'd and clogg'd with Bread:
This is in Plenty serv'd about,
To tire our loathing Palates out;
That, cloy'd with this, we might be able
To eat no choicer Things at Table.

The Crumbs now swept with skilful Care
(The Napkins somewhat worse for Wear)
Slow as the Bride with many a Tear
Stalks by her once-lov'd Husband's Bier,
So slow a loaded Negro stept,
(Such Slaves, you know, are cheaply kept)
With Salver rear'd he sweet Wine bore,
The Growth, 'twas said, of foreign Shore;
(But I can scarce believe 'tis true,
It any Place but *England* knew.)

' Such Wines (our Niggard cries) as these
' Did ne'er, I own, my Palate please;
' They may be good; but I've a Store,
' That must, I'm sure, regale you more.
' Taste; I am certain you'll befriend it;
' And, as the best, I dare commend it.

' *John,*

240 SATIRES of HORACE,

‘ *John*, fetch the Wine of which I speak,
 ‘ But on your Life no Bottle break.
 ‘ Go; on the Right, you know, ’tis spread;
 ‘ The Corks, you’ll find, are seal’d with Red.’
 He spoke; — the Butler carries out
 The Wine he went to hand about;
 For fear, that, conscious of the Cheat,
 The Guests should smell the low Deceit;
 And his best Wine, howe’er they sought,
 The careful Servants never brought.

FRIEND.

Now tell me, who beside was there,
 So bless’d the curious Feast to share?

GUEST.

The worthy Giver of the Feast
 In lordly Pomp at Top was plac’d;
 And at the Bottom sat a Friend,
 Prepar’d each Dish to recommend;
 Beside there were a Number more;
 I think we made just half a Score.
 One Guest was seated close to Me,
 (An honest Captain of the Sea,)
 Who brought, the niggard Wretch to spite,
 Two Brothers to the jovial Sight.
 Swelling in all the Pride of Fat,
 Next, an huge Alderman there sat:
 Scarcely four Syllables he spoke;
 Others he left in Words to joke;

And,

And, careless of whatever follow'd,
Each nearest Dish promiscuous swallow'd.
The Parasite, of curious Taste,
In Rank of *Connoisseur* was plac'd ;
If any Dish unheeded lies,
His Hand displays the smoaking Prize :
For we, poor Critics of a Treat,
All with unknowing Relish eat ;
As such nice Sauce disguis'd each Dish,
We scarce could tell the Fowl from Fish.
And now his friendly Arm high-pil'd
My Plate, with half a Mackrell broil'd ;
But broil'd in vain ; my Nose betrays
The Fish had pass'd its sweetest Days.
Next, Gooseberries in Plenty flow'd ;
My Plate scarce bears the various Load :
For these with liberal Arm he plac'd,
To hide the Fish's real Taste.
The Captain sees with eager Eyes
This wondrous Scene ; then whispering cries,
' Come, let us freely drink away,
' Or we are poison'd, if we stay :
' Quick let us drain the Niggard's Cellar ;
' Here, give some larger Glasses, Fellow.
' Can such small Cups the Thirst appease ?
' A Thimble holds as much as these.'
He spoke ; the Landlord, pale with Dread,
His Colour chang'd, and hung his Head,

242 SATIRES of HORACE,

As if some Thief had lately stole
His Gold; his other better Soul —
For one of such a sober Thinking
Trembles to hear the Sound of Drinking.
The Captain fills, and recommends
The Bottle to his nearest Friends.
Then '*Hob and Nob,*' and '*Yours and Mine,*'
Went round the Board in Floods of Wine.
His Parasites, dependent Folk,
Dar'd scarcely half indulge the Joke;
With lingering Mouth they sip the Cup,
And pause, unwilling, o'er the Sup.

High o'er the Shrimps, that round were spread,
An huge, long Turbot heaves his Head.
With all a Host's o'er-ruling Pride,
Then to the Alderman he cry'd;
' This you will find delicious Food:
' I took great Care to have it good.
' My Servant ranfack'd every Stall
' From *Westminster* to *Leadenhall*,
' Resolv'd the best alone should do,
' To feast such worthy Guests as you:
' The Butter for the Sauce design'd
' (To treat you richly was my Mind)
' From *Epping* came this Morning; here
' Our Butter is but paltry Cheer.
' But the Shrimp-Sauce I need not puff;
' All other Sauces are but Stuff —

' This

' This gives a Flavour to the Dish ;
 ' Which else were but a tasteless Fish.
 ' My own directing Care express'd
 ' Which Way the Turbot should be dress'd ;
 ' And, without Vanity, I'm plac'd
 ' The foremost 'midst the Men of Taste.
 ' 'Tis bold, indeed, to recommend
 ' This Sauce to an experienc'd Friend :
 ' I know the Common-Council eats
 ' The Sauce of Lobsters at their Treats ;
 ' But that affords too rich Delight,
 ' And gluts the jaded Appetite.'

Alas ! what sudden Turns of Fate
 Mar even the good Man's happiest State !
 How, shuddering, must th' astonish'd Muse
 Tell the Disaster that ensues !
 Our Host, as, bending from his Chair,
 He whisper'd in his Butler's Ear,
 (Perhaps, for that's his general Cry,
 Some Lecture on Frugality)
 Loud as the widely-echoing Sound
 When dreadful Earthquakes shake the Ground,
 Dropp'd from the Seat (it could no more —
 Time to the Dregs its Frame had wore)
 The Table-cloth, to save his Fall,
 He grasps ; down rush Plates, Dishes, all.
 The wondering Guests, with pensive Care,
 Pale, on the prostrate Landlord stare :

M 2

Poor

244 SATIRES of HORACE,

Poor *Gripos* sigh'd, and hung his Head ;
 He rather would have seen us dead :
 And would have wept for all the Night,
 Had not the Friend reliev'd his Plight :
 ' O Fortune ! what a cruel Jade,
 ' Thou Mistress of the knavish Trade !
 ' Away — no more these empty Jokes ;
 ' Go with thy Wit to other Folks ;
 ' Nor thus with Men of Virtue sport —
 ' I hope, dear Sir, you feel no Hurt.'
 The Tar (in Truth, I thought he'd burst)
 Full in his Mouth the Napkin thrust :
 Half-pleas'd, half-angry at the Jest,
 The Alderman his Laugh suppress'd :
 ' All Men, (he cry'd,) my Friend, are born
 ' For Fortune's Spite, or Fortune's Scorn.
 ' What though your boundless Merit claim
 ' The Triumph of eternal Fame ?
 ' Intruding Woes your Glories blot,
 ' Such is frail Life's precarious Lot !
 ' While the rich Dishes to prepare,
 ' You all a Landlord's Troubles share ;
 ' Each Sauce with strongest Seasonings grac'd
 ' To suit the Guests discerning Taste ;
 ' The Servants with Decorum due
 ' Clean for the Day, with Livery new ;
 ' Yet see what Ills your Rage provoke ;
 ' The Chair (perhaps the Legs were broke

' By

‘ By careless Fellows) hapless Doom !
 ‘ Spreads with its ruin’d Frame the Room :
 ‘ One Dish your Cook in roasting spoils,
 ‘ Another, heedless, overboils ;
 ‘ And when your Kindness from the Stable
 ‘ Calls your Postillion to the Table,
 ‘ The Varlet, stumbling, breaks a Plate,
 ‘ And all Things speak the Frown of Fate.
 ‘ — Yet, Courage ! Fortune rules us all ;
 ‘ Each has his Rise, and each his Fall :
 ‘ Though *Prussia*’s King, with dauntless Might,
 ‘ Rouses his Squadrons to the Fight ;
 ‘ When Fortune’s adverse Tempest lowers,
 ‘ ’Tis then she calls forth all his Powers ;
 ‘ Then gives that Blaze of Worth to shine,
 ‘ Which else were but a hidden Mine :
 ‘ And thus a Landlord’s various Fame
 ‘ (Your Stations, Friend, are much the same)
 ‘ Is as the Good or Ill he bears,
 ‘ Nor buoy’d by Hopes, nor sunk by Fears.’
 He spoke ; our grateful Host replies,
 (The Tears just streaming from his Eyes)
 ‘ Oh may kind Heaven’s indulgent Love
 ‘ The Tenor of your Vows approve !
 ‘ Long may you live, too-generous Guest,
 ‘ Of Men the happiest, as the best !’
 He ended ; and with mournful Call
 (Limping and faltering from his Fall)

His

246 SATIRES of HORACE,

His Cane demanding, turns about ;
 ' Excuse me, Friends ;'— then hobbles out :
 While with loud Laughter each Beholder
 Jogs his next Neighbour by the Shoulder ;
 In short, not *Comus*' Court could more
 Have set the Table in a Roar.

FRIEND.

Now tell me, how you pass'd away
 The rest of your delightful Day ?

GUEST.

' 'Tis strange, (the Sailor cries,) I think,
 ' You make us stay so long for Drink ;
 ' Pr'ythee, how often must I call ?
 ' — What, have your Flasks too had a Fall ?'
 With Peals of Laughter, as he spoke,
 His Friends improv'd on every Joke :
 While you, who late, most worthy Host,
 Lamented, as your All were lost ;
 Chear'd up, return with Smiles of Art,
 Those poor Disguisers of the Heart —
 For now aloft uprear'd in Air,
 A mighty Hash the Servants bear ;
 Full many a Leg of Fowl set forth—
 (' Wings,' cries our Host, ' are little worth')
 Round with the strongest Sauce 'twas grac'd
 Of Mushrooms, to disguise the Taste ;
 The Fowls far stronger—which were spoil'd,
 For former Dinners roast and boil'd.

In

In a full Dish another brings
Of a tough Hare the shatter'd Wings :
' These are esteem'd delicious Meat ;
' The Backs we Critics never eat.'
Then brought they, roasted o'er and o'er,
Of mangled Larks a plenteous Store :
In short, or Fowls, or Meats, or Fish,
We all were sick of every Dish :
Besides, with endless Strain, our Host
Still plagues us with, ' How much they cost !'
' I'm sure, I might extoll my Food :
' I hope, you find your Dinner good :
' You see your Treat'— (and full enough
He'd giv'n us of his precious Stuff.)
' *John*, take the Cloth, and, swift as Thought,
' Be Wine, and Pipes, and Glasses brought.'

Now nods and whispers every Guest,
Tir'd out by such a wretched Feast ;
One takes his Watch ; ' As I'm alive,
' Sir, I've engag'd myself at Five,
' To meet a Set of Friends at Tea ;
' And now 'tis almost Six by Me.'
" So late ?" exclaims his neighbour Friend ;
" I, too, a Party must attend
" Of Ladies to *Vauxhall* to-night."
Then rose we all in vengeful Spite,
And from the Table, to a Man,
Half-poison'd by the Dainties, ran ;

Leaving

248 SATIRES of HORACE.

Leaving his Parasites to sip

The scarce-wet Glas with sparing Lip.

Thus in an angry League we part,

Just famish'd, with as ready Heart,

(Leaving the Niggard in the Lurch)

As modish Ladies from a Church.

The END of the THIRD VOLUME.



